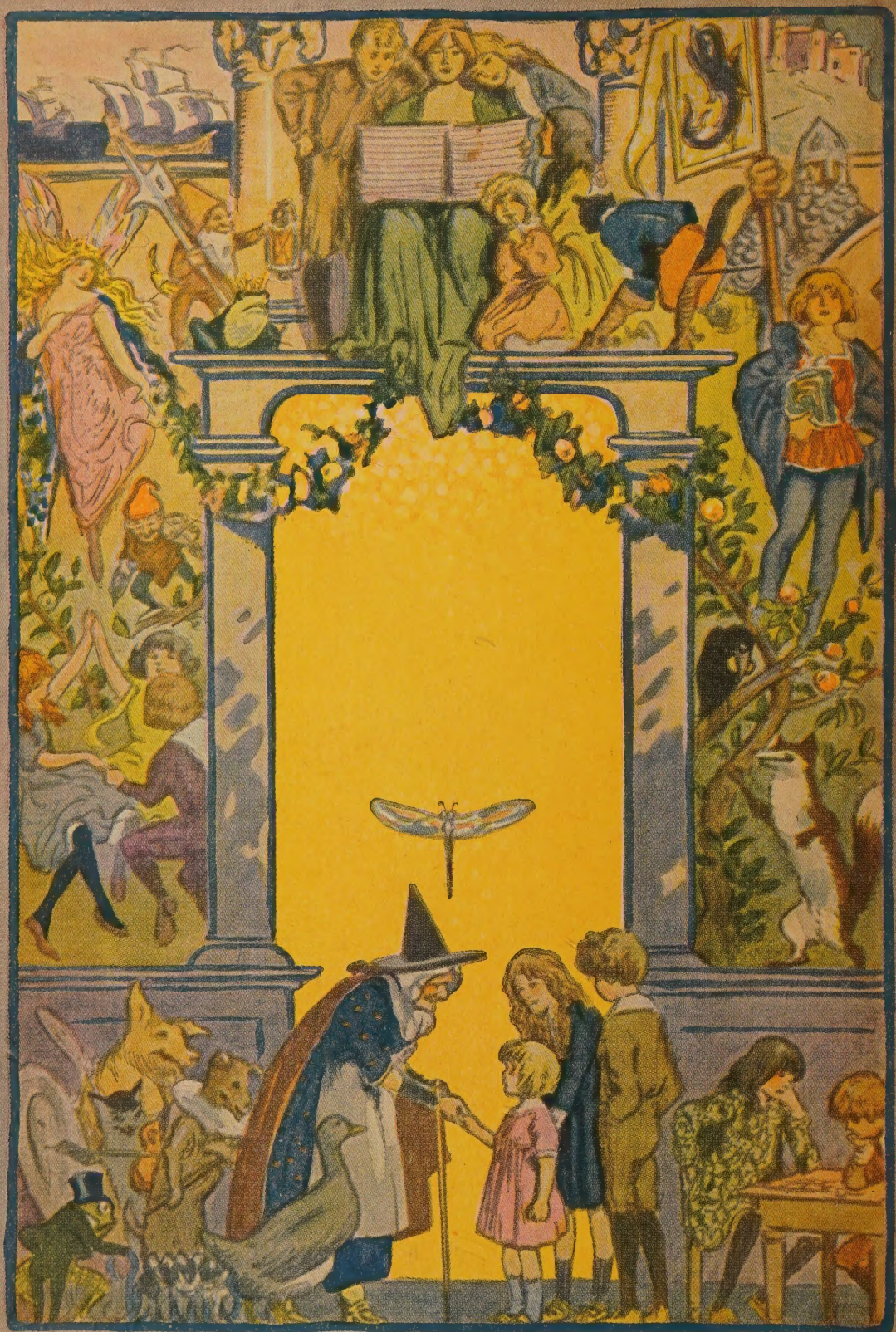


SCIENCE
ART

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/homeuniversitybo0008vari

FLOWER MARKET IN HOLLAND.

The HOME UNIVERSITY BOOKSHELF

PREPARED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

THE EDITORIAL BOARD *of the* UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

VOLUME VIII

STORIES FROM EVERY LAND

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
INCORPORATED
New York

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY
THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
INCORPORATED

In addition to its wealth of new material THE HOME UNIVERSITY BOOKSHELF combines the very best features of its highly successful predecessors: namely, Boys and Girls Bookshelf, copyright 1912, 1915, 1920; Young Folks Treasury, copyright 1909, 1917, 1919; Father and Son Library, copyright 1921; Modern Boy Activity, copyright 1921, 1923; The Mother's Book, copyright 1919; The Child Welfare Manual, copyright 1916; The Home Kindergarten Manual, copyright 1921; and Bible Stories and Character Building, copyright 1915.

Manufactured in the U. S. A.

INTRODUCTION

TO BE at home in many lands and times is the mark of a really educated person. Not all of us can actually travel, not all of us can have the privilege of an acquaintance with the world's great men and women, but it is within the reach of even little folks, nowadays, to become familiar with the most remote lands and the most out-of-the-way people. Motion pictures are aiding somewhat along this line, but they are flashed on and off so rapidly and sandwiched in between comics and what-not, that they do not make a lasting impression. But given in book form, with descriptive text, they can be turned to over and over again. They are really the finest possible grounding for geography and history.

"Stories from Every Land," partakes of both these subjects, but so agreeably that the child absorbs them without suspecting for a moment that he or she is studying anything. Why, this is *fun!* As in other volumes, the tots have their stories first. Here is a section entitled, "Babies Across the Sea," wherein one meets them in China, in Greece, in Spain, and even out in the desert and jungle. We also follow "Peggy" on her travels to Holland, Morocco, Persia, Egypt, South Africa, Italy, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands. Through her eyes our own small boys and girls get fascinating glimpses of how other small folks eat and dress and live.

In "Peeps at Many Countries," and "The World's Children," we continue these exciting jaunts. We take part in the games of other children all over the world, and we end by feeling a definite kinship with them. What could be finer to foster the spirit of brotherhood among all nations than this early acquaintance and understanding sympathy?

These pages are full of pictures. Many of them were procured only after considerable effort and expense. We believe that it is one of the most comprehensive and interesting collections of travel pictures ever assembled in one volume.

The section which follows, "Travels and Tales," by Hugh Laurence, is for slightly older readers. Here are stories intimately connected with some famous land, as, for example, "The Secret of the Nile." A dozen or more of these tales are included, with pictures.

Next come "True Tales of Adventure," in which we have a smattering of history. We sail around the world with Drake; voyage with De Soto on the Mississippi; follow Champlain as he explores the St. Lawrence; visit a Dutch

boy and girl in old New York; and have other realistic adventures largely in line with exploration and settlement in America.

These "true tales" are followed by some of more fanciful character, under the caption of "Legendary Heroes of Many Countries." A few suggestive titles will indicate the wide scope of this material—"Perseus," "Odysseus," "The Argonauts," "Theseus," "Hercules," "Æneas," "Beowulf," "Robin Hood," "The Vikings," "Siegfried," "Roland," "William Tell," "Robert the Bruce." It is a mingling of both fact and fancy, as some of these are figures of history about whom many legends cluster; while others are wholly mythical. Yet in nearly every one of the tales there is revealed a spirit of high endeavor which the reader may well emulate.

The book closes with another group of tales of chivalry and courage, which begins back at the time of Cyrus the Great, many centuries before Christ, and also gives us an account of the retreat of the Ten Thousand, the story of Cato, Bede, Alfred, the Northmen, Bonnie Prince Charlie, and others famed in song and story. These pages are not planned for continuous reading, but the boy and girl can browse around at will, always being assured of something new and interesting awaiting them on the next page. Unconsciously, they are forming their own characters through this acquaintance with the heroes of many lands and times.

"Stories from Every Land," will, we believe, be of immense assistance to the parent and the teacher. Foreign lands are studied, not by their boundaries and political affairs, but through the home life, the customs, the sports, and the work of their children, their men, and their women. The approach to history is made by biographies of some of the most interesting heroes, and especially by accounts of the adventurous pioneer days of America. The illustrations are multitudinous and graphic, and many of them are unusual. This volume will assist in home and school studies, because it illustrates manners and customs, and gives the child a peep, as it were, behind the scenes. In broadening the young folks' viewpoint, it not only teaches them sympathy and tolerance for other races, but it also lays the foundation for good citizenship—starts them on the high road to being good Americans.

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION iii

PEGGY'S TRAVELS
By Walter Cook

PAGE

How Peggy Saw Holland 1
Peggy Visits Morocco 6
Peggy in Persia 10
A Trip to Egypt 12
Peggy looks for Diamonds in South Africa . . 17
A Trip to the South Sea Islands 20
Peggy Visits New Zealand 23
A Trip through Italy 25

BABIES ACROSS THE SEA

Babies in China 31
By Colin Campbell Brown
Babies in Greece 33
By Edna Walker
Babies of the Great Tents 35
By Edna Walker
Babies of Kafirland 40
By Edna Walker
Babies in Spain 42
By Edith A. Browne

PEEPS AT MANY COUNTRIES

Houses 45
Peeps at Life in the Big City 51
Policemen and Postmen of Many Lands . . . 55
Peeps at Traveling in Many Countries . . . 59
Peeps at School in Many Countries 66
Peeps at Playtime in Many Countries . . . 72
Peeps at Shopping in Many Countries . . . 77
Life Among the Red People 82

THE WORLD'S CHILDREN

John of England 87
By Edna Walker
Running Rabbit, "Little Indian" 88
By Clive Barnard
Suzanne of France 92
By Edna Walker
Maisanguac, "Frosty Eskimo" 94
By Clive Barnard
O Hana San of Japan 99
By Edna Walker
Ismail of the Upside Down Land 104
By R. M. Labaree and Edna Walker
Mang'anda of Central Africa 108
By James B. Baird
Filipe and Serafina of Spain 113
By Edna Walker
David of the Holy Land 118
By J. M. Beeman
Hugh in India 122
By Edward Shirley
Marietta of Italy 125
By Edna Walker
Games and Feasts in Japan 128
By Janet Harvey Helman
What They Play in Africa 132
By James B. Baird
Games and Festivals in China 136
By Colin Campbell Brown
The River Holiday in India 143
By Edna Walker
A Picnic in the Australian Bush 146
By Frank Fox

TRAVELS AND TALES
By Hugh Laurence

The Fable of the Frogs 151
The Cities of the River Land 152
The Secret of the Nile 153
The Land of the Pharaohs 154
The Land of Palms 156
Italy 158
Norway 159
Tibet 159
Australia 160
Persia 162
Morocco 162
South America 163
Round the World To-day 165
France 165

TRUE TALES OF ADVENTURES

PAGE

The First Adventurers 167
Edited by John H. Clifford

The New World 170

The Swineherd Who Wanted a Castle . . . 175
By Frederick Winthrop Hutchinson

The Beautiful City of the Floating Islands . 179
By Frederick Winthrop Hutchinson

Round the World with Drake 181

How De Soto came to the Father of Waters . 183
By Frederick Winthrop Hutchinson

The Little Red Princess of the Forest . . . 186
By Frederick Winthrop Hutchinson

The Story of Myles Standish 190

The Englishman Who Sailed for the Dutch . 195
By Frederick Winthrop Hutchinson

A Little Dutch Boy and Girl of Old New York 198
By Bertha E. Bush

Life in Old New York 201
By Washington Irving

Champlain, Explorer of the St. Lawrence . . 203
By Frederick Winthrop Hutchinson

The Friends of the Indians 206
By Frederick Winthrop Hutchinson

Peary, Discoverer of the North Pole . . . 210
By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Amundsen, Discoverer of the South Pole . . 213
By Himself

LEGENDARY HEROES OF MANY COUNTRIES

Perseus 221
Adapted by Mary Macgregor

The Wanderings of Odysseus 229
From the Greek of Homer

The Argonauts 241
Adapted by Mary Macgregor

Theseus 252
Adapted by Mary Macgregor

Hercules 259
Adapted by Thomas Cartwright

The Perilous Voyage of Aeneas 266
Adapted by Alice Zimmern

How Cincinnatus Saved Rome 271
Adapted by Alfred J. Church

Beowulf 273
Adapted by H. E. Marshall

Childe Horne 278
Retold by M. Alston Buckley

Robin Hood 282
Adapted by H. E. Marshall

A Jest of Little John 290
By John Bennett

Allen-a-Dale 295
By Sir Walter Scott

Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale 295

The Story of Frithiof 297
Adapted by Julia Goddard

The Vikings 303
Adapted by Mary Macgregor

Siegfried 308
Adapted by Mary Macgregor

Roland 319
Adapted by H. E. Marshall

The Cid 329
Adapted by Robert Southey

William Tell 337
Adapted by H. E. Marshall

Rustam and Sohrab 345
Adapted by Edward Shirley

HISTORIC TALES OF OLDEN TIMES

Cyrus of Persia 349

The Story of Pindar 350

The Spartans 351
By Beatrice Harraden

The Iliad of Homer 353
Adapted by Jeanie Lang

The March of the Ten Thousand 363

Cato the Younger 365

Edwin and the King of the North 366

The Boyhood of a Great Saint 368

The Story of Bede 369

The Story of Alfred 370

Brian, King of Erin 370

Olaf the Brave 372

The Knights of Chivalry 374
By Florence Aston

The First Crusaders 376
By Florence Aston

The Troubadours 379
By George Foster Barnes

Richard the Lion-Hearted 381
By J. Edward Parrott

William Wallace 385

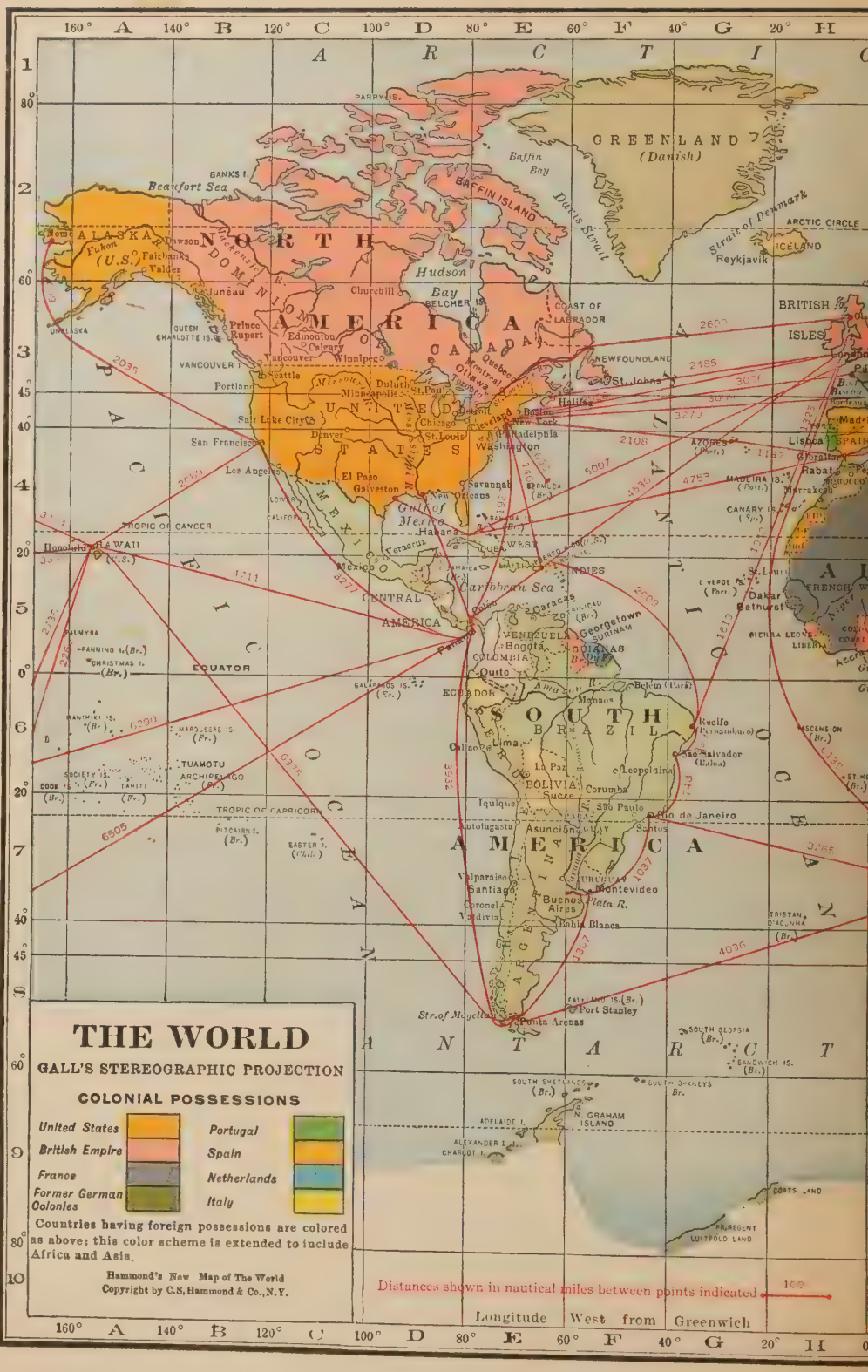
Robert the Bruce 387

Bonnie Prince Charlie 391

Sir Philip Sidney 395

INDEX

Aden ..... L 5
Afghanistan ..... M 4
Africa ..... J 5
Alaska ..... A 2
Albania ..... J 3
Algeria ..... J 4
Anglo-Egyptian Sudan ..... K 5
Angola ..... J 6
Antarctic Ocean ..... D 8
Arabia ..... L 4
Arabian Sea ..... M 5
Arctic Ocean ..... C 1
Argentina ..... E 7
Asia ..... N 3
Asir ..... L 5
Atlantic Ocean ..... G 5
Australia ..... P 7
Austria ..... J 3
Baffin Island ..... E 2
Bahama Islands ..... E 4
Baltic Sea ..... J 3
Barents Sea ..... K 2
Beaufort Sea ..... B 2
Belgian Congo ..... K 6
Belgium ..... J 3
Bengal, Bay of ..... N 5
Bering Sea ..... S 3
Bermuda ..... E 4
Bhutan ..... N 4
Biscay, Bay of ..... H 3
Black Sea ..... K 3
Bolivia ..... E 6
Borneo ..... O 5
Bothnia, Gulf of ..... K 2
Brazil ..... F 6
British Guiana ..... F 5
British Isles ..... H 3
British Somaliland ..... L 5
Bulgaria ..... K 3
Cameroon ..... J 5
Canada, Dominion of ..... C 3
Caribbean Sea ..... E 5
Caspian Sea ..... L 3
Celebes ..... O 6
Central America ..... D 5
Ceylon ..... N 5
Chile ..... E 7
Chinese Republic ..... N 4
Chosen ..... P 4
Colombia ..... E 5
Coral Sea ..... R 6
Cuba ..... E 4
Czechoslovakia ..... J 3
Davis Strait ..... F 2
Denmark ..... J 3
Dutch Guiana ..... F 5
East China Sea ..... P 4
Ecuador ..... E 6
Egypt ..... K 4
Eritrea ..... K 5
Estonia ..... K 3
Ethiopia ..... K 5
Europe ..... K 3
Falkland Islands ..... F 8
Fiji Islands ..... S 6
Finland ..... K 2
France ..... J 3
French Equatorial Africa ..... J 5
French Guiana ..... F 5
French Indo-China ..... O 5
French West Africa ..... H 5
Fridtjof Nansen Land ..... L 1
Germany ..... J 3
Gold Coast ..... H 5
Greece ..... K 4
Greenland ..... F 2
Guam ..... R 5
Gulf of Guinea ..... J 5
Gulf of Mexico ..... D 4
Haiti ..... E 5
Hasa ..... L 4
Hawaiian Islands ..... A 4
Hudson Bay ..... D 2
Hungary ..... J 3
Iceland ..... H 2
India ..... M 4
India Ocean ..... M 6
Iraq ..... L 4
Italian Somaliland ..... L 5
Italy ..... J 3
Jamaica ..... E 5
Japan ..... P 4



Japan Sea ..... P
Java ..... O
Karafuto ..... R
Kenya ..... K
Kurile Islands ..... R
Labrador ..... E
Latvia ..... K
Liberia ..... H
Libya ..... J
Lithuania ..... K
Madagascar L
Manchukuo ..... P
Marquesas Islands ..... B
Marshall Islands ..... S
Mediterranean Sea ..... J
Mexico C
Morocco ..... H
Mozambique ..... K
Nepal ..... N
Netherland India ..... O
Netherlands ..... J
New Caledonia ..... S
Newfoundland ..... F
New Guinea ..... P
New Hebrides ..... S
New Zealand ..... S
Nigeria ..... J
North America C
North Graham Island ..... F
North Sea ..... J
Norway ..... J
Okhotsk, Sea of ..... R
Novaya Zemlya L
Oman L
Outer Mongolia ..... N
Pacific Ocean ..... B
Palestine ..... K
Panama ..... D
Papua ..... R
Paraguay ..... F
Persia L
Persian Gulf L
Peru ..... E
Philippine Islands ..... P
Poland ..... K
Portugal ..... H
Puerto Rico ..... E
Red Sea ..... K
Rhodesia ..... K
Rio de Oro ..... H
Rumania ..... K
Sakhalin Island ..... R
Samoa Islands ..... S
Sarawak ..... O
Saudi Arabia L
Siam ..... O
Sicily ..... J
Sierra Leone ..... H
Society Islands ..... A
Solomon Islands ..... S
South America ..... E
South China Sea ..... O
South Victoria Land ..... R
Southwest Africa ..... J
Spain ..... H
Sumatra ..... N
Svalbard ..... J
Sweden ..... J
Switzerland ..... J
Syria ..... K
Taiwan ..... P
Tanganyika Territory ..... K
Tasmania ..... R
Tasman Sea ..... R
Timor ..... P
Togo ..... J
Trans-Jordan ..... K
Tunis ..... J
Turkestan ..... M
Turkey ..... K
Uganda ..... K
Union of South Africa ..... K
United States C
Uruguay ..... F
U. S. S. R. in Europe L
U. S. S. R. in Asia ..... O
Venezuela ..... E
Virgin Islands ..... E
West Indies ..... E
White Sea ..... K
Yellow Sea ..... P
Yemen L
Yugoslavia ..... J
Zanzibar L

HOW PEGGY SAW HOLLAND

UNCLE JACK came home from his ship with a large box full of wonderful things, and he gave Peggy some toys out of it, and told her such nice tales about the places from which they came that she wanted to go with him next time.

This, of course, was not possible, but Uncle Jack took from his box a pretty blue stone with a hole in it, and gave it to Peggy, telling her it was called a "talisman." She was to wear it round her neck on a ribbon, and when her mother had gone upstairs in the after-

Courtesy of the Netherlands Chamber of Commerce in New York, Inc.

CHILDREN IN HARDEWYK, HOLLAND

A STREET IN AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

noon to rest, and Peggy was alone, she was to rub it with her hand and "wish" where she wanted to go. But she must first be very good all day long.

A CANAL AT DORDRECHT, HOLLAND

At last the time came, and she shut her eyes, rubbed the talisman and wished to go to Holland. Then she opened her eyes again, and, sure enough, she was on a fine ship, in her outdoor clothes. A little girl with a big white cap and wooden shoes was talking to her.

"Here you are at last," said this little Dutch girl, just as if she had expected her. "I've been sent to show you my country."

Then Anna (that was her name) led her over a narrow wooden bridge, called a "gangway," and Peggy found herself in a little seaside village.

The girls there wore white caps like Anna's, and some were playing with

WALKING ALONG A DYKE IN HOLLAND

wooden dolls. The boys had great baggy trousers, some with patches on them. They made a charming picture with the bright sky, the windmills, and the sparkling water.

Peggy wanted to stay there, but Anna

Courtesy of Netherlands Chamber of Commerce in New York, Inc.

DELIVERING MILK IN SPAKENBURG, HOLLAND

A CHEESE MARKET, HOLLAND

said they must go on to Amsterdam. So they went in a train. The country they passed was quite flat, and everywhere they saw rivers and ponds.

"You know," said Anna, "the ocean would flow all over here if we were to let it; but we keep it out by building up great walls of earth near the shore."

At Amsterdam, Peggy was surprised to see that the roads were full of water, and that the people went about in boats, instead of riding in buses and taxis.

In the market place she saw people, big and little, buying and selling all kinds of things. Here Anna told Peggy she would take her for a row. So she carried a basket of rosy apples to a boat and then helped Peggy in, and rowed her along, just as if they were grown-up people. It was a very pretty scene, with the boatloads of flowers and fruit, with trees along the paths, and with the people in their bright-colored clothes, wearing white caps shining in the sun.

Everything looked very nice and fresh, for the Dutch people are famed for their cleanliness. They will polish their copper and brass pots and kettles until you can see yourself in them.

When they were turning a corner, Peggy noticed a little girl with a tub full of large red balls. She was kneeling by the canal and washing them, one by one.

"Oh, whatever are those?" said Peggy.

A TYPICAL LANDSCAPE IN HOLLAND

FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL JOSEPH CONSTANTINE GABRIEL

"Why, they're what you call Dutch cheeses!" said Anna, laughing.

So Peggy bought one to take home to her mother as a present from Holland.

Peggy now began to feel rather tired, so Anna put her into another boat and shoved her off. And the boat went faster and faster and faster, and the next thing Peggy knew was that she was at home,

She said nothing about her travels, because she felt sure the talisman would refuse to work again if she did. But she decided to be very good all the next day, so that she might go traveling again.

PEGGY VISITS MOROCCO

It was a cold day, and Peggy thought she would like to go to a warm country. So when she rubbed the talisman she cried "Morocco," for she had heard Uncle Jack speak of that country.

Immediately everything was changed.

IN THE GREAT MARKET AT TANGIERS

She was standing on a wooden pier, which was very rough and much broken, and strange people were around her. There was a steamer by the pier, and negroes were chattering and rushing about with the passengers' luggage. Peddlers were offering their wares for sale. Arabs, with long cloaks wrapped round them, haughtily looked on.

So many bright colors Peggy had never seen! It looked like a broken-up rainbow dancing and glittering in the sunlight.

She was quite bewildered at first. Then she saw a dark, little Arab boy standing near. A little girl was sitting on the ground close by, eating a slice out of a melon.

"Hullo, Peggy," said the boy, "I'm sorry we kept you waiting! Our people wouldn't let Badoura—that's my sister—come at first. They said she must learn to stay at home. Women don't go out much here, and when they do, they keep their faces covered."

Here Badoura pulled a kind of veil up from her shoulders to her eyes, which twinkled merrily.

THE STORES LOOKED LIKE BOXES WITH THE FRONTS TAKEN OFF

"Who are you?" said Peggy to the boy.

"Oh, call me Mohammed!" he answered.

Then Mohammed and Badoura took her along a street which led from the sea up a hill into the town of Tangiers.

There was no pavement along the street. It was very dirty, and so rough that carts could not be driven along it. People had to walk or to ride on horseback.

In place of the peddlers with two-wheeled carts, Peggy saw a dignified man leading a donkey with a large basket slung on each side. Here and there a customer would stop him to bargain with him.

The stores looked like boxes with the fronts taken off. The shopkeepers sat cross-legged among their wares. There were oranges, brass pots, fine scarves, and beautiful yellow shoes.

"Those shoes are made of Morocco leather," whispered Badoura. She always whispered.

Just then Peggy espied an old woman in a queer, large round hat, sitting down in the mud. She was selling oranges. So Peggy bought some for her little friends, and they were delighted, for little Arab children seldom have money of their own to spend.

Peggy noticed that many women and children were passing to and fro with earthenware jars balanced on their

heads, so she asked what they were doing, and Badoura told her they were carrying water home from the fountains.

After a time they said good-by to Mohammed, and Badoura led Peggy to a fine house. Before entering they took off their shoes. Then Badoura, followed by Peggy, went up to a door with a curtain over it. A black man pulled the curtain aside and they entered.

Courtesy of Canadian Pacific

ARAB WOMEN IN THEIR LONG FLOWING ROBES AND VEILS

A WOMAN CARRYING WATER, ALGERIA

The room was full of ladies dressed in beautiful clothes. They wore loose, baggy trousers, long, richly embroidered jackets, and pointed shoes with jewels on them. Some were talking, laughing, and singing, and others were doing pretty needlework. These were the

FROM THE ROOF THEY COULD SEE THE HOUSES OF TANGIERS SLOPING DOWN TO THE SEA

wives and daughters of a wealthy man, for in Morocco it is not thought wrong for a man to have more than one wife. The part of the house in which they live is called the "harem."

The two children were given slippers. Then a lady pointed to them and clapped her hands, and at once a little black boy brought them coffee in tiny cups. Peggy found it a little awkward to drink from these cups, as they did not have handles like the ones she used at home. Another boy brought cakes and candies.

Afterward they were taken on to the roof of the house, which was quite flat and made into a beautiful garden. From it they could see the domes of the mosques or churches and the flat roofs of the houses of Tangiers sloping down to the blue sea.

At last the lady told Peggy to shut her eyes, then she clapped her hands. Peggy opened her eyes again in a moment, but found herself alone, sitting on the rug at home by the fire.

Courtesy of Canadian Pacific

A SCHOOL IN ALGIERS

Peggy had had a glass of fruit punch, or Persian sherbet, at dinner, and she had liked it so much that she thought she would visit the country for which it was named. So she rubbed the talisman and wished to go there, and immediately she was at Shiraz, in the most beautiful rose garden in the world.

Everywhere every kind of rose was growing. An old man was going about cutting the blossoms as fast as he could and throwing them into a large basket. Peggy herself and a little Persian girl were sitting on a large heap of rose blossoms, eating pomegranates. The air was full of the scent of roses.

"How delicious!" exclaimed Peggy. "But what a shame to pull all these roses to pieces just to lie on them!"

Zuleika, the little girl at her side, smiled. "They're not put here for that," said she. "They're left to dry in the sun, before they can be used for making scent. Attar of roses, the best and strongest scent in the world, is going to be made from them."

"It's delightful," said Peggy, taking in a huge breath of the rose-laden air.

When they had finished their fruit, Zuleika led Peggy to the house.

It reminded her of the house at Morocco, but there were not so many ladies here, and they were dressed differently. They had quite short dresses, very richly embroidered, and trousers. It was not very becoming, Peggy thought, although the ladies themselves were pretty. They looked much more graceful in their outdoor clothes, which they wore

OUTER COSTUME OF A MOSLEM WOMAN

to go on the housetop, as they could be seen from the street. A long cloak was thrown over the head and reached to the ground. Then a silk yashmak, or veil, was used to draw up over the face to conceal it from the view of passers-by.

They sat on the walls of the roof garden and watched the traffic below.

Now a camel laden with carpets for the bazaars would be driven by. Then a peasant woman would stroll along, spinning woolen thread as she went, with a spindle.

Presently a little black slave-boy came up with some candies, of which Persian ladies are very fond.

When Peggy said good-by to the ladies they sighed. They wished they could wander about alone as she did. They were kept so strictly at home that they were almost like prisoners.

Zuleika took Peggy into the country.

Every house they passed had fig trees, grape vines, or gardens full of roses round it. Tame gazelles, with beautiful large soft eyes, skipped about in the roads and gardens. Once or twice Peggy saw a real Persian cat.

At length they came to another town.

"This is Teheran," Zuleika said, "where the Shah lives."

They strolled through the bazaars, where carpets, rich embroidered silks, and vases were exposed for sale. Some of the vases were beautiful. They were made of brass or steel with gold and silver inlaid.

Here and there they would see an old man sitting cross-legged by his goods, smoking a hubble-bubble. They could hear the smoke bubbling through the water, before the man drew it through the long tube into his mouth.

INTERIOR OF A BAZAAR, TEHERAN, PERSIA

In an open space in the middle of the town stood a large cannon. Round this there were gathered some ragged and fierce-looking men. Some of them looked nervously about, but none ever moved from the spot.

"These are men who have committed some crime," said Zuleika. "While they remain under the shelter of that gun no one may molest them or take them to prison."

Then Zuleika took Peggy into a house and threw a cloak over her such as Persian ladies wear out-of-doors. She also gave her a thick woolen yashmak to put before her face. Then she told her to keep still until she had counted twenty.

Zuleika counted up to ten, then everything was quiet. At last Peggy got tired of waiting and drew away the yashmak. She was home again, and the yashmak was simply a couch cover.

A TRIP TO EGYPT

PEGGY had been looking at a picture of "Moses in the Bulrushes," and she thought she would like to go to Egypt. So when the afternoon came, she whispered "Egypt" as she rubbed the talisman.

She was leaning back in a chair at the time. The room faded away, and gradually there appeared a bright clear sky, and a very large stretch of sand with a few trees dotted about here and there. She was still leaning back in a chair, but it was a deck chair, on board a steamer in the Suez Canal.

It was very hot, countless insects buzzed round her head, and the steamer moved slowly along. The canal was so narrow that two big ships could not pass each other unless one of them stopped and drew up at the side.

So Peggy was relieved when a voice at her elbow said:

"Wouldn't you like to ride to Cairo on my camel?"

She turned and saw a little Egyptian boy wearing a white fez. "I've been sent to look after you," he continued. "I'm Hassan."

A camel ride Peggy thought would be a nice change. So, as the ship had stopped and was tied up to the bank, she went ashore with Hassan. The boy at once went toward a camel, and when he had made it lie down, he helped Peggy on to the hump and mounted in front of her. Soon they were trotting across the sandy desert at a great pace.

The sky was a deep blue and the sun almost hot enough to raise blisters. In the distance were the white houses and

Courtesy of Travel Magazine

AN EGYPTIAN WELL

Courtesy of the Cunard S. S. Company

IN CAIRO

pretty pointed minarets of Cairo getting gradually nearer.

When they arrived at the town they dismounted from the camel, and Hassan led the way through some narrow streets of low white houses. Peggy noticed that the windows had no glass in them, but were covered with fancy lattices.

At last they came to a little shop, into which Hassan led the way. It was dark inside but beautifully cool. They sat on a kind of low sofa. Then a little boy made some very strong coffee, and poured it into tiny little pots which fitted into stands and so looked like egg cups. These he handed on a brass tray to Peggy and Hassan. There was plenty of sugar, but no milk.

When they left the shop it was a little less hot out-of-doors. So they strolled through the town and out into the country, and watched the peasants working in the fields.

They saw a camel and an ox harnessed together in a plow. It seemed very

Courtesy of Travel Magazine

A BARBER IN CAIRO, EGYPT

AN OX AND A CAMEL HARNESSED TOGETHER

strange to Peggy, but Hassan told her that the fellahs, as he called his countrymen, harness all sorts of different animals together.

"Oh, what are those funny things?" said Peggy. "They look like large scales with bowls at one end and weights at the other."

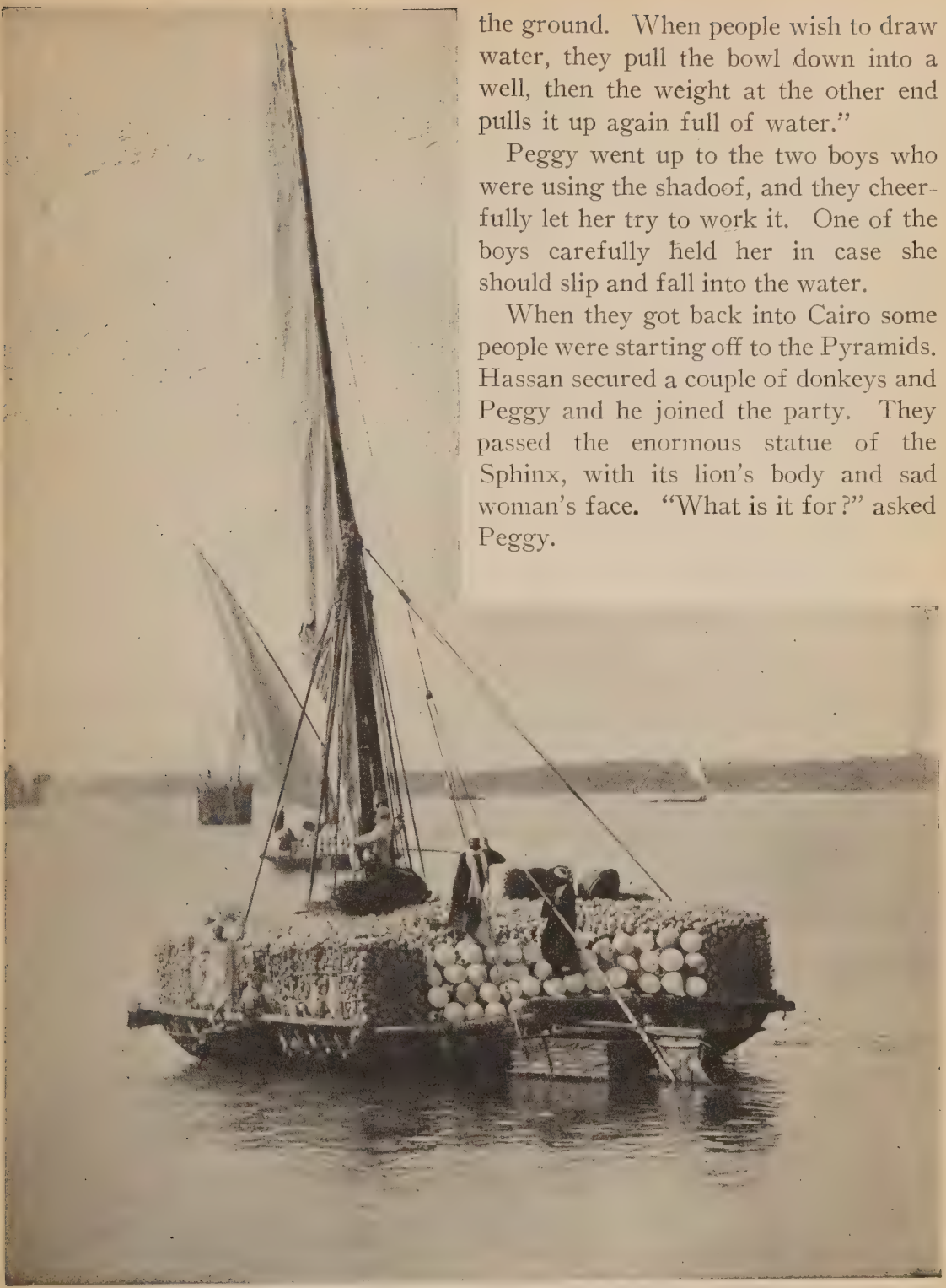
"Those are shadoofs," Hassan answered. "They're used for watering

CAMELS DRINKING

the ground. When people wish to draw water, they pull the bowl down into a well, then the weight at the other end pulls it up again full of water."

Peggy went up to the two boys who were using the shadoof, and they cheerfully let her try to work it. One of the boys carefully held her in case she should slip and fall into the water.

When they got back into Cairo some people were starting off to the Pyramids. Hassan secured a couple of donkeys and Peggy and he joined the party. They passed the enormous statue of the Sphinx, with its lion's body and sad woman's face. "What is it for?" asked Peggy.



EGYPTIAN BOAT BRINGING POTTERY TO MARKET

THE SPHINX

"No one knows what it means," answered Hassan. "People call it a riddle. But we know what the Pyramids were for. The old kings built them as houses for their dead bodies."

Hassan and a friend pulled and pushed Peggy up the large blocks of stone to the top of the Pyramid of Cheops. She was surprised to find quite a large flat space at the top. From the ground it looked almost like a point. From the top they could see a very long way; right over Cairo and the river Nile in one direction, and in the opposite direction miles and miles of sand, with a caravan of camels in the distance.

Coming down the pyramid was rather more difficult than going up. Peggy was glad of a rest when it was over. So they sat down and watched some strolling musicians. One was playing a strange instrument. It had strings like a guitar, but it looked very untidy because the ends were tied up by pieces of rag. The man twanged this and sang a wailing sort of song. The music made Peggy drowsy. Her head nodded, and then she started up, and found that she was at home.

MILES AND MILES OF SAND

PEGGY LOOKS FOR DIAMONDS IN SOUTH AFRICA

Her mother's birthday was near, and Peggy wished to give her a splendid present; so she made up her mind to go to South Africa and find some diamonds for her.

When she rubbed the talisman, and wished "South Africa," she was sitting with her back to the fireplace.

"Dear me, how hot that fire seems! I didn't know it was alight," she said to herself.

She turned to look. There was no fire, but the sun was shining brightly, and was much hotter than she had ever known it at home. The fireplace had turned into a kind of cave, with bushes growing round the entrance.

Presently a little black girl came out. A sheet with a brilliant pattern covered her body, and a handkerchief was tied round her head.

"Oh!" said Peggy, "I'm afraid I've come to the wrong house."

"Not at all," replied the little black girl. "You're in South Africa, and this is my home. I'll show you round. I'm Sanni."

"Thank you!" Peggy answered. "Have you any diamonds?"

Sanni smiled and shook her head.

PEGGY SAW WHAT LOOKED LIKE ENORMOUS MUSHROOMS

OSTRICHES

"All you white people come for diamonds or gold," she answered. "You must go to Kimberley for diamonds. But come to my people first. This is Mashonaland."

Sanni led her down a narrow path all overgrown with bushes and long grass. Through an opening between some trees, Peggy saw what looked like a group of enormous mushrooms. "There's our village," said Sanni to her.

As they approached, Peggy discovered that the mushrooms were really little round thatched huts all huddled together. A crowd of black men, women, and children were sitting round, laughing and talking. Some were dressed like Sanni, others wore blankets, and a few had no clothes at all. When Sanni appeared, leading Peggy, they chattered more than ever.

The women made her some cakes with corn which Peggy saw them grind between two stones, and flavored them with bananas and sugar, both of which were growing near by. Then they asked her if she would like a slice of hippopotamus, but she said she never took meat after cakes.

Peggy and Sanni then strolled round the village, and came upon a couple of ostriches.

The great birds sat down and allowed Sanni to harness them with cords. Then the two girls mounted on their backs, and they rose and sped like the wind across the plains.

They passed all kinds of animals on their journey. There were zebras grazing, and giraffes stretching their long necks to reach the leaves on the trees. Peggy even thought she saw lions and hyenas and other wild beasts. She also saw many strange birds, and she thought the strangest of all were the flamingoes, with their long red legs.

By and by they came to a lonely farm which was kept by a white lady who had only the Kafirs to help her.

"I've brought Peggy," said Sanni. "She wants some diamonds."

"Ah, I want some, too!" said the white lady, smiling. "Well, come along, I'm going to Kimberley."

THE KIMBERLEY OPEN MINE

A Kafir servant brought a horse, which the white lady mounted. Then they all galloped off.

Gradually the country became uglier and uglier. Mounds of earth had been turned up and left deserted. Iron houses were dotted about. This was the beginning of Kimberley.

In the town they met a man with bright eyes and a black mustache. He wore a white waistcoat and a thick gold chain.

"Ah, you're the man!" said the white lady. "Here's Peggy. She wants some diamonds." The man smiled. "Everyone smiles when diamonds are mentioned," thought Peggy.

"Come and see 'em," said the man, as he took her to a big place with a lot of machinery. "Here are some diamonds."

"Why, those things are quite dull!" Peggy replied.

"They've got to be cut and polished, that's all," he said. "However, here's the finished article," he continued, taking a string of bright clear stones out of his white waistcoat pocket.

Then he showed her a mine, and told her that if she went down it she would get straight back to her home. So she went down in a kind of swing, which he called a cradle. Gradually it got quite dark. When the cradle stopped, Peggy stood up, and found herself in the Benares jar at home. When she produced the diamonds, her mother and father smiled. They said they were only glass. They didn't know where she had got them.

ANOTHER DIAMOND MINE AT KIMBERLEY

"Well," thought Peggy, "this beats all the seashore places I've seen at home."

She was sitting in a shady banana plantation in Great Fiji. The large leaves spread high over her head like

A NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE FIJI ISLANDS

long green fans. Bunches of the ripe fruit clustered on the stems, waiting to be plucked and eaten. The sky showed a deep blue above, and the sun shone brightly here and there on the rich red earth.

By her side were two little Fijians, a boy and a girl. Very happy and contented they seemed, and with reason, too; for they had a warm sea always at hand for paddling and bathing, any amount of fruit to eat, and very few lessons to learn.

Kombu was the boy's name, and the girl's was Omari.

These children had thick fuzzy hair sticking far out round their heads, and proud they were of the way it was dressed.

"We have special neck rests when we sleep to keep it from being disturbed," Kombu said, as he handed her a bunch of bananas.

"No, thank you, I won't have any more," said Peggy. "As it is, I don't think Mamma would like my eating six."

So they got up and strolled round the island.

The trees seemed very funny to Peggy. There were no branches, like those on our own trees. The leaves grew out in a bunch at the top of a long stem, and looked in the distance like large green and yellow ostrich feathers.

Kombu led the way to his home in a little cottage by the sea. It was a one-roomed cottage. The walls were made of bamboo poles tied together, and the roof was thatched with palm leaves.

His tiny little brother, just three years old, toddled out and ran down to the beach with them.

He had no clothes on at all. When they got into a canoe he jumped into the water, and to Peggy's surprise swam quite a long way after the canoe.

"That's nothing; we all learn to swim here as soon as we walk," Omari said.

Kombu paddled on until they came to the island of New Guinea, the largest of the South Sea Islands. The people

here were not so nice looking as the Fiji Islanders.

"Did you ever see houses like that before?" asked Omari, after they had landed. Peggy looked up.

"They are tree houses," Omari continued.

"These people used to be afraid of wild animals, so they put a kind of thatched roof on the top of some trees, then they bound together branches and leaves to make a floor. Thus they could sleep at night in safety high up from the ground. Some still use the houses, although there are no wild animals now."

Afterward they came to a modern village, with cottages built like Kombu's home.

Two children were sitting on the ground playing cat's-cradle, and a little boy was spinning a top. It seemed funny to Peggy to see these little naked savages playing real American games.

TREE-HOUSES BUILT BY SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS

"We'll go to Samoa now," Kombu said. "They always welcome you there." So off they set again in their canoe.

The Samoans proved as kind as Kombu had said. Their houses were

BOYS IN SAMOA PLAYING MARBLES

made by sticking a few poles in the ground and putting a thatched roof over them.

One family insisted on making a feast for Peggy and her friends. They spread out every kind of vegetable and fruit. They cooked fowls and brought cocoanuts.

"I'm sorry I've eaten so many bananas, now," sighed Peggy.

"Cocoanuts are useful things," observed Kombu, as he split one in half. "There's something to eat," he said, as he cut out the nut. "There's a good drink, and a bowl from which to drink it," as he poured the milk into the empty half shell. "That salad is made from the small leaves that grow at the end of the nut. Then we make ropes from the fiber round the shells, and we use the shells for lamps as well as for bowls. The large leaves we make into baskets, and use for thatching our houses. They make good fans, too. Why, even the ribs of the leaves are useful by themselves. We light them and use them for torches. Perhaps, too, you have heard of cocoanut oil and copra."

A SAMOAN HUSKING A COCOANUT

GATHERING COCOANUTS
A Native of the Fiji Islands Climbing the Tree

"I think I could tell you a use for cocoanuts you've not heard of," broke in Peggy.

"Oh, what's that?" he asked in a doubting tone.

"Three shies a penny," she replied.

PEGGY VISITS NEW ZEALAND

Peggy one day thought she would like to go to the other side of the world, so she rubbed the talisman and said so, and at once she was in New Zealand. A soft, warm breeze blew in her face and she heard a familiar sound.

Baa, baa, Baa-aa-baa! There were lambs and sheep everywhere, thousands and thousands of them.

Men on horseback were galloping about, and turning them this way and that, or shouting to the sheep-dogs to drive them along. They were all being moved in one direction. It was the great sheep-washing of the year.

Men caught them as they passed through a gateway, and quickly pushed them, one after another into a clear stream of water which was closed in like a swimming bath. They all went in one end and out at the other. It was one long, continuous procession.

"I never saw so many sheep in all my life!" said Peggy talking to herself.

"This is only a small farm for New Zealand," a voice replied. She turned round and saw a dark girl with beautiful eyes and a good-tempered face. Her hair was hanging down and her dress consisted of shawls and matting

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF SHEEP AND LAMBS EVERYWHERE

MAORIS, NEW ZEALAND

wrapped around her. This must be a Maori girl, thought Peggy.

"I know what you're thinking, and you're quite right," the girl said. "My name in Tipari. Come with me and I will show you the wonders of New Zealand."

She led her away over the rich green grass into a most lovely wood. It seemed like fairyland to Peggy.

As they wandered along they came to a strange-looking cottage. Its walls were made of mud, but the framework was wood. The wood was beautifully carved.

"That's my home," said Tipari to Peggy.

An old man was sitting down outside. He was wrapped in a long blanket embroidered with colored wools. He wore a tall silk hat, and his face was tattooed all over.

"My father used to be a great chief of the Maoris," Tipari said. "That's why he's tattooed so, and why he wears a tall hat."

Although they were dressed queerly, the Maoris were very nice and hospitable.

A number of children appeared as Peggy came up.

Tipari was explaining to Peggy how the Maoris used to fight before they became friendly with the English.

"They used to have war dances, like the American Indians," she said.

Then the Maori children said they would dress themselves up as their warriors used to be dressed, and show Peggy what a war dance was like.

They took off what little clothing they had and tied long leaves round their waists. Then they pranced along, one behind another, past Peggy and Tipari. They shouted and sang, flung their arms about, turned up their eyes, and put out their tongues. At last, with a whoop, they all disappeared through the bushes.

"Now," said Tipari, "I'll take you to Rotomahana."

This was a most wonderful place. Peggy saw there hot and cold-water fountains, springs, and lakes. The

pools of water from the fountains turned hard like glass.

"A long time ago," Tipari said, "there was a beautiful, large, long flight of steps here like glass. It had lovely tints and colors in it and was large enough for giants to use. It was made by the water from the fountains falling continually for years and years. As the water spread out it turned hard like glass and gradually built up these wonderful steps. Then an earthquake came and destroyed it all in a night."

Peggy saw boys catching fish in the cold pools and cooking them in the hot springs where the water was hottest.

Tipari told her that it was delightful to bathe in these wonderful warm baths, so Peggy thought she must try them, and she at once undressed and jumped into the water. It was very pleasant until some water got into her eyes and made them smart. She screwed them up and rubbed them.

THE CROW'S NEST GEYSER IN THE THERMAL DISTRICT, NEW ZEALAND

"Oh, Tipari," she said, "get me a towel!"

Then she opened her eyes and saw, not Tipari, but nurse. She was in her own bath at home.

A TRIP THROUGH ITALY

THE raindrops were splashing on the window panes and trickling down in long, straight streaks, and Peggy thought she would like to go to a nice sunny country.

So she went back to her room, rubbed the talisman, and wished Italy.

At once everything was changed, and Peggy was nearly dazzled with the brilliant sunlight. But when at last her eyes were used to the bright sunlight she could not understand the strange place in which she found herself. She was seated high up on what she thought at first was a giant marble staircase. After looking about her a little she noticed that the staircase, although it was very much ruined, had once been circular. Then she had a brilliant idea. "Why," she cried, "I do believe this was once a huge circus, and these steps were just rows and rows of seats!"

THE STEPS WERE ONCE ROWS OF SEATS

"That is just what it was," said a voice at her side, and turning round she saw a little Italian boy sitting beside her. "You are in Rome," he said, "and this is the great Coliseum, where hundreds of years ago the Romans used to come in thousands to watch strong men wrestling with one another and fighting with wild beasts."

Peggy did not think that was a nice kind of circus.

Afterward Pietro took her through Rome, and showed her many wonderful ruins; but Peggy soon got tired of this and wished to see something brighter.

Next moment she heard a rumbling noise, and when she looked round, there in the distance was a large mountain. From the top of it smoke and sparks were issuing. Molten substance was continually running down the sides. It was Mount Vesuvius.

She turned the other way and beheld a bright, sunny town with ill-kept streets, but beyond was a glorious sea.

She wandered about watching the people, who seemed content to do nothing but bask in the sun.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE COLISEUM

DRYING MACARONI, NAPLES, ITALY

A group of children were sitting on some steps in a public garden. Pietro said they were his brothers and sisters, and took Peggy to them. They explained that they lived with an aunt. They helped her by selling fruit, and sometimes Pietro played his mandolin for money.

Peggy was sorry they were so poor. "What do you buy when you have money?" she asked.

"Macaroni; we all love macaroni," they answered. So she took them to a restaurant and ordered macaroni. When it was brought she found that it was flavored with cheese and tomatoes. Peggy was surprised that the waiter gave them neither forks nor

AT THE FOUNTAIN IN BRINDISI, ITALY

A PEASANT WOMAN IN A VINEYARD, TYROL

spoons; but the children did not mind. They held the long pieces high up and gradually lowered them into their mouths. They said this was the proper way to eat macaroni. Peggy wondered if the manner of eating it made it taste so nice.

Then they went into the country, and Peggy was charmed with what she saw. "How well everything grows here!" said she as they wandered through fields of ripe corn and past fig trees and vineyards.

"How about Venice now?" said Pietro.

Peggy took out the talisman again.

"I shall keep it in my hand, I think, to save time," she said. Then she wished, and at once the scene changed.

"This beats Holland!" she exclaimed, when she saw the canals and beautiful houses and bridges of Venice.

A gondolier drew up to the landing

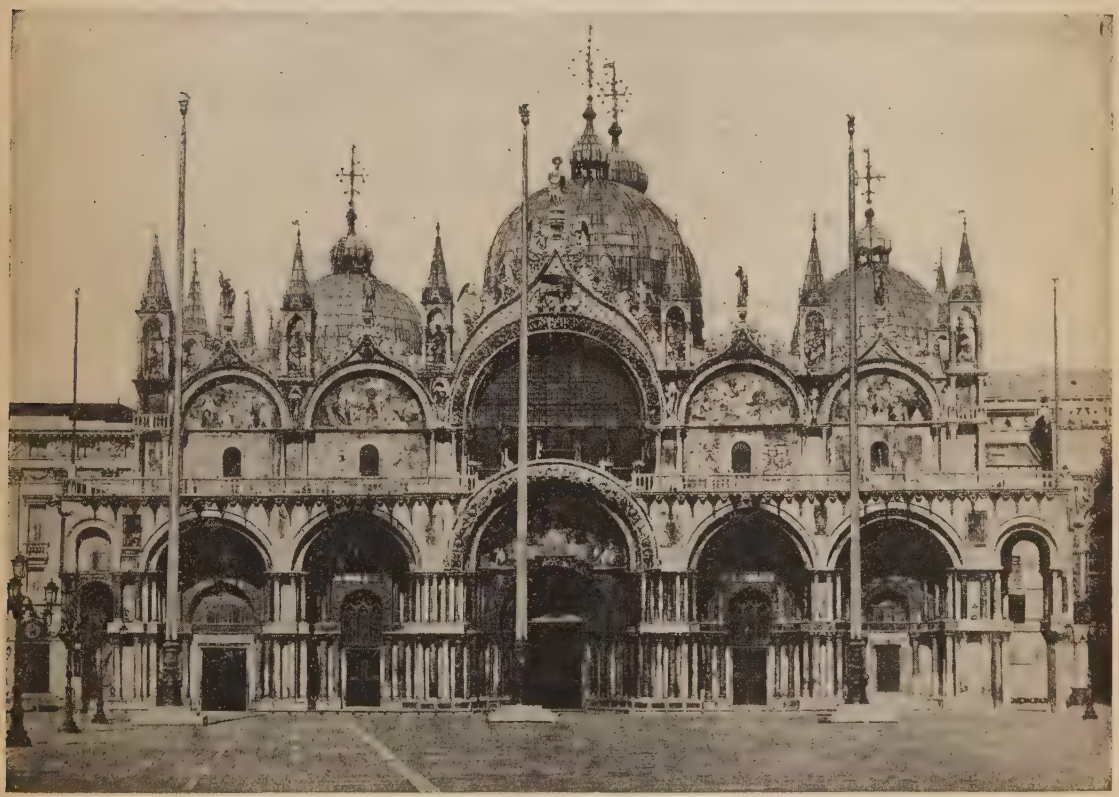
THE SOSPIRI BRIDGE, VENICE, ITALY
Often Called "The Bridge of Sighs"

A GONDOLA ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

stage where they were standing. After they all had embarked, he took them in his pretty gondola with a beautiful, smooth, gliding motion down the Grand Canal, and past St. Mark's Church with its wonderful pillars. They went under the Bridge of Sighs, and on and on until they came to the Adriatic Sea.

"Have you heard of the marriage of the Adriatic?" said Peggy. She wanted to show her knowledge of Italy to her little friends. So she went on:

"Venice made money through being on the sea, for many ships came to her to exchange merchandise. So people said she was wedded to the sea. Then a ceremony of marrying Venice to the Adriatic was founded. On Ascension



ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, VENICE

THE HARBOR OF VENICE, ITALY

Day the doge, who was the head of the city and a kind of duke, came in his state barge, and was rowed to a certain point in the sea. He stood up and threw a wedding ring into the Adriatic."

Peggy flung out her arm to show what she meant, and, alas! threw her talisman far into the water.

A large flame leaped up where the talisman had fallen. This was succeeded by a wall of darkness, which concealed everything from her view. As the darkness cleared, she found herself once more looking out of her window at home at the wet pavements and muddy road which she knew so well.

BABIES IN CHINA

BY COLIN CAMPBELL BROWN

A DIFFERENCE is made between boys and girls in China, but it is not so great as the following lines might lead you to think:

"When a son is born,
He sleeps on a bed,
He is clothed in robes,
He plays with gems,
His cry is princely loud,
This emperor is clad in purple,
He is the domestic prince and king.

"When a daughter is born,
She sleeps on the ground,
She is clothed with a wrapper,
She plays with a tile,
She cannot be either evil or good,
She has only to think of preparing wine and food,
Without giving any cause of grief to her parents."

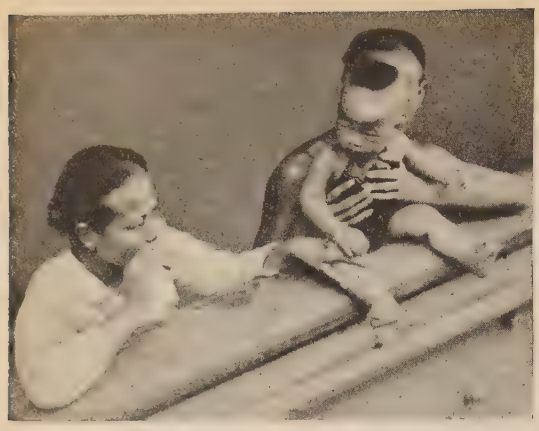
BABY BOYS

In winter time little King Baby is rolled in clothes until he looks like a ball, though his feet and part of his legs are usually bare. When asleep he is laid in a bamboo cradle, on rough rockers which loudly thump the floor. A red cord is tied to his wrist, lest he should be naughty when grown up, and people should say, "They forgot to bind your wrist when you were little." Ancient coins were hung round his neck by a string to drive away evil spirits and to make him grow up an obedient child.

When he is a month old, friends and relatives bring him presents, a feast is made and Master Tiny has his head shaved in front of the ancestral tablets, which stand on a narrow table at the back of the chief room of the house. The barber who takes off the black fluff from the little round head receives, a present of money; baby, for his part, becoming the proud possessor of a cap, with a row of gilded images in front, which is presented to him by his grandmother, together with a pair of shoes having a pussy's face worked upon each toe in the hope that "he may walk as safely through life as a cat does on a wall."

Baby-boy also receives what is called his "milk-name," which serves him until he goes to school. Some of the names

Courtesy of Travel Magazine



ONE WAY A CHINESE BABY'S HAIR IS CUT

given to babies sound strange: Dust-pan, Pock-marked Boy, Winter Dog, One Hundred and Ten. Ugly names are sometimes given, in the hope that the spirits may think that babies so called are not worth troubling about and thus may leave them to grow up unharmed. In the same way an earring is put in a little boy's ear, and he is called Little Sister to make the demons imagine that he is only a girl, and so not worthy of their notice, or his head is clean-shaved all over, and he is dressed like a monk for the same purpose.

BABY GIRLS

Girl babies, like their little brothers, are shaved at the end of the first month, but with less ceremony. They are called Water Fairy, Slave Girl, Likes to Cry, Golden Needle, or some such name.

The people say, "Children are one's very flesh, life, heart," and when the traveler sees a father or a mother proudly carrying one of them about, or patiently bearing with its naughtiness, he can well believe that they mean what they say. Sometimes a mother pretends to bite her baby, saying, "Good to eat, good to eat"; sometimes she presses her nose against its tender cheek, as if smelling it, and kisses it again and again. The little things have shining black eyes, with long dark lashes which look so nice against the faint olive tint of the delicate skin.

ONE YEAR OLD

When Master Tiny is a year old, another feast is made, and brightly-colored shoes and hats are given to him. After the feast is over the little fellow is put on a table in the room where the ancestors of the family are worshiped. Round him are placed various things, such as a pen, a string of cash, a mandarin's button, etc. Then everyone

CHINESE MOTHER AND BABY

A DUTCH HOME.

waits to see which he will stretch out a fat hand to seize, for it is supposed that the thing which he chooses will show what he is going to be or to do in the world, by and by. If baby grabs the pen, he will be a scholar; if the money takes his fancy, he will go into business; but if his eager fingers grasp the shining mandarin button, his father and mother hopefully believe that he will be a great man some day.

The Chinese are wonderfully patient and kind in treating their babies. Much of the gladness of their lives and of their homes is bound up with the boys and girls who play about their houses.

BABIES IN GREECE

BY EDNA WALKER

If the little Greek baby could say what he thought, he would tell you that this world was a very funny place to come to, for the very first thing that happened to him was that he was pickled. First he was put into warm wine and myrtle leaves, and then rubbed over with salt. Sometimes he is rubbed with pepper as well as salt, and the louder he cries the more his nurse thinks he will grow up as strong as iron. In fact, she probably calls him *Sideros,* which means iron, until he receives a complete name a week or two later. That, too, is a troublesome affair, for the poor little thing is rubbed all over with oil, waved about a good deal in the air, and put into water three times.

Joannes, or, as he is more commonly called, Yanni, never keeps his real birthday, but, like all other Johns, he has a feast on one of the days of St. John. If he happens to be called Demetrius or Spiridion, he has to put up with All Saints' Day, like everyone else whose name is not among the saints. Probably Yanni will never be called by his surname even when he grows up; in fact, no one minds much about surnames in Greece, for it is not very long since they first began to use them.

Yanni wears a pretty dress called a *fustanella,* which is rather like a white kilt down to the knee. White leggings or baggy breeches and red morocco leather shoes make him look very fine, though the turned-up toes of his shoes

A GREEK NURSE AND BABY

OUT FOR A WALK IN CORFU, GREECE

must often get in his way; but then, he does not play romping games like American boys. He has a white shirt with big sleeves, and then a wonderful short coat with no sleeves at all—a sort of zouave—dark blue or buff, embroidered in all sorts of colors. You can tell exactly what part of Greece he comes from by the color of his coat and the shape of his *fustanella* and leggings.

Yanni always wears his cap well on the side of his head, and likes to feel the long blue tassel touching his shoulder.

He loves going out in the evening into the town to listen to the band. They all go. Father nurses the little dark-eyed baby as he sips his coffee and mother eats an ice, as they all sit round one of the little iron tables of an open-air café.

Yanni and his sister, Calliope, eat sweets and then drag the others off to the square to see the masqueraders perform. It has been so hot all day that they all love the evening and the walk through the shade of the orange grove.

There are very few parties at home; in fact, Yanni's idea of the drawing-room is a place where the carpet is rolled up into a huge sausage at one end, where all the chairs are covered up, and where all the blinds are down. But on New Year's Day, and on their Saints' Day the carpet will be unrolled and the middle table will be covered with lovely creamy cakes. It is not only Yanni and Calliope who have birthday, or rather "name-day," parties. The grown-ups have them too, and only last year Yanni's father had a lovely present of twenty young orange trees from an old friend. Their golden oranges have been growing in the garden all through the winter.

Yanni loves the trees in their little garden, especially the lemons with their shining leaves, and helps the gardener to water them. They grow very quickly, for there is always beautiful sunshine in Greece.

The great time for parties besides name-days and New Year's Day is the carnival just before Easter. Then the children go about the street dressed up in all sorts of funny clothes, with paper masks on their faces. They hunt for the camel every day, and when they find him they flock behind. He is a wonderful beast; he wags his head and drops his jaw by a string worked inside, and makes dreadful faces. His skin is made of a cloth on which is painted a desert scene with pyramids and an oasis. His front and back legs do not always walk in time. But he is a great joy to the children, who rush out the moment they hear the sound of the small drum-and-fife band which always walks in front of him.

As Yanni lives in a town he is quite used to a stone staircase and marble hall, and he comes home sometimes to find water rushing all down the stairs! We should think it a very cold and sloppy way of washing our homes, but it is so hot here that it is quite pleasant to hear the splash of the water on house-cleaning days and see the barefooted housemaid come paddling down after it with a brush.

BABIES OF THE GREAT TENTS

BY EDNA WALKER

IT CANNOT be said that anyone was very pleased when Zohra first began life. Had she only been a boy, everyone would have said to her parents, "Allah has sent you a good gift."

But it was only a little girl, so all they said was, "May it make you as happy as it can"; and Zohra's father answered slowly, "It is my sorrow."

Certainly, a week later there was a great feast, to which the headman of the tribe—the Caïd—was invited; and the Holy Man, or Marabout, also came, as well as many friends. The women cried and sobbed; the men danced while some of them made music—or what they called music, but it was more like a mixture of a screech and a wail—out of a sort of flute, with a banging noise on a kind of drum or tambourine.

The feast had only one meat-dish—that is, a sort of stewed lamb or kid—and the rest of the good things were dates, figs, and honey, with butter and goat's milk.

Zohra had presents, especially from her godmother, whose name was Zohra too, and after this naming feast big bracelets were put on her arms to protect her from all harm, so her parents thought.

Zohra's father belongs to the tribe of the "Great Tents," and they live in the African land of Algiers.

PERSIAN NOMADS AND THEIR TENT

When she was very tiny she was put to bed in a basket of fig leaves hung from one of the tent-poles, and was always carried about pick-a-back in the daytime.

She loved the horses and cows, for they lived in the tent too, and the goats would sometimes come and put their heads round the tent-covering and look in. Her favorite pet was a little foal. It was so tame that it would run after her in and out of the ropes round and round the tent. Zohra will be sorry when the little foal grows up into a beautiful Arab horse, to be sold, perhaps, to some great Sheik.

Zohra sees little of her father. He does not think much of little girls; in fact, when anyone asks him how many children he has, he only counts his sons. If anyone asks him about his daughters, he answers: "I don't know how many daughters."

It is said that every Arab loves his horse best, then his gun, and then his eldest son. He often has more than one wife, and the wives come last. There is no place for Zohra.

ZOHRA LEARNS TO BE USEFUL

All the same, Zohra must learn to become very useful while she is still only a little girl. She must learn to spin wool, to cook stews, make honey cakes, and cut out a *bernouse*, the big flowing robe that every man of the Great Tents wears. Generally it is white and gets dirty, but sometimes it is a very won-

derful garment of red, and when a Sheik wants to look very important that is the one he wears.

Although Zohra and her mother make the stews and the cakes and all the good things, they never sit down to eat it with the men folk. The men and boys must have theirs first, and Zohra and the women can only have their meal afterward. Often, too, they eat it in a different part of the tent, divided off by a curtain, and specially must they keep to their special part of the tent if the master has visitors.

A long part of the tent is always open, but it is Zohra's duty to watch the sun and to help draw the curtains on the hot side and open the others, so that her father and his guests may rest in the shade after their meal.

Often a number of men from the other Great Tents will draw together, and the little girl watches and listens through a slit in the curtain. She sees one of the men—and she knows all about this, for it is always the same man—roast some coffee-berries in a big ladle over a little brazier, and smells the scent of the coffee as they all drink it. But what she likes best is the story-teller, who squats down on the ground with all the men and boys round him, and tells wonderful tales of history and magic for hours. It seems rather hard that Zohra cannot be there in the circle on the ground, too, but that is her misfortune for being a girl.

There are, however, other Arab girls who are worse off than she is. All the women who live in tents go about in the country without covering their faces, but most of them from the time they are

KURDS WEAVING MATS, PERSIA

ALL PACKED, READY FOR THE REMOVAL

ten years old have to put a white veil over all but their eyes whenever they go near a town. Zohra is lucky enough to belong to a set of Arabs who do not expect this veiling, and so she can even go into town without that uncomfortable white wrap.

Zohra is still more lucky than her Arab cousins in the town of Algiers. It is true that they live in houses and have beautiful rugs and carpets to sit on, but only once a week can they go out. Only on Friday afternoons can they roam under the blue sky in the sunshine, and then the only place they are allowed to go to is the cemetery. No wonder they pay little attention to the graves, but throw off their veils and talk and laugh with their friends. Sadly in the evening they return to their prison houses, where the windows are so small that they can scarcely even look out of them. Zohra has fewer cushions and looking-glasses, but she has sunshine and air and joy in her life.

THE GREAT REMOVAL

The great event of Zohra's existence is the great removal. Often enough Zohra watches a caravan depart. Some of the men have gone to pay their taxes to the Sheik, and very funny taxes they are. One tent sends half a dozen sheep, another poorer one a sack of dates, another a flock of goats, or a baby camel, or a little Arab foal—

and all these must go off across the desert to the big town where the Sheik lives. The Arabs are funny about money. When they have any they like to bury it, then they often forget where it is; so on the whole the Arabs of the Great Tents do without money, but exchange the things they possess for what they want.

But every now and then everybody moves on—those who live in the Great Tents, and their poorer neighbors who have only a few goats and camels. The great striped covering of brown and white wool is pulled down and folded up, the poles are tied together with cord of camel's hair, and strapped on to a camel's back; all the cooking-pots are packed up, and sacks are filled with figs, olives, and dates. Then, most impor tant, there is the water, which is not carried in bottles or barrels, but in great skins, and most carefully looked after. Over the long miles of dry desert there will be nothing to drink but that water, and if those skins should burst or leak all the caravan may die of thirst.

It is a wonderful sight—those long strings of camels going along in single file, with their light, soft tread, their heavy loads wrapped in gray sacking or camel's-hair cloth, the men in white *bernouses,* the women in gowns of blue or bright red, and the children in orange and yellow.

They go across the desert with bare feet, some walking with stately tread or sitting insecurely on the top of the goods, the headman, of course, having a camel to himself. It is not all flat; there are high sand-dunes to be crossed, even bare, smooth rocks, and here and there dangerous marshes with poisonous pools of water. There is a haze over all, hiding everything from view, in spite of the blue sky and sun overhead. But the guide knows the way, though there is no road, and at the right time, after many hours or even days, a beautiful oasis is reached with the town which nestles by it. There is a sudden change to something green and soft from the wide sweep of sand and stones. A blue river winds among the trees, and there are thousands and thousands of palm trees bending and swaying in the breeze, and tossing back their feathery heads to the sky.

BABIES OF KAFIRLAND

BY EDNA WALKER

PULENG never has a birthday—at least only one, and that was at the very beginning of things, and Puleng, of course, remembers nothing of that. It was very wet weather when the little girl came into the world, and so her uncle, who felt very important and drove up a fine cow as a present for the new baby, said she must be called "Puleng," which means rain.

There was a feast given after a few days, and the chief of the tribe called out Puleng's name, so that everyone should know it, and then registered it in a very funny way. Of course he couldn't write, and he had no books, but from the sacred hut a bag was fetched, and in this bag there was a long strap. The bag only contained things belonging to Puleng's family, and the strap was the most important. The way the chief marked Puleng's coming was by tying a knot in that strap—there were several knots already—one for each of Puleng's brothers and sisters.

It was on her first and only birthday that Puleng received presents. All the small boys and girls belonging to the kraal came to see her, and brought her all their treasures. Their treasures were, indeed, a funny lot of rubbish, but they were all that the children loved best—queer dolls made of Indian corn-stalks, oxen made of clay, some used tobacco-pipes and stale bits of food. Nobody—not even Puleng herself—knows when her birthday comes again, and so she has no more presents.

PLAYTIME

A number of children love to get together and pound up some wet clay, then they model it into all sorts of things. Puleng, being a girl, generally makes clay girls or women, and if she can get a bit of blanket from some corner of the kraal she dresses the clay doll in that, and puts a clay baby on its back, for all the Kafir babies are carried about that way, often on the backs of quite tiny sisters. Sometimes she gets a few bead bangles, and puts them on, too. If she makes her doll out of Indian corn, she strips off all the grains and dresses the "cob" in a piece of blanket; then she puts a couple of beads on to it for its eyes, and gets a few threads from the blanket to stick on the top for hair. The boys never make clay girls; they love to make big sprawling oxen with thick horns, or clay dogs and sheep. Occasionally they try to make a man, and stick him on the back of an ox or horse. Sometimes they manage to bake their clay toys in the fire, or they leave them to dry in the sun.

They make their dolls' houses, too, just like their own huts, built up of clay and thatched with sticks and grass. The boys build a cattle kraal for their clay

oxen, and often leave them there al night—getting up very early the next morning to go and play with them. Puleng has helped to build a lovely kraal, with pots and mats and even grinding-stones in it all of clay. The girls love the grinding-stones, for they put some earth on them and pretend to grind corn for their dolls. They always sing while they are doing this, just as their mothers do. The words of their song are very few, but they sing them over and over again as they move the stones round:

"The corn of the old women,
The old women's corn,
We will take the chaff from it,
Will crush all the corn."

And then they feed their dolls with the fresh flour.

BEDTIME

The girls love to take their dolls to bed with them—that is, to the mat on the floor, where they lie under a blanket, for they have no real beds—but this is not allowed.

Boys love to take wet clay to bed, and make oxen with it; but that, too, is not allowed, and Puleng knows of a time when Mangali, her brother, was very unhappy after his father had caught him with a lovely lump of soft wet clay and a whole team of new oxen with terrific horns.

MEALTIME

If you were to ask Puleng when she has her meals, she would find it hard to answer, because she, like all the other children, eat on and off all day.

AN AFRICAN BABY AND HIS SISTER
A Mother Is Glad When She Has a Daughter Old Enough to Carry the Baby

Puleng and Mangali often get a taste of their father's food, so they take good care to be there when they smell anything specially good being cooked. But sometimes there is not too much of some delicacy, and the father tries to get rid of the children.

"Go out on the veld," he says, "and call Nomgogwana, for the food will not be cooked till he comes."

Though they have never seen him, the children know that Nomgogwana is a big monster who must be treated with respect, so they go out.

"Nomgogwana, Nomgogwana!" they

cry. "Come quickly, there is nice food being cooked in the hut!"

But he does not answer, so they hurry home, lest the food should be eaten.

"We called him, but he would not answer," they explain. "And perhaps the food is cooked after all."

The smell is very enticing, and the children sit down, not anxious to go again. But—

"Very well," Puleng's father says, "sit where you are. You know the food will not cook till Nomgogwana comes, and when he does come he will be so angry because it is not ready that he will eat all the children he can find."

That is enough. All the children get up, and as they scamper off the father calls out:

"Mind you go far away on the veld, or Nomgogwana won't hear you."

And you may be quite sure all the food has disappeared long before the children return.

BABIES IN SPAIN

BY EDITH A. BROWNE

All Spanish children have a long string of Christian names. In the case of girls these always include some title of the Blessed Virgin, such as Dolores, Immaculata, or de la Concepcion. A boy, too, is generally given one of the Virgin's names to single him out as the Church's son of the Holy Mother, as well as the numerous men's Christian names, which hand him over to the care of some patron saint, give him a feast-day, which is of even more importance than his birthday, and stamp him as the son of his father, the special charge of his godfather, the direct descendant of his grandfather, and the nephew of various uncles several times removed.

The christening ceremony is always a great event in a family. The most important preliminary is the choice of godparents, and before the final selection is made there is a great discussion in the bosom of the family as to which friends or relatives are most suitable for the post. Spanish godparents have a very high idea of their moral responsibilities, and they do not shirk their worldly duties, albeit these are of a very expensive nature. By solemn oath they bind themselves to bring up their godchild should the real parents die; but though the worst may not happen, they have many claims to meet in the best of circumstances.

First, there is the christening gift to be made. That, of course, does not strike you as at all an unusual demand on the godfather's purse; but what of the next occasion, that must be celebrated by a handsome present? Not many of you, I fancy, have a beautiful jewel which was presented to you in honor of your first tooth. Yet not only must a Spanish godfather make the

appearance of his godchild's first tooth a festival for the baby, but nurse, too, expects her services in the interests of that tooth to be recognized by a handsome gift of gold money. As to the annual festivals, which no good godfather in Spain would dream of overlooking, their name is legion; there is the child's name-day, which is to say his patron saint's day, New Year's Day, and a countless number of national feast-days.

Following close on the selection of godparents comes the christening ceremony. With rich and poor alike this is the occasion for a merry party of friends and relatives; but if you would see a national christening in its full splendor, you must take part in the ceremony which makes the heir of some old country family a member of the Catholic Church. On such an occasion the whole country-side makes holiday. Early in the morning the home of His Majesty the Baby is invaded by guests and sightseers, who come from far and near, on horseback or muleback, or in a conveyance that may be anything from a stately coach to a rickety two-wheeled cart.

LITTLE FOLKS OF SPAIN

A procession is formed, headed by the local guard in uniform. Behind this official ride all the guests who can boast of a mount of any description. Next in order come two four-horse carriages, the first containing the baby, nurse, and godparents; the second, the father and other relations—not the mother, however, for she waits at home to welcome the heir on his return. The carriages of honor are followed by the motley collection of guests' conveyances, and in the rear is a group of servants and farmers on the estate, who march solemnly in pairs.

The procession wends its way to the parish church in the nearest village, and on nearing the square falls in with a crowd of villagers, whose excitement is at present kept well within bounds. At the church door the guests are each given a lighted taper, whereupon they line up on either side of the entrance, and wait while the godfather, with the baby in his arms and the godmother at his side, passes through their ranks, followed by the father and other near relatives. The first notes of the church organ are heard, the procession begins to move slowly up the aisle, and within a short time the ceremony at the font has been performed and the service is over.

As the church bells ring out the joyful news that the child has now been

Courtesy of the Cunard S. S. Company

DELIVERING MILK, SEVILLE, SPAIN

baptized, the orderly scene in the square is changed in a twinkling to pandemonium. Men and women are shouting, gesticulating, children are scrambling helter-skelter to the door. A moment ago no one would have imagined there were half as many youngsters in the whole village. What an anxious minute it is for the little ones! The godfather is coming out to shower coppers among them, and they all want to be in the thick of the fight.

The procession begins to reform, and when there is a temporary lull in the excitement around, the baby is driven off homeward, to be followed far by a thousand echoes of "Long life!" mingled with congratulations to the proud and happy relations.

Home reached, the baby is handed to the mother, who has been anxiously and eagerly awaiting his return. Then comes a magnificent baptismal breakfast, and the final scene of the banquet, as of the whole ceremony, is the drinking of the baby's health.

MAY FESTIVAL IN SPAIN
FROM A PAINTING BY LUIS ALVAREZ IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

HOUSES

ONE morning Tom and Lucy Bell woke very early. They were so glad that they could not sleep.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, "the day has come at last. Father will be home to-day."

Tom and Lucy were full of joy. They had not seen their father for more than six months. He was the captain of a big ship, the "Foam," which had been on a long voyage to the other side of the world.

Now he was coming home, and Tom and Lucy were very glad. He would bring them all sorts of pretty things from far-off lands, and tell them stories of the strange things he had seen.

After breakfast, an automobile came to the door, and the children and their mother got into it. They went ten miles, and then they saw the houses of a town before them. But high above the roofs and the chimneys, they could see the masts and ropes of ships. Soon they came to the dock where the ships were.

"There's the 'Foam,'" cried Tom, "and there's father on the deck, waving his cap to us."

The children ran toward the ship, as their father sprang to the side of the dock, and in another moment they all met. How happy they were to see each other once more!

In the afternoon they drove home again, and Captain Bell went with them. He was going to stay with them for a few weeks, before he went to sea again.

The next morning, at breakfast, Captain Bell said, "Well, how is the new house getting on?"

"Oh, father, it is nearly finished," cried Tom. "Lucy and I have been up to look at it almost every day."

"I dare say you have," said his father. "You shall take me up for a look at it this morning."

When breakfast was over, Captain Bell and the two children walked to the other side of the village. Here a nice house was being built. This was to be their new home, for the old house was rather small, and they meant to leave it.

"Isn't it a fine, strong house, father?" asked Tom. "See how thick the masons have made the walls! And what big stones they have used!"

BUILDING HOUSES IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA

"Yes," said Captain Bell, "it looks as if we need not fear a storm."

The children ran up and down the stairs, and in and out of every room. Their father went with them, till he had seen every part of the house.

"I heard Mr. Lane, the builder, say that he would finish the house in four months, father," said Tom. "That is quick, is it not?"

"It is quick for this part of the country, Tom," said his father. "But in towns they sometimes build houses in less time than that; and, not long ago, I saw a man put up a good house for himself in two days."

"In two days, father," cried Lucy. "Was that in America?"

"Oh, no," said Captain Bell; "it was a long way off, and the builder was a black man in South Africa. I have a picture of him at work, and I will show it to you tonight."

"Oh, that will be nice!" cried the two children. "Have you brought many new pictures this time, father?"

"Yes, a good many," said Captain Bell; and Tom and Lucy clapped their hands for joy.

When Captain Bell came home, he often brought pictures of the strange things he had seen on his travels, and the children loved to look at them. The pictures helped them to understand their father's stories so much better.

That evening Tom and Lucy wished very much to see the picture of the house which was built in two days. When their father showed it to them, both began to laugh.

"Is that a house?" asked Tom. "Why, it looks like a great big basket

turned upside down," the lad commented.

"Where are the windows, and where is the door?" asked Lucy.

"Oh," said Captain Bell, "there are no windows, and that hole will serve as a door."

"That would not be a nice place to live in at all," said Lucy.

"Not so fast, not so fast," said her father. "It may not seem a nice place to you, but the black man knows very well what he is doing. The house is built to meet his wants.

"In the first place, he does not need the thick walls and the strong roof that we do. We have to think of the winter, with its snow, and sleet, and cold winds, but he knows nothing of such things.

"In the hot land where he lives, no snow ever falls. But at times there is plenty of rain, and so he will cover his basket-work house with grass and reeds. These form a thatch, which keeps out the rain very well, and with this he is quite pleased."

"But why are there no windows?" asked Lucy. "It must be very dark inside."

"The people who live in these houses," said her father, "get all the light they want from the door. The sun there is very hot, far hotter than it is here, even on the hottest day of summer.

"It is so hot that sometimes white people are killed or made very ill by the great heat. The black man never suffers like that, but at the same time he is

A NATIVE VILLAGE, A THOUSAND MILES UP THE CONGO, AFRICA

Courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line

A VILLAGE IN CEYLON

fond of the shade, and his hut is cooler and more shady without windows."

"Is that why the door is so low?" asked Tom.

"Yes, Tom," said his father. "The door is so low that a tall man has to creep in and out. The black people take great pains to keep the fierce rays of the sun out of their houses."

"Have you any more pictures of strange homes, father?" asked Lucy. "I like to see how people live in other lands."

"Yes, Lucy," said he, "here is one. You have seen how people build a house in very hot lands. But there are also lands where it is very, very cold.

"In those lands, ice and snow lie on the ground for a great part of the year. So many of the little people who live there build their houses of ice and snow, too."

"A house built of ice and snow," cried Lucy. "How cold it must be!"

"Oh, no," said her father; "it is quite warm."

"Then they have a big fire in it?" asked Tom.

"No," said Captain Bell, "they have no fire at all."

The children opened their eyes very wide. This seemed a very strange house indeed.

"In the summer," said their father, "these little people live in tents made of skins. In winter they live in stone huts, or in houses of ice and snow.

"To build the latter, they cut blocks of ice, and form the walls. Then they cover the whole with snow. They make

A SAMOAN HOUSE—THATCHED ROOF AND NO WALLS

one large room, and here all the family eat, and sleep, and work.

"To enter their houses, they creep along a narrow tunnel. This tunnel helps to keep the cold out of the house."

"Why, how strange!" said Tom; "both in the very cold lands and the very hot lands, the houses have tiny doors."

"Yes," said his father, "they are like each other in that. In the one case, the people wish to keep the heat out; in the other, to keep it in."

"How do the little people warm their snow houses?" asked Lucy.

"They have large lamps," said her father. "They get oil for these lamps from the animals which they kill for food. The lamps serve as fires. They keep the houses warm, and the food is cooked over them."

"What thick clothes the children wear!" said Lucy, looking at the picture.

"They need very warm clothes in that cold land," said her father. "They are dressed in the skins of the animals their father has killed.

"Now," said Captain Bell, "here is another picture of a house built in a warm land. This house has no sides at all, you

A NATIVE CHIEF'S HOUSE IN THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS

Courtesy of Canadian Pacific

THE INDIAN NEEDS A HOME WHICH HE CAN MOVE FROM PLACE TO PLACE

see. There is nothing but a roof standing on posts."

"There is plenty of fresh air, at any rate," said Tom.

"Yes," said his father; "but it is always warm, and the people who live there do not need walls to keep cold winds out.

"But at times the rain is very heavy, so they make a thick roof of grass and reeds, and bring it down quite close to the ground. Thus they have plenty of shelter from the rain, and that is all they need."

"How many kinds of homes there are!" said Lucy.

"Oh," said Captain Bell, "there are many yet which you have not seen. There are people who live in tents."

"Yes," said Tom, "like the Indians. They move from place to place, and carry their homes with them."

"Why do they do that?" asked Lucy.

"Because," said her father, "people always build a home to suit their needs. We build a big, strong house to live in, because we mean to stay in one spot for a long time.

"But the Indian cannot do that. He is a hunter, and moves from place to place in search of the animals which he kills for food.

"So he needs a home which he can carry from place to place. Thus a tent serves him very well. It is made of a few poles covered with skins. He can put it up or take it down very quickly.

"I have seen homes in very odd

places," went on Captain Bell. "As a rule, homes are built on the ground, but I have seen people living in the tops of trees, just like birds in their nests."

"Why was that, father?" asked Tom.

"They wished to be safe from people who would do them harm, or from wild animals," said his father. "So they made homes in the tops of tall trees, and went up and down by long ladders."

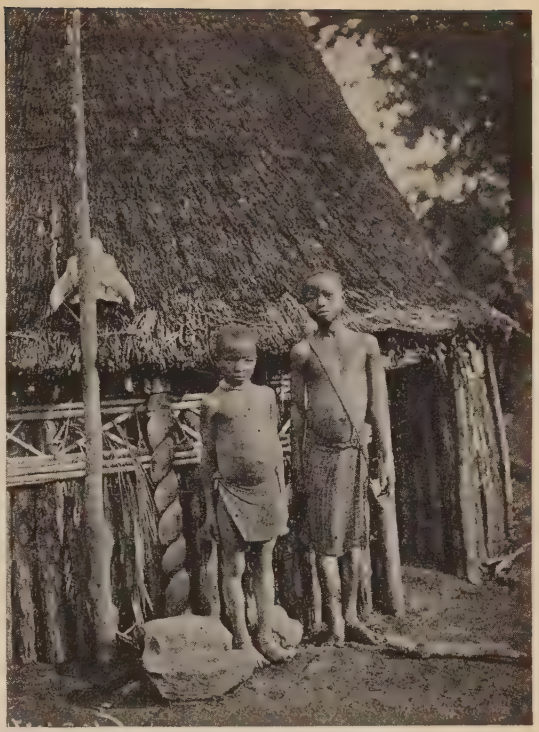
"What queer houses!" cried Tom. "The people must look like monkeys running about up there."

"Do the babies never tumble down when they creep about?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, no," said her father; "the baby is tied to a post, or a railing is put round the platform on which the house is built.

"Another odd place for a home," said Captain Bell, "is in the middle of a lake or river. Strong posts are fixed, so that they stand up out of the water, and on these the houses are built. As a rule, the people who build such houses are fishermen.

"I was once in such a house when the owner wanted some fish for dinner. He pulled up a plank in the floor and let down a line into the water below. He soon caught five or six big fish, which he knew would satisfy his present needs, and then he shut the floor up again."



THESE CHILDREN OF THE ELONG RACE IN AFRICA ARE TALLER THAN THE DOOR OF THEIR HOUSE

PEEPS AT LIFE IN THE BIG CITY

Tom and Lucy were standing at the gate, looking for the postman. He soon came along, and gave them three letters. They ran into the house with them, and gave them to their father. Captain Bell read one of the letters, and then looked at Tom.

"Tom," he said, "I find I shall have to go to New York for a few days next week. How would you like to go with me?"

"Oh, father," cried Tom, "I should like it ever so much. Do take me, please!"

"Very well," said his father, "you shall go."

When the time came to start, Mrs. Bell and Lucy went with them to the

railroad station. Tom felt a little sad at leaving his mother and sister, and waved his cap to them as long as he could see them. But the train soon took him out of their sight, and then he began to look out of the window.

"How strange it is," said Tom, "to see the fields, and the cattle, and the trees from a train! They seem to be running back, while we are standing still. How fast they seem to be going, too!"

"Yes," said his father; "we are going over flat country, and the rails are level. When we come to the hills, the train will not go so fast."

Tom put his head out of the window, and looked forward. "I can see the hills," he said. "Soon the train will begin to go up. Will the train go over the top of the hills, father?"

"Oh, no," said Captain Bell. "It will go straight through them."

"Through the hills!" cried Tom. "Why they are quite solid."

"That is true," said his father, "but a big hole has been cut through them from one side to the other, and the train will run through the hole. It is called a tunnel."

When they came near the tunnel, Tom looked out again. He saw that the train was running straight toward a black hole in the side of the hill. The train ran into the tunnel, and all at once it was quite dark outside the windows.

The train made such a noise in the tunnel that Tom crept close to his father. They went a long way in the darkness, but at last the light began to come again. Then the train ran out of the tunnel, and how bright the sunny fields looked after the darkness!

While he was in the train, Tom saw many things that were quite new to him. He saw big bridges over wide rivers, and over the streets of towns. He saw big railroad stations full of people.

Once the train went through a place where many tall trees grew side by side. His father told him that this was a forest.

"Here's another forest," said Tom, as they came to more trees.

"No," said his father, "this is a wood. There are not enough trees here to call it a forest."

It was a long, long way to New York, and it was quite dark when they got there. Tom and his father went in a taxicab to the house of a friend, where they were going to stay.

At this house there was a boy named Fred, a little older than Tom. The two boys became friends at once, and Fred took Tom out to see the streets. Tom was full of wonder at what he saw. There were great crowds of people filling the sidewalks of the streets. Then in the streets there were long lines of carts, vans, wagons, and automobiles driving along. At a busy corner Fred stood still. "We'll cross the street," he said.

"But how can we?" asked Tom. "We shall be run over. There is no room to pass."

"It will be all right," said Fred. "Wait a minute, and you will see."

Two or three ladies and some children now stopped near them.

"Look there," said Fred; and Tom

saw a tall man, dressed in blue clothes, in the street. It was a policeman. He stood in the middle of the street, and held up his hand. All the drivers stopped their automobiles or horses at once. Then those who wished to cross the street went over in safety.

Tom soon found out the way in which he liked best to see the streets. This was from the top of a bus. It was fine fun when his father took him and Fred for a long ride on the Fifth Avenue bus.

On the top there were rows of nice little seats, and the boys got a seat in front. There they sat, looking down on the people in the streets, and seeing all that went on.

"How strange it seems," said Tom, "to go miles and miles, and see houses all the way! Look at the rows and rows of stores as well. Where do all the people come from to buy things in so many stores?"

"Oh," said his father, "there are very, very many people here, so they need many stores."

"Why are there so many people here?" asked Tom.

"People must live where they can find work," said his father. "In a big city there are many great workshops. There are factories and workshops where thousands of men and women are working for one master. These places cause large numbers of people to live near each other, and thus a city is formed.

"In the country there is not so much work in one place. Six or seven men can look after a large farm. So the people live far apart in small villages."

TRAFFIC POLICEMAN, CITY OF NEW YORK

Just at that moment Tom saw a thing which pleased him very much. They were near a very large, tall building, when big crowds of boys and girls began to run out of it.

"What are those boys and girls doing there?" asked Tom. Fred began to laugh.

"Why, Tom," he said, "don't you know a school when you see it?"

"Is that a school?" cried Tom. "I never saw a school so big as that before. It is ten times as big as ours."

BUSES ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"Yes," said his father; "they need very big schools in a large city, because there are so many children. Such a school as you go to at home would be of little use here. In the one we have just passed there are more than a thousand children."

It would take too long to tell you about all the things that Tom saw in New York. He saw the big rivers which run on each side of the city, with their ships and bridges. He traveled on trains that went through the tunnels that run underneath the river, and which run through the subways, which are really long tunnels which run below the city streets, and he traveled on the elevated railway which carries trains on a level with the upper storey windows of the houses. He saw the palaces in which the millionaires live, and many other grand palaces. But there was one place he liked best of all, and that was "the Zoo."

Captain Bell took Tom and Fred there one day. Tom had often read about lions and tigers, bears and elephants. Now he saw them, and many other strange beasts and birds as well.

They saw a little donkey coming down a wide path. On his back he was taking children for a ride. Later Tom and Fred had a ride on this and another donkey, and then they went to see the bears.

Some of the bears sat up like dogs. In one den there were two great white bears.

"What long, shaggy coats they have!" cried Tom.

"They need them in the land which is their home," said his father. "The white bear comes from the frozen north; from a land of ice and snow. His thick, white fur keeps him warm in that cold country."

Not far from the bears was the house where the monkeys were kept. Here

Tom and Fred stayed a long time laughing at the funny tricks of the monkeys.

One had an apple, and two or three others tried to take it from him. He ran up the side of the cage with the apple in his mouth, jumped from bar to bar, and swung himself here and there by his tail. The others ran after him, and tried to catch him.

"Now look at the fur on the monkeys," said the captain to the laughing boys. "See how thin it is, and how short is the hair! They come from warm countries, where thick fur is not needed."

The lions and tigers were in a big house. Here they were shut up in dens with iron bars in front of them. Tom and Fred went into the house at feeding-time.

The keepers gave the animals big pieces of raw meat. When the lions saw the keepers coming, they began to roar, till the house was filled with a noise like thunder.

Then the boys saw the hippopotamuses with their big mouths and the sleepy-looking alligators. In another place the boys saw the ostrich, the tallest bird, with its thick, strong legs, its small head, and its long neck.

One house seemed to be full of parrots. They were of all colors, red, and blue, and green. And what a noise they made! They were chattering and screaming so that the boys could hardly hear each other speak.

One house was very warm, and this was where the snakes were kept. There were snakes of all sizes, big and little, and they were twisting their bodies into all kinds of shapes. As the bite of many of these snakes would cause death, they were safely shut up in strong glass cases.

Tom never forgot his day at the Zoo. It was the part of his visit to New York which he had enjoyed most. Pictures of some of the animals which the boys saw are in "Nature, Recreation, and Physical Development."

POLICEMEN AND POSTMEN OF MANY LANDS

"What a lot of policemen there are in New York!" said Tom to his father, as he and Fred walked round the city with Captain Bell seeing the sights. "There is one at nearly every corner."

"Yes," said Captain Bell, "there are many policemen here, because there are many houses and stores to take care of. In our village we have only one policeman, and he has to look after the country all round as well."

"And in New York there are many automobiles and trucks," said Fred. "The policemen have to tell them when to go and when to stop; if they did not do this, cars would hit each other, and many people would be run over. Sometimes people—both grown-ups and children—disobey the traffic policemen and get seriously hurt.

"I have read of places where policemen carry swords," said Fred.

"Yes," said Captain Bell, "but not in our land. I have seen black policemen, brown policemen, and yellow policemen, but they all had sticks."

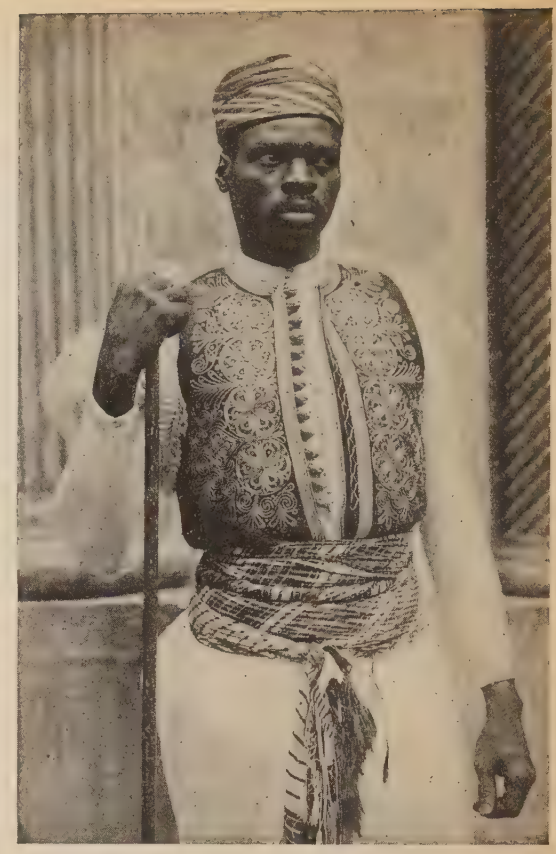
"Where did you see the black policemen, father?" asked Tom.

"In South Africa," said his father. "There are plenty of them there, and they do their duty very well.

"They are very fond of carrying a stick with a big round knob at the top. At one time they used these sticks to fight in battle with other black men. Now they use them to keep order.

"If another black man does wrong,

MORO POLICEMEN, NEW ZEALAND



A NUBIAN RUNNER

they go after him at once, and catch him, if they can. Then they take him before the white judge who hears the case.

"Sometimes the trial is in the open air, or in a native hut. The white man hears all that is to be said on both sides, and then he sets the man free, or sends him to prison, as he sees right."

"Where are the brown policemen, Captain Bell?" asked Fred.

"In India," said the captain; "and fine fellows they are. They do their duty well, and keep good order in the towns and villages.

"The yellow policeman is a Chinaman," went on Captain Bell. "We call

him yellow because he has a yellow skin."

"What sort of policemen do they make?" asked Tom.

"Very good ones," said the father. "They are quiet and steady, and do just what they are told.

"They are very brave as well. They always do their duty, and if a man does that, it does not matter if his face be white, or black, or brown, or yellow."

Just as the boys and Captain Bell came to the door of Fred's home, the postman walked up. The postman knew Fred, and gave him the letters for the house.

"He's one for you, Captain Bell," said Fred, "and two for father."

"Thank you, Fred," said the captain, and took the letter.

"It is from mother," said Tom. "I know her writing."

"Yes," said his father; "now we shall hear all about home."

After tea the talk was about postmen. "I dare say, Captain Bell," said Fred, "that you have seen some strange postmen, as well as policemen."

"Yes, I have, Fred," said the captain. "Not long ago, a letter from Mrs. Bell was carried nearly two hundred miles for me by one of the oddest postmen you ever saw."

"How was that, father?" asked Tom.

Courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line

A STREET IN PEKING, CHINA
Note the Two Policemen

A POLICEMAN IN CORFU, GREECE, HAVING HIS SHOE REPAIRED BY A STREET COBBLER

"My ship had left one port in Africa when the letter came," said his father. "But I was going to call at another place along the coast. So the letter was sent by a black postman, who ran all the way."

"With the letter in his pocket?" said Fred.

"No," said Captain Bell, "he had no pocket, nor did he carry it in his hand. That would have made the letter too dirty."

HOW THE MAIL IS CARRIED IN THE FAR NORTH

"Then how did he carry it?" cried the boys.

"At the end of a stick," said the captain. "The stick was split at the end, and the letter placed in the cleft.

"When a black postman has a number of letters and parcels to carry," went on the captain, "they are tied up in a strong bag, and the bag hangs on his back. Then he will carry them many, many miles, and never lose one.

"In far-off lands letters are carried in all sorts of ways. In India I have seen the letter-bags carried on the back of an elephant. Up there they were safe and dry, while the big beast walked through rivers over which there were no bridges.

ELEPHANTS CARRY MAIL AND EXPRESS THROUGH RIVERS OVER WHICH THERE ARE NO BRIDGES

"That is how postmen work in hot lands. In cold lands the postman often gets some dogs to help him."

"Dogs, father!" cried Tom. "What can dogs do?"

"They can draw a sledge," said his father. "A sledge is a small carriage fixed on iron runners, like big skates. The letters and parcels are packed on the sledge, which is then drawn over the hard snow by five or six strong dogs. The postman runs beside them, and away they go, often running forty or fifty miles in one day."

PEEPS AT TRAVELING IN MANY COUNTRIES

WHILE Tom was in New York with his father, Lucy and her mother went to stay at Meadow Farm, which belonged to Lucy's uncle, Mr. Bell. Lucy and her cousins, Alice and Jack, had great fun.

On the last day that Lucy and her mother were at Meadow Farm, they all went to a flower-show. The show was held at a little town some miles away, and all but Jack, who rode on his pony, drove in a carriage.

As they drew near the town, the road ran by the side of a river. On the other side of the river was a railway. Soon they saw a train puffing along. That, too, was going to the town.

In a short time they heard a noise

A CAMEL CARRIAGE IN INDIA

behind them, which sounded rather like a train. But it was on the road, and not on the railway. Soon an automobile went past them.

The horse did not like automobiles. The toot of the horn and the loud rattle of the engine made him very much afraid. Mr. Bell had to hold him tight with the reins, for he would have liked to run away.

Jack's pony jumped about, too, but Jack patted his neck, and spoke kindly to him. When the car had gone out of sight, both the animals became quiet.

"Look at that little steamer on the river!" cried Jack. "It is taking people to the show."

"Yes," said his father, for Jack was now riding beside the carriage, "we are all going to the show in one way or another."

"I should think we can see here almost

Courtesy of Fanny Jacobs

IN THE ANDES IN SOUTH AMERICA THESE LITTLE DONKEYS ARE USED

A MULE LITTER IN CHINA

every way in which people travel in this country," said Lucy's mother.

"Very true," said Mr. Bell. "There's my carter, Sam Brown, in front of us. He is walking to the show, and walking is the oldest way of all."

"Yes, father," said Alice, with a laugh, "and the automobile has just passed him. That's almost the newest way."

"My way is an old one, I know," cried Jack.

"Yes," said his father, "men learned to ride long before they learned to drive in a carriage. See, there is another very old way," he went on, pointing with his whip to the river.

"Do you mean the steamer, father?" asked Alice.

"Oh, no," he said; "I mean that boat which has its sails set, and is being driven by the wind. The other boat, which two men are rowing with oars, is a still older way."

"In how many ways people are going to the town!" said Alice's mother. "If an airplane came over with a few people in the car, then we should see nearly every way there is."

"Old and new all at once," said Mr.

A TEAM OF YAKS, INDIA

Bell. "To walk, to ride, to drive in a carriage, to sail or row in a boat, are the very old ways. To go in a train, a steamer, an airplane or an automobile, are the new ways."

The day after the flower-show, Lucy and her mother went back to their home. On the same day Tom and his father came home from New York. So they all met once more, and they had plenty to talk about.

Lucy told her father and her brother of the visit to the show, and how people went to it in many ways. Captain Bell at once began to look among his collection of travel pictures.

BRINGING BANANAS TO MARKET IN THE FIJI ISLANDS

A CARRIAGE AND PAIR, INDIA

"Can you show us some new ways of travel, father?" asked Lucy.

"Well, no, Lucy," said he, "I cannot do that, but I can show you some strange ways. Here is a picture of some Indians moving from one place to another. They make a carriage of the poles which help to form their tent."

"Is that a carriage, father?" cried Tom. "Why, it has no wheels. The poles just drag along the ground."

"A carriage is not bound to have wheels," said Captain Bell. "I dare say men rode upon some sort of carriage long before they made wheels for it. But wheels, of course, make a carriage much better.

"Here is another picture of a carriage with no wheels," went on Captain Bell. "These are black people, and they are moving, going from an old hut to a new one. The carriage is formed of two trunks of trees, and a number of posts are set up so that neither the people nor the goods shall roll off. You see, they have a pair of oxen to draw it."

"What slow work it must be!" cried Tom.

"Very slow," said his father; "but they are in no hurry, and are quite happy. They have not the least wish to spin along as fast as an automobile."

"What a strange carriage!" said Lucy. "There are none like that in our country."

"Oh, yes, there are," said her father. "In some parts of thickly wooded regions the people use sleds to carry logs.

"A sled is made of two strong wooden runners joined by bars. The load is

A CHINESE WHEELBARROW

placed on the bars, and the horses drag these sleds over country where wheels could not go."

"I wonder who made the first wheel!" said Tom.

"We do not know that," said his father. "But it was a great move forward. The first wheels were cut out of a solid block, and a wheel was just one round piece of wood. Such wheels are used to-day in many places. Here is a picture of a cart with solid wheels, and this, too, is drawn by oxen.

"Now for a picture of a cart in a hot country," went on Captain Bell.

"Well," said Lucy, looking at a picture, "the people in that cart have plenty of shade."

"They need it," said her father, "for the sun is very hot in that land."

"Those wheels are nearly solid," said Tom.

"Yes," said Captain Bell, "they are very strong and heavy. If they were not, the oxen could never drag their load through the deep mud which is found on many of the roads of that country."

"Deep mud is very bad for wheels," said Tom. "When we were at Meadow Farm, uncle told me that last spring a wagon stuck fast in a muddy lane. He put four horses to drag it out, and one of the wheels broke right off."

"Mud is very bad for wheels," said his father, "and so is snow. In cold lands, where there is much snow in winter, wheels are of no use. They sink too far into the snow. So people put their carriages on iron runners, and then they glide along quite easily."

"Just like those sledges which the dogs draw!" cried Tom.

"Just like those," said his father.

GREAT USE OF THE ELEPHANT IS MADE IN INDIA

"Men often ride in dog sledges, but the big sledges drawn by horses are called sleighs. The last time I was in Canada I had a long drive in a sleigh, and I liked it very much.

"Two fine horses drew the sleigh, and the day was very bright and clear. On the necks of the horses were many little silver bells, and these rang as the horses trotted over the snow."

"Here is a picture of a man going over the snow," said Tom; "but what are those things on his feet, father?"

"Those are snow-shoes," said Captain Bell. "They are long and broad, but very light. Without them, a man would sink in soft snow, but with those on his feet he can go where he likes."

"Now, what animals have you seen which help men to travel?" asked Captain Bell.

"Horses and ponies," said Tom.

"Mules," said Lucy.

"Yes, those are the animals we use," said their father; "and you have just seen pictures where dogs and oxen are at work. But men use many other animals to help them to travel."

"There is the elephant!" cried Tom.

"Yes," said his father, "there is the elephant. In India they make great use of that big creature. He carries men on his back, he drags logs out of the forest, and he draws wagons. He will do all that his driver tells him.

"In India, too, I once saw a great man driving out. He had a very fine carriage which had been made in England, and it was drawn by four camels."

"Camels!" cried Tom. "I thought camels were only used by men who had to cross deserts."

"What are deserts?" asked Lucy.

"Places where very little water is to be found," said her father. "Few trees grow there, and no green fields are to be seen. Very often there is nothing but stones and sand for many, many miles. The camel is so useful to men who have to travel in such places, that

AN OIL CART ON A ROAD IN GREECE
The Rough Olive Oil Is Taken to the City Packed in Goat Skins

he is called the 'ship of the desert.'

"He has a broad foot, so that he does not sink into the soft sand, and he can go for a long time without water. Very often he carries a sort of tent on his back, in which a person is safe from the rays of the hot sun.

"In the north of India a kind of ox is used, both to carry loads and to ride upon. It is not at all like our ox, for it has long hair, as fine as silk, and a mane and a tail like a horse.

"Not only is it useful to carry loads, and to draw the plough, but its flesh is eaten, and a thick, warm cloth is woven from its hair. The name of this animal is the yak.

"The reindeer, too, is just as useful to the people who live in the cold lands of the north. It draws its master's sledge over the snow, and it gives him milk. When it is dead, its flesh is used as food, and its skin is made into clothing."

PEEPS AT SCHOOL IN MANY COUNTRIES

"SCHOOL begins again to-day," said Tom, one Monday morning. "Are you sorry, Lucy?"

"Oh, no," said Lucy, "not at all. We have had ever such a nice time, but school is nice, too. I shall be glad to see my teacher again."

When breakfast was over, Tom and Lucy started for school, and got there in good time. While they waited for the bell to ring, the children were talking about what they had seen during the holidays.

"Where have you been, Tom?" asked

Joe Green. "I have not seen you since school broke up."

"I have been to New York with my father," said Tom.

All the boys looked at Tom. No other boy in the school had been to New York.

"What did you see there?" asked Joe.

Tom at once began to tell the boys of all the fine things he had seen.

"What are the schools like?" asked one boy.

"Not a bit like ours," said Tom. "They are very big places, ever so much bigger than ours. Some of the playgrounds are very small, and have high walls and houses all round them. Other playgrounds are on the roofs.

"When school is over the children come out in crowds. Father told me there were often more than a thousand children in one school."

"They will not need many schools so big as that," said Joe Green.

"Oh, yes, they do," said Tom. "There are so many children that these big schools are quite near to each other."

"And I," said another boy, whose name was Sam Bird, "have been to a place where the schools are so far apart that some of the children cannot walk to them."

NATIVE SCHOOL AND TEACHER
Fort Carnarvon, Fiji Islands

BOYS AT MISSION SCHOOL IN CONGO FREE STATE

"Where was that, Sam?" asked Tom.

"I have been staying with my aunt, who lives about forty miles from here," said Sam. "She lives in a very little village, where there are only about a dozen children, and they go to a school more than four miles away.

"So, every morning, a man comes with an automobile bus, and takes them to school. At night he brings them home again."

"Oh, what fun!" said the boys. "That would be nice, to have a fine ride every day."

At that moment the boys heard a voice behind them.

"Well, boys, what are you talking about?"

The boys looked up and saw their teacher, Mr. Lee. Joe Green told him what they had been saying, and Mr. Lee smiled.

"Yes, boys," he said, "there are many kinds of schools in our own land, some big, and some little. But, as a rule, they are doing the same kind of work in almost the same way.

"Now, how would you like to hear of strange schools in other lands, where black boys, brown boys, red boys, or yellow boys, are busy with their lessons?"

"We should like it ever so much," cried the boys.

"Very good," said Mr. Lee. "I will tell you about them this morning; and I am sure the girls, too, will like to hear about such schools."

When the time came for the lesson about strange schools in far-off lands, the children were all very quiet.

"Well, children," said the teacher, "how would you like a school where there were no desks, no paper, no pens, and no pencils? And no schoolroom either?" he added.

The children began to laugh. That seemed a very odd school indeed.

"Yet it is a school for all that," went on Mr. Lee. "Children go there, and are taught to read and write. Such schools are found in some parts of Africa. They are held in places where no school has ever been before.

"As a rule, the teacher is a black man. He has been to a school taught by a white man, and has learned some English. Then he tries to teach the little black children, who have never before heard of such a thing as a school.

"The teacher has a blackboard, and he writes words on it for the children to spell and read. He also uses large reading-sheets. When it is time to write, each child is given a little stick with a sharp point. With this he writes on smooth sand, or in the dust where he sits.

ALSATIAN SCHOOL CHILDREN

"The school is held in the open air, for those lands are very hot. It is much nicer to sit in the shade of a big tree than to stay indoors.

"The clever boys and girls often go from this school to a higher school, where they are taught by a white man. There they have books and papers, pens and pencils, and many of them become good scholars."

Mr. Lee now put up a picture before the children.

"Here is the kind of school to which the black children go next," he said. "This school is taught by a white man; and not only children, but men and women go to it also. You see that they are still in the open air. They have a roof to keep the hot sun off.

"Now," said the teacher, "let us see how the brown boys go to school in India. Here is a picture of them in school. Tell me any strange things you see in this picture."

Tom Bell put up his hand. "The boys have their hats on," he said.

"They have taken their shoes off," said Joe Green.

"There are no desks. They are sitting on the ground," said Sam Bird.

"Yes," said Mr. Lee. "All those things seem very strange to us. Here, the boys leave their caps in the cloak-room, and keep their shoes on. There, the boys leave their shoes in the porch, and keep their caps on.

"As for desks like ours, they would not know what to do with them. At

home, they always take their shoes off, and sit on the floor, so they like to do the same at school.

"But they do not sit on the ground, as Sam said. If you look you will see that they are sitting on a large mat. Some of them have little desks to hold their reading-books.

"All the lessons in this school are learned by heart. The boys go to the teacher one at a time and try to say the lesson which they have been told to learn. The boy who can say it without missing a word is said to be the best.

"The school is full of noise when the boys are at their lessons. Each boy shouts out the words he has to learn. He seems to think that the more noise he makes, the better he will learn.

"There are other schools in India where desks and tables are used. At these schools the children keep both their shoes and their caps on. When they begin to learn their letters, the teacher writes five letters on sand with a stick.

"The children then write these letters many times, until they know them well. Next they learn five more letters, and so on until all the letters are known. Very often they use the broad leaf of a tree in place of sand, and write upon the leaf with a sharp stick.

"Now we will see how the yellow children go to school," said Mr. Lee. "These are the children who live in China and Japan. In China there are many schools for boys, but there are few for girls. The girls almost always stay at home, to help in the house.

"When a boy goes to school, he has a desk all to himself. Here he sits, and learns his lessons. He, too, makes a great deal of noise.

"The teacher thinks that a boy is idle if he is quiet. So each boy shouts out at the top of his voice, to show that he is hard at work.

"The teacher has a stick and a broom to whip the bad boys. The Chinese boy does not mind how much he is beaten with the stick, but he fears the broom very much.

"This is not because the broom hurts him more than the stick. He thinks that a beating with the broom will make him unlucky for the rest of his life. So he does his best to keep out of the way of the broom.

"When he knows his lesson, he goes up to the teacher, and turns his back upon him. We should think it rude to do so, but the Chinese do not. Then the boy shouts out the lesson he has learned by heart.

"When he writes, he uses ink, but no pen. In place of a pen he has a brush, and paints the letters. He begins to write at the top right-hand corner of his paper, and puts the words one under the other.

"Thus he goes on from top to bottom, working from right to left. We go across the paper, and not down, and work from left to right.

"Until some time after the country was made a republic, it was so hard to learn to read or write Chinese that it took a boy or girl five or six years to do it. Instead of learning to make twenty-six easy letters into words, they had to learn 40,000 signs. Each of this enormous number of signs means a

CHINESE BOYS AT SCHOOL

word, and you can see why it was that very few boys, and fewer girls, ever learned to write at all.

"But, in the year 1918, a new way of writing, called by the strange name of Chu Yin Tzu-Mu, was invented, and by this way only seventy-eight signs have to be learned, so that it is much easier to teach children than it was before.

"It was feared at first that the people, who disliked new things, might not like the change in the language, but the government had the school teachers taught; the missionaries in the Christian schools began to teach it; and they also taught it in the hospitals where the sick people go to be cured by doctors from America and Europe. Many old men and women learned in these hospitals to read and write, and went home happy and helped to spread the new invention. Typewriters, too, helped to spread its use, for they are made in this country with the new signs, and are so easy to use that many people buy them.

"The books he reads from are printed in the same way as he writes. He turns to the back of the book to find the first page, and he ends where we begin. When school is over, each boy walks up to the teacher, and makes a low bow before he goes home.

"In Japan, the girls go to school as well as the boys. When they meet their

teacher, they make a very low bow, so low that their heads are close to the ground. The teacher also bows to the children.

"In the schools of Japan the children sit on the floor, with their books on their knees. They use a brush to write with, like the Chinese children. Like them, too, they write from top to bottom, and from right to left."

PEEPS AT PLAYTIME IN MANY COUNTRIES

When recess-time came the children in school went into the playground. There they played all sorts of games. The boys played with marbles, and with bats and balls, and some of the big boys kicked a football about.

The girls played "Puss in the Corner," or tossed a big, soft ball to each other. One girl had brought her doll to school, and was showing it to her friends.

"Have you seen my new kite?" said Joe Green to Tom Bell.

"No; where is it?" said Tom.

"It is in the cloak-room. Come and have a look at it."

The two boys ran to the cloak-room. There Joe had hung up his kite in a safe place. It had a long tail, and there was a large ball of twine with which to fly it.

"What a fine ball of twine you have!" said Tom.

"Yes," said Joe; "when the string is all out, the kite will be very high up in the air. It will look like a little bird in the sky."

"When are you going to fly it?" asked Tom.

"In the lunch-hour," said Joe. "It is of no use to bring it out at playtime. The time is too short."

Joe Green lived a long way from the

ICE SKATING IN HOLLAND

BOYS AND GIRLS OF VOLENDAM ON SLEDGES AND SKATES

school, so he had brought his dinner with him.

When Tom had had his lunch that day, he ran back to school at once. He was in the playground long before the time when the bell would ring.

There he found Joe Green flying his kite. The kite was very high up in the air. A good wind was blowing from the sea, and the wind had taken the kite up and up till Joe had no more string to let out.

"I never had a kite which flew better than this one," said Joe. "Just feel how it pulls!"

Tom took the string, and felt that the kite was pulling at the cord as if it wished to fly higher still. At that moment Mr. Lee, his teacher, came across the playground.

"Well, Joe," he said, "your kite is flying well."

"Yes, sir," said Joe, "it is pulling hard, as if it would like more string."

"I dare say it would," said Mr. Lee. "It flies as well as the kites sent up by some of the strange foreign boys of whom I told you this morning."

"The black boys, sir! Do they fly kites?" asked Tom.

"No, Tom," said the teacher; "I mean the yellow boys. The boys in China and Japan are very fond of flying kites, and are very clever at it.

"I think that as I have told you how they spend their time in school, I must next tell you how they spend their time in play."

"Oh, we should like to hear about that!" cried the boys. So, a few days after, Mr. Lee told the children about playtime in other lands.

"I will tell you first about the kites," he said. "In our land, you see only boys and girls flying kites, but in China you may see old men as well. Their kites are of every size and shape. Some are in the form of birds or fish, others of men, and some look like big boxes.

READY FOR A SLEDGE RIDE

Courtesy of Travel Magazine

A KITE SELLER IN PEKING, CHINA

"In Japan, the boys make their kites fight with each other. They take a piece of glass, and break it up very fine. They mix the glass with glue, and rub it on the strings of the kites. When the strings are dry they become very sharp and hard. Then the boys go out to fly their kites.

"One boy will now try to cross his string over that of another, and make the one rub against the other. In this way, one of the strings is soon cut. The boy whose string is cut is the loser, and he has to give up his kite as a prize to the winner.

"As for the girls, they play with dolls, just like girls in every other land. In Japan, there is one time of the year set apart for the girls and their dolls.

"It is called the Feast of Dolls. During that time the girls get out their dolls and dolls' houses. They show them to each other, and play with them. At the end of the feast the best dolls are packed away again till the next year.

"Besides kites and dolls, the yellow boys and girls have tops, and balls, and drums. There is plenty of fun on the other side of the world, in China and Japan, just as there is in America.

"In some lands," continued Mr. Lee, "the boys are very fond of playing with bows and arrows. This is fine fun, and it is very useful to them as well. When they grow up they will be hunters, and use bows and arrows to kill animals for food.

"In Africa there live some very little black people. They are so small that the men and women among them are no bigger than boys and girls in our land. These little people can shoot very well

with bows and arrows, and the boys can shoot well, too.

"Our Indian boys are very fond of bows and arrows, too, and play with them a great deal. They are also fond of the stick and ring game. They have a ring like a small hoop, and they roll this along the ground.

"Each boy has a stick, and he tries to throw it through the ring while it rolls along. But each boy tries to knock the other boys' sticks aside, so that it is not often that a stick is sent through the ring.

"The little Indian girls play at ball with the boys, and run races with them. Then the girls have dolls, and they dress them and undress them and put them to bed, just as the girls of this school do.

"In India, the brown boys are very fond of football. But their ball is neither so big nor so heavy as the ball with which you play. You see, they do not wear any boots or stockings, and so a heavy ball would hurt their toes.

"They make their football of strips of cane. It is very light, and will bounce well, so they have great fun in kicking it about.

"But in the lands where the brown boys and the black boys live, it is at times so hot that they do not care to play. You are better off in that way, for it is not often that you find it too hot to play. Nor do you often find it too cold to play," went on the teacher. "But now we must see how the children play in the very cold lands."

"What is the best way to keep yourself warm in winter?" asked the teacher.

"Sit by the fire," said a lazy boy, named Fred Pitt.

"No," said Joe Green; "the best way is to go for a good run."

"Joe is right," said Mr. Lee. "It is much better to get warm by a good walk or run than to sit by the fire. Now, the children who live in the very cold lands know that well.

"They do not like to stay in their snow houses, or their rough huts made of stones and wood. They love to come out, and race over the snow and ice, and play all sorts of games with each other.

CHINESE SCHOOL CHILDREN PLAYING

They have great fun with their sleds, too. These are like the sleds which the Eskimo dogs draw, but are much smaller. The runners fixed to the bottom are made of long, smooth bones.

"The boys and girls drag their sleds to the top of a hill. Then they sit or lie on them, and start down the slope, over the hard, smooth snow. Down go the sleds, faster, faster, faster, until they seem to be flying through the air. At the bottom of the hill, they shoot out over the flat ground. At last they come slowly to a stop, and the children jump to their feet, and drag them once more up the hill. It is sometimes tiresome work, but still 'great fun.'

"Sometimes the sleds turn over, and the children roll in the snow. But they only laugh at that. The snow cannot hurt them, for they all wear thick clothes made of skins, and the girls are dressed just like the boys.

"They are very fond of playing ball. They play hockey, and use long bones for sticks. Often their ball is made of bone as well. They make good footballs, and kick them a long way over the smooth ice and snow.

"But there are times of storm when they have to stay in the house for days. Then the girls nurse their dolls, which are made of wood. The dolls' clothes are made of skin, just like the little girls' own clothes.

"Sometimes the children have a jumping race round the house. They kneel down on the floor, and all hold their toes with their hands. Then they jump along as fast as they can go, till they reach a mark. The one there first wins the race.

"When their father kills a bear, the children have a fine feast. The flesh is cut up, and cooked over the lamp, which lights and warms the house. They sit round the lamp, and eat as much of the meat as they wish. If it is very fat, they like it all the better. People who live in cold lands eat a great deal of

CHINESE BOYS HAVING "A TUG OF WAR"

fat. It helps to keep them warm. Good boys and girls often get a piece of fat or a frozen egg as a reward. They are just as fond of them as you are of sugar candy, or a piece of cake. They look upon them as great treats."

PEEPS AT SHOPPING IN MANY COUNTRIES

When Tom and Lucy went home from school one afternoon, their mother said to them, "I want you to go to the store to get me some wool."

"Yes," mother," said Tom.

"Going to the store, are you?" said his father, who had just come in. "Well, here is a nickel each for you to spend there."

"Oh thank you, father," said Tom. "I shall buy some marbles."

"Thank you, father," said Lucy. "I shall buy some candy."

The two children took a little basket to carry the wool, and went to the store. On the way, Tom told Lucy about the fine stores he had seen in New York.

"Some of them are not a bit like the store in the village," he said. "You know that in our store you can buy all sorts of things. But in New York they often sell only one kind of thing in each store.

"One store is full of shoes, and another is full of clothes. I saw one which was full of flowers. They sold nothing but flowers in that place."

"How strange, to sell flowers!" said Lucy. "Who bought them?"

"Why, the people who live in the city," said Tom.

"But why did they not pick the flowers in their own gardens?" asked Lucy.

"Most of them have no gardens," said Tom. "When I was on the bus with father, we saw many, many houses with no garden at all. Father says they cannot afford to give space to gardening."

"Are the stores bigger than the store in the village?" asked Lucy.

"Those that sell many things, like the village store, are ten times bigger," said Tom; "and most of them have only one pane of glass for a window."

A FRUIT PEDDLER IN GREECE

Courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line

BAZAARS AT CAIRO, EGYPT

"What a little window it must be!" said Lucy.

"Oh, no, it isn't," said Tom, "for the pane is very big. I saw some panes that were as big as a barn door."

"Do they ever get broken?" asked Lucy.

"I asked father that," said Tom, "and he told me that it was not very easy to break them, for the glass is very thick."

"I wonder what stores the black boys and girls go to," said Lucy.

"I don't know," said Tom. "We'll ask father about it."

After the children went home with the wool, they ran to the garden, where their father was sitting.

"Father," cried Lucy, "Tom has been telling me about the stores he saw in New York. Will you tell us, please, what kind of stores the little black boys and girls go to?"

Captain Bell smiled. "Well," said he, "many of them do not go to stores at all. Why should they?"

"To buy things, father," said Lucy.

"Yes," said he; "but not long ago, I was in a place where black people live, and there was not a store for hundreds of miles."

Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific

NATIVE STORES, BUITENZORG, JAVA

"What did they do, father?" asked Tom.

"Why, they grew or made all they wanted," said Captain Bell. "They had plenty to eat from their gardens, and from the woods. They made their own

A SALE OF POTTERY WARE ON THE STREET AT CORFU, GREECE
Corfu Pottery Has Been Famous Since Ancient Times

Courtesy of the Red Star Line

THE MILK MAN AT YPRES, BELGIUM

cloth, and built their own huts. So, you see, they could get along very well without a store at all.

"But in other places," went on Captain Bell, "there are markets, and we may look upon a market as a very big store. To these markets the black men

Courtesy of the Red Star Line

A MILK CART IN BOUILLON

and women come from a long way round.

"They bring fruit and cloth to sell, or the skins of animals which they have killed. Very often there is not one piece of money, of the kind that we know, in the market."

"How do they buy and sell without money?" asked Tom.

"Sometimes they give their own goods for those of others," said his father. "The man with fruit gives some for a piece of cloth, and so on. But, as a rule, they have things which take the place of our money.

"I have seen people buying and selling

Courtesy of the Red Star Line

DRAUGHT DOGS, COURTRAI

with beads, shells, beans, nuts, little lumps of salt, pieces of gum, or bits of beeswax. Each bead, or bean, or piece of salt was worth so much fruit or cloth, or what there might be to sell. In this way the people got on very well."

"What queer money!" said Tom. "How odd to go to market with a pocket full of beans or nuts to buy all you might want! What is the place like where the black people hold their market, father?"

"Just a wide, open space," said Captain Bell. "There are few stalls or buildings of any kind. Those who have something to sell, lay their goods on the

Courtesy of the Cunard S. S. Company

Above: STREET MERCHANTS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Below: FRUIT AT KECSKEMÉT, HUNGARY

A STORE IN ALGIERS

ground, and sit beside them. Those who have come to buy, walk about till they find what they want.

"In India," went on the captain, "the land of the brown boys and girls, there is a big market-place in every town. You must go there to buy all you need. You will find many stores of all sorts built side by side. Some of the stores are very small, and it is not often that you see a large one. The place is always very busy."

"What do they sell in the stores, father?" asked Lucy.

"Some sell pieces of cloth and silk, and some sell fruit. In the fruit stores you will see all kinds of strange fruits that grow in those far-off lands. Then there are always stores where dolls and toys are sold, and stores which sell rice-candy and many other kinds of sweets. When the brown boys and girls have any money, they soon find their way to these places.

"People go to it not only to buy and sell, but to hear the news, and to meet their friends. So the narrow streets between the rows of stores are always filled with crowds of people."

A COAL MAN IN GREECE

LIFE AMONG THE RED PEOPLE

"I HAVE seen a picture of an American Indian wearing a blanket," said Fred.

"Yes," said his uncle, "we have all seen pictures of Indian chiefs, with blankets of gay colors, and tall crowns of feathers on their heads. But it is hard to find them dressed like that nowadays. Most of the Indians dress like white men. Yet there are tribes still to be found in North America who fol-

AN INDIAN MOTHER AND BABY

low the old ways of their race. These Indians are mostly found in Canada.

"They wear clothes made of skins, and very often they throw a blanket over their shoulders, just as white people wear a shawl. Some of them wear shoes made of deerskin, as soft as gloves, and these shoes are called moccasins.

"An Indian baby spends all its time in its cradle. This is a flat, strong board, with a bag, made of skin or the bark of a tree, fastened to it. In this bag the baby is laced up, and its back and legs are bound firmly to the board. It can move nothing but its arms, head and neck.

"When she is on the march, the Indian mother carries this cradle on her back. At home she hangs it up on the branch of a tree, or stands it in the corner of a tent, while she goes about her work. She has plenty of work to do, for, as among the blacks, the Indian men leave all the heavy work to the women. The men are fond of hunting and fishing, but they do not like hard work.

"There are still tribes in Canada who are hunters, as almost all the Indians once were. They live in the great forests, and paddle their swift canoes along the broad rivers. They hunt the deer in the woods, and catch fish in the streams. Among these tribes the In-

AN INDIAN FAMILY

Courtesy of the Mexican-American Fruit and S. S. Corp.

INDIAN VILLAGE ON SAN BLAS ISLAND, REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

dian boy is trained to be a hunter. He has to learn how to walk through the forest without making a sound. He learns how to find where all the wild creatures live, and the best way in which to creep upon them in silence. He learns how to shoot, and how to trap the wild animals from which we get our furs.

"When an Indian boy kills his first deer, he and his friends are very proud and glad. He has now proved himself to be a real hunter, and a great feast is given in his honor. His parents call their friends around them, and they eat and drink, and laugh, and sing, and dance. The boy is now a full member of the tribe, and thinks himself almost a man.

"There are some Indians so poor that

Courtesy of the Mexican-American Fruit and S. S. Corp.

A KITCHEN OF SAN BLAS INDIANS

PUEBLO DWELLINGS
From the painting by Maxfield Parrish

Courtesy of the Standard Fruit S. S. Company

Above: CARIB INDIANS IN HONDURAS, CENTRAL AMERICA

Below: CARIB INDIAN VILLAGE

they cannot afford to buy guns, powder, and shot. These hunt with bows and arrows, or with spears and clubs. A club is a short, heavy stick of wood. There is one tribe, called the Root Diggers, which is famous for its great skill in throwing clubs. The people of this tribe live on roots which they dig from the ground, on rabbits and other small animals, and on birds. The smallest boys among them will throw a little club at a mark, and hit it every time.

"Many of the Indians now live in houses built as the white man's houses are, but some of the tribes still live in houses called tepees, or wigwams, and the boys of the tribe are always taught how to make them. The frame of the wigwam is of strong, straight poles. These poles are set up in a circle, and their tops are joined together. The frame is then covered with skins, or with the bark of trees, or dried grass. If skins are used, they are made very smooth and soft by the women and girls, and in old days pictures in bright colors were painted on them, so that they looked very gay. Some of the Indians lived in little round houses, made of straight poles, covered with earth or bark and lined with bark, and thatched with dried grass.

"The girls often build these little houses, and it is the girls who take down the wigwams and pack them for a journey, and set them up again, for that is their work. Then the girls have to learn how to skin, and clean, and cook the animals brought home by their fathers and brothers for food, and how to dress the skins so as to make them smooth and pliable. In the old times, among the Indians who cultivated the land, the girls learned how to grind the maize, and make it into bread as thin as paper, and even now, among the Indians who live in the Southwest, the girls grind the corn.

"Many Indian girls are very clever with their fingers, and learn to weave warm rugs and blankets, and to make jars and baskets. In many of the tribes they used to make beautiful bead work, and to paint stories of the brave deeds of their fathers and brothers on the soft white leather that they made from deer skins, but most of the people in these tribes now dress in clothing which they buy in the white man's stores, and the girls no longer do this work."

JOHN OF ENGLAND

BY EDNA WALKER

JOHN is five years old. He lives in a large house, and has a big nursery with heaps and heaps of toys. What he loves best is to make nurse start all the toys working while he looks on and explains them. Except soldiers: *those* he arranges himself, and knows all the regiments; it doesn't do for you to refer to the "Rifles" as "Infantry," or to confuse the Turcos with the Ghurkas.

Dogs chase each other in a beautiful frieze all round the nursery, but he has real dogs as well. His own special pet is a large Airedale, whom he orders about most peremptorily; but there is one little toy Yorkshire whose bark is so large and loud that John has been known to be obedient in its presence when just before he had been rather defiant to his parents alone.

John loves stories, especially stories of knights rescuing fair ladies (you often have to be a fair lady, and put up with being in distress while he rescues you). The dwellers in the jungle or in the mighty deep afford him unbounded delight. At the time when he realizes that "Good-night" is due, he is apt to become a seal under the ice-floes of his bed-clothes; this would defer the "Good-night" indefinitely did not someone say that seals make holes in the ice, through which they came up to breathe. John therefore comes up to breathe, and if he cannot find an entirely new subject to talk about, his parents and others bid him "Good-night" and retreat.

You may go to tea with John by special invitation, especially on Sundays, and nursery manners have then to be rigidly followed. On no account must you begin with cake, or drink with your mouth full, or put your elbows on the table; for if so John will make it very awkward for his mother and nurse for long afterward by doing likewise, and quoting you as a model.

John has not always that belief in the ability of his parents which he should have, and when the bandage comes off the vaccinated arm, he remarks:

"It is most 'strordinary how this

bandage keeps coming off—and mother has a 'stificate for first aid, too!"

Sometimes John, like most boys, passes the bounds of reason and has to be dealt with by his father. John tries to turn conversation into other channels, but at last resigns himself to fate, and mutters: "I will be bwave; I will not cwy!" which is almost enough to stay the hand of any father.

John has the dearest little Shetland pony, whose name is Peggy, and Peggy runs about the big garden like a dog. One day he took her down to play in the sand-garden in his own special summer-house, but somehow Peggy took a great fancy to the tall hollyhocks growing by the wall, and after that the hollyhocks did not hold their heads up nearly so high.

It is not everyone who is so fortunate in the good things of this life as John, but all English children can be happy so long as they live in the country, even if they have neither much money nor many toys. They can roam at will along shady lanes or by rippling brooks, gathering primroses and violets in the spring, or blackberries in the autumn. They have the joys of haymaking and harvesting, and their way to school and home is filled with merry laughter, and their cheeks are red with the roses that are so specially English.

RUNNING RABBIT, "LITTLE INDIAN"

BY CLIVE BARNARD

Running Rabbit is an Indian boy. He belongs to a race which has seen its best days. Once upon a time the Indians were a brave and powerful people who inhabited the forests and plains of North America, and lived chiefly by hunting. But their land has been gradually invaded by colonists from Europe; and although the Redskins fought fiercely for their country, their struggle was useless. They are now quickly losing their old ways; they mostly wear European dress and imitate European customs. But there still remain a few Indian tribes which to this day live in their native condition far away from the settlements of the white men; and it is to one of these tribes that Running Rabbit belongs.

He has a brown skin and sparkling black eyes, and he was born in the depth of the forests near Lake Athabasca. The home in which he lived with his father and mother was merely a movable tent. It consisted of a framework of light poles over which a number of deer skins had been fastened. The door was an opening about four feet high, covered with a hanging flap of deer skin. At the very top of the tent was a small hole, and directly underneath it was the fire; but the smoke used to fill

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

INDIAN BABY AND GRANDMOTHER

the whole tent before it found its way through the outlet which served as a chimney.

Running Rabbit spent the greater part of the first two years of his life in a queer kind of cradle; this used to be hung up on a peg inside the tent, or—if the weather was fine—on a tree out of doors. It was made of maple wood fastened together with deer sinews and lined with moss. His mother had little time to look after her baby, for she was always busy. She had to gather firewood in the neighboring forest and to chop it; sometimes she caught fish and dried them in the sun; and, of course, she had to cook the meals and make clothes for her family. When she went away into the forest to work, she would often take her baby with her for company's sake; she carried him in his cradle, resting it on her hip as she walked.

But although she has so much to do, Running Rabbit's father, whose name is Big Head, is not altogether idle. His duty is to hunt the wild animals of the forest, and to exchange their skins with the white men who trade in furs. He has soft buckskin shoes and leggings; over his shoulder he throws a gaily-colored blanket, and sometimes he wears a head-dress of feathers. When he returns hungry to his tent, his wife—Running Rabbit's mother—has ready for him a good meal of deer meat, with cakes of cornmeal; but neither she nor Running Rabbit may eat a morsel until Big Head has finished. As soon as Big Head has eaten enough he lights a

Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific

AN INDIAN HOME

long pipe, for the Indian is never so happy as when he is smoking.

BOYHOOD

As Running Rabbit grows older he learns many things, even though he does not go to school. He weaves mats and baskets from the split roots of the cedar tree, or carves spoons out of its wood. Sometimes, when the camp is struck and a move is made to another hunting ground, Running Rabbit helps his mother to carry the tents and blankets; for Big Head thinks it beneath him to do any work of this kind. But our Indian boy is always looking forward to the time when he will be old enough to hunt with his father.

He has to undergo a hard training to strengthen his body, so that it may be able to endure fatigue and hardship. Even in the cold weather his clothing is of the scantiest, and all the year round he has a cold bath, night and morning, in some neighboring stream. Often he practises running or spear-throwing or shooting. When at last, by his skill and his powers of endurance, he has shown himself worthy to be reckoned a man, he is at last allowed to accompany his father and to help him hunt the beavers, bears, martens, and other fur-bearing animals. In the old days, he would perhaps have fought for his tribe against other Indian tribes or against the white settlers. Running Rabbit often wishes that he had lived in those bygone times when the Indians were a free and warlike people, and not the sad and spiritless folk that many of them have since become.

AT THE TRADING STATION

Henceforward Running Rabbit spends most of his time in helping his father on the hunting expeditions. Every now and then, when Big Head has collected a good number of valuable skins, he makes a journey to a trading-station on the shores of Lake Athabasca, and there exchanges the furs with some white traders.

When Running Rabbit was about sixteen years old, he accompanied his father for the first time; and as he had never before left the great forest in which he lived, you may imagine how eagerly he looked forward to the expedition. The skins were piled in a canoe, and the journey was made by river. The framework of the canoe was of spruce wood, and over it sheets of birch-bark were sewn, the seams being

caulked with resin. In this canoe Big Head and his son paddled for several days down a small stream which grew gradually wider as they proceeded. In several places they had to shoot dangerous rapids; Running Rabbit felt very excited but not a bit afraid, for he had learned to despise fear.

At last the travelers reached a place where a pathway came out on the bank of the stream. Here they landed. Big Head went first, carrying the furs and leading the way. Then came Running Rabbit; on his head he carried the canoe, for although it was big enough to contain two people and a cargo of skins, it was so light that a strong boy could carry it without much difficulty. They continued along this narrow forest path, or "portage" as it is called, until at last they saw gleaming through the trees another river, much broader than that which they had just left. This was called the Slave River, and you can easily find it on a map of North America. Up this stream they paddled again, and it was hard work because the current was against them this time.

At last they reached a big lake—Lake Athabasca—and it was not long before they arrived at the trading-station to which Big Head was in the habit of taking his furs. It consisted of a number of wooden huts surrounded by a few tents, like that in which Running Rabbit was born. But what interested Running Rabbit most was the sight of men with white faces; for everyone whom he had seen hitherto had had a brown or copper-colored skin.

After much bargaining Big Head exchanged his furs with the white traders. He received a colored blanket, some tobacco, and ammunition for his guns, together with a bright handkerchief and some beads for Running Rabbit's mother. The furs were hung up in the storehouse of the trading-station, ready to be sent away to foreign lands. Some of the fur muffs and boas, which are shown in our store windows, probably came from the far-away forests where Running Rabbit lives.

Next day the birch-bark canoe was laden with the goods which Big Head had received in exchange for his skins, and then he and his son set off again for their home. And I daresay that Running Rabbit thought he would far rather hunt wild animals in the vast forest, than be the trader who bought and sold their furs.

INDIAN CHILDREN AT PLAY

SUZANNE OF FRANCE

BY EDNA WALKER

SUZANNE is certainly the most petted and spoiled little girl in the world. From the moment she enters this life she is regarded as a little goddess, and must have her own way in everything. Her father is so proud of her that nothing gives him greater pleasure than to be asked how she is and to reply:

"Ma petite famille va bien" (My darling family is well)—to him she is always his "darling family," and he is every bit as proud of her as if she had been a boy.

Suzanne has no nursery—for there are no nurseries in France—and as she probably has no brothers or sisters, she would find a nursery rather dull. But she has a nurse, who wears a gray alpaca cloak and a mob cap; and the most wonderful part of nurse's dress is the blue plaid ribbon on the cap, enormously wide and streaming right down to the heels. The nurse of little Pierre, who also plays in the Tuileries Gardens, has red plaid ribbon, because Pierre is a little boy.

As there is no nursery, Suzanne lives where everyone else lives: and she has the same meals as everyone else. She has fish and meat and fried potatoes, just the same as her parents, from the time she is one year old; wine, too, she begins to drink as a matter of course. It is true that sometimes she begins to nod over her plate before the end of dinner; then she is carried off to bed.

In any case no one would ever admit that Suzanne was ever in the way—she is too precious.

Also, no one will ever admit that Suzanne is naughty. Sometimes Suzanne does cry for no reason in particular; but her father only looks astonished and inquires for an imaginary naughty Bertha.

Suzanne has the most fascinating ways and the prettiest manners in the world. If she has rich parents, she can entertain in the most charming way everyone who comes near her; if she is a young girl in a shop, she will attend so courteously to all that "Madame" says that Madame finds shopping a pleasure.

There is one thing that Suzanne can do much better than the little girls of other nations—she can talk. She has always been with people who could talk; has been out to luncheon or dinner with her father and mother ever since she could remember, and so she is able to talk about all sorts of things; in fact, there are very few things that she cannot talk about, and if you heard her you

would at once feel how pretty and musical her language is.

Suzanne never goes out by herself. She will not cross the road to post a letter alone. There is always the *promeneuse* to accompany her even when she goes to and from school. Her mother takes a good deal of trouble in choosing the lady who is to walk with the little girl and talk to her for several hours every day.

Children are never at a loss about what to do in Paris. Amusements for their special benefit are arranged. The Parisians understand children well. There is much that is childlike in the nature of the Parisians: they are never really old in heart or in mind. Small things amuse them. A monkey, a performing parrot, a balloon, will attract their attention and hold it for hours.

Watch them sitting under the trees, gazing at the children as they play. If a hoop runs into a new pair of trousers and soils them, the wearer does not mind; should a ball in passing knock off his straw hat, what matter? The proud fathers—how tenderly they strap their little ones onto the wooden horses; how fearfully they leave them! That little atom in blue seated on the back of a great giraffe—that small girl in the heavy mourning hat and pig-tail sitting majestically in a boat—how anxiously they are watched!

When Suzanne's mother was a girl she went to a convent school, and did not learn much from the dear Sisters beyond manners; but Suzanne goes to a private school, where there are hundreds of other girls, and learns many things. There she wears a black pinafore with long sleeves and fastened at the waist, like everyone else, and her frock underneath remains unspotted by one drop of ink.

Suzanne learns to recite beautifully at school, and so in the evenings, when her mother and perhaps an aunt and cousins are busy with the needle, Suzanne will stand up and give a charming recitation in prose or verse. Then her father or uncle will read from one of the famous books which every French family possesses and loves, and after a while Suzanne will give another story in verse. This kind of evening in the midst of her loving family gives us a glimpse of what French home life is like.

There are many parts of fair France where life is very different from that of Suzanne's. The land of Brittany, with its wild seacoast and country markets, is certainly one of those parts, and Suzanne would think it rather quiet and solemn if she had to live there. The girls who do live there, though, are happy enough, busy enough, and pretty enough. They wear, too, the prettiest dresses in France—always with a cap as clear and white as French sunshine and water can make it. They say, too, that anyone in Brittany can tell from the shape of the cap exactly the town from which any stranger comes, for the girls and women wear different caps in different towns.

The grown-up Breton girl has much to do in the house, and works outside too, but she always looks as though she were thinking beautiful thoughts.

MAISANGUAQ, "FROSTY ESKIMO"

BY CLIVE BARNARD*

FAR away on the frozen coasts which surround the North Pole lives a race of people whom we call the Eskimos. They are short in stature and have lank, jet-black hair; their skins, too, are dark. The Eskimos live so far away from the rest of the world, and so rarely see any foreigners, that they have called themselves "Innuit," which means "*The* Men"—just as if they were the only race of men on the earth.

Their country is very unlike ours. There are no flowers or trees, and whichever way you look hardly anything can be seen save snow and ice or sea. Moreover, during the whole winter-time it is night, for the sun never rises. But the sky is often lit up by wonderful dancing and flashing fires —red, blue, green, gold, and purple. We call them Aurora Borealis, but they are not often seen in our country. For the rest of the year it is daytime, since the sun never sets; and thus in the land of the Eskimos it is possible to see the sun at midnight.

FOOD

In such a land of ice and snow it is, of course, far too cold to grow corn or fruit or vegetables, and therefore the Eskimos live almost entirely on meat; in fact, the word "Eskimo" means "an eater of raw meat." Their usual food is seal and walrus flesh, birds, and birds' eggs. All of these items are sometimes cooked, but more often they are frozen and eaten raw. A favorite meal is raw, frozen walrus liver served with bits of fat. In the spring the narwhales (the unicorns of fables and fairy-tales) are caught; their flesh is very tender when frozen, and is much appreciated by the returned hunters. The narwhale has a smooth, mottled skin that is, when frozen, a special delicacy, and tastes very much like chestnuts. The little children are often to be seen sucking on something as they roll about the huts, but it is not candy; instead it is a frozen egg. To an Eskimo child a frozen egg is as great a treat as is a stick of candy to an American child.

HOUSES

In the summer-time, the Eskimos live in tents which can be moved from one hunting ground to another. They do not use horses to drag from place to place the sledges on which their tents and other belongings are carried. Horses need grass, and this does not grow in the frozen Eskimo country. Instead of horses, therefore, teams of

*With some changes by the editors.

ESKIMO CHILDREN AT PLAY

dogs are used, for these animals—like the Eskimos themselves—live on meat, and need no vegetable food.

When the winter comes, and with it a night lasting several months, a hut called an "igloo" is built; its framework is of whale ribs, which are covered with a wall of frozen snow. The roof is sometimes made of sods cut out of the marshy soil during the summer months. In this hut a family will settle down until the return of summer and daytime; and then the roving tent-life begins again.

A CALL

Let us pretend that we are to visit one of these snow-huts. Outside it looks a little like a great beehive. The entrance is rather difficult to find, but at last we discover a small opening, only a few feet high, close to the ground. Through it we crawl on all fours, and are soon inside the hut. What a contrast to the scene we have just left! The heat is so great and the air so stuffy that we can scarcely breathe; and the smell makes us long to be in the open air again. Still, now that we are here, let us look at the people who live in the "igloo."

At first it is not easy to see them, for a very feeble light is given by the stone lamp with its moss wick fed with seal oil. We can soon make out quite a number of people in the hut, in spite of its small size; for among the Eskimos several families will sometimes live to-

gether quite happily in the same house. It is rather hard to distinguish the men from the women, for everybody is dressed alike, the Eskimo men rarely have beards. They all wear tightly fitting jerseys, trousers, and boots, made of seal-skin.

In one corner of the hut is a man busily engaged in making a harpoon out of a precious piece of drift-wood, tipped with seal-bone; he is carving a careful design along the handle. He works slowly, but he has plenty of time, for there is not much to do during the long winter months. Another man is squatting, sailor-fashion, on the floor and is sketching. Instead of paper, he has a piece of seal-gut, and for paint he uses a mixture of seal-oil and soot. Considering the materials at his command, his drawing is quite clever and life-like. It represents the slaying of a polar bear which a few days ago tried to creep into the snow-hut while its occupants were asleep. Fortunately they awoke in time, and a well-directed harpoon thrust put an end to the intruder. We are shown the bear's skin spread out in a corner of the "igloo."

There are two women in the hut who are chewing seal-skins in order to render them soft enough for making boots. The Eskimos have no trees, and therefore no bark for tanning leather in our fashion; so skins have to be chewed instead, and this is why an Eskimo, when he is looking out for a wife, always chooses—if he can—a woman with a good set of teeth. A third woman, who is much older than the other two, has just finished making a bed-bag of seal-skin, and is now busily filling it with feathers. As she works she sings a droning melody with only three notes in it, and with a long drawn-out chorus of "Ai, yæ, yæ! Ai, yæ, yæ!" To us it sounds very doleful, but the Eskimos think it is beautiful, and this old woman is always asked to sing at wedding feasts and on other joyful occasions.

There is also a little Eskimo boy in the hut and we must not forget him. His name in Maisanguaq, which means Little White Whale. He is only eleven years old, but already he has learned to hunt the seal and the whale. He is also very fond of playing football with the other boys; for a ball they use a walrus-bladder filled with air. Just at present our Eskimo boy is playing a kind of cat's-cradle game by himself with a long thread of reindeer sinew.

The Eskimos live in these snow-huts all through the dark winter; but if we had visited them in early summer we might have found them seal-hunting or whaling. They are very clever sailors. Their canoes, called "kayaks," are made of walrus tusks covered with skins. These canoes are completely closed in, save for a small hole in the deck; into this hole the kayakman has to squeeze his legs, so that the boat fits him around the waist like part of his dress. In a boat of this kind the Eskimos hunts seals, whales, and walruses.

VISITORS

Once Maisanguaq had gone with his father and some other Eskimos bear-hunting in the country to the south.

They had caught many bears and were coming home with sledges laden with skins and meat. Their dogs had eaten well and so had they, so they were traveling slowly back. Suddenly Maisanguaq's dogs started to gallop, and he had to pull himself into the middle of his sledge to prevent himself from being thrown off. Maisanguaq had been able to drive his dogs almost as long as he could remember, but he was not quite ready for that jerk, for he had been half asleep.

"Bear," he thought, when the dogs suddenly stopped and began sniffing in the snow.

"Seal's breathing hole," was his next thought. Then he suddenly noticed marks in the snow and jumped off his sledge as quick as thought.

"Sledge tracks; strange s l e d g e tracks!" he called out. "Come and look." And the others joined in the boy's wonder.

There were footprints—such big footprints!—and the tracks of the sledges were ever so much wider than theirs.

"They are the footprints of giants and huge sledges," they said, and began to be afraid of what these strangers from the south were wanting. The tracks led to Agpat. What if these giants were even now hurting the little children at home?

"Tugto! tugto!" cried Maisanguaq, springing on his sledge and off went his dogs at a gallop, with the others bounding after.

Soon they came to a stone hut, where they had left a skinned seal a few days

ESKIMO BABIES

before. The seal was gone, there was blood about, and everything looked in disorder. They feared the worst.

But what commotion there was as they came near to Agpat! All the children in the place, led by Maisanguaq's sister, Meqo (Feather), were racing out to meet them. What a yelling there was! And the men and women were jumping about in the funniest way, hopping up into the air and slapping themselves on the legs.

Maisanguaq had never seen such excitement.

"White men have come," they shouted; and then Maisanguaq and the bear-hunters all jumped from their sledges and hopped into the air too, slapping their legs and yelling and laughing all the while.

And that was how Maisanguaq first came to see white men. The two visitors had come on sledges with a South Greenlander to see if the "New People" lived away north at the end of the world as was said.

There was Maisanguaq dressed in fur in a pair of glistening white bearskin trousers, and Meqo, his sister, was similarly dressed in blue fox, only her cap

was pointed and his was round. Everybody else was dressed in bear or fox-skin furs, so it was all as the South Greenlanders had said.

The visitors had been at once fed on the frozen raw liver of a walrus, that being considered a wonderful delicacy, and cooking was already in progress, for some bear's flesh was boiling in a pot over a smoky flame, this open-air kitchen being protected by a wall of snow.

The hunters soon ate the boiled bear, and then many of them set about building a snow hut for the newcomers.

Maisanguaq and Meqo helped in scraping away the snow to make a hollow; then they helped to carry the big blocks which the men had cut out of the hard snow. These were piled up like great stones to make the walls, and then the upper blocks were shaped to hold together to form the roof.

There it was, all ready in less than an hour. I do not think anyone else in the world could build a house so quickly—even with many helpers.

All this time the dogs were tied up; and then it came to be explained what had happened at the camp when the seal had been eaten. Maisanguaq, like all the others of this northern tribe, always ties up his dogs; but the South Greenlanders do not; so these it was who had eaten up the seal and left all the marks of disorder which Maisanguaq and the bear-hunters had found.

A PARTY

When Sorqaq (Old Whalebone) gave a party, Maisanguaq went to it, like everybody else. As it was the beginning of summer (though a snowstorm was raging at the time), Sorqaq had taken to a tent and left off all his furs except his bearskin trousers, and everyone else had done the same. Maisanguaq joined the rest of the guests, who were lolling or lying on big bearskins and were making a great noise, in spite of a duet that was in progress. It was Minik and Otaq who were singing, and they went on all the same, though the guests talked a good deal. There were no words to the song, but Minik, the leader, waved himself about and banged on his little drum so much that he became dreadfully hot. It was a very funny duet; there was really no tune at all about it, but they went on with it for an hour, and then everybody else joined in. After this Otaq thought they had had enough, so he suddenly dashed his stick into Minik's face and gave a great howl.

Then Sorqaq began the feast by chopping up part of a great walrus with his ax. A special delicacy this, for the walrus had been caught nearly a year ago; the flesh had gone bad in the summer and had frozen again in the winter. Each one was so delighted with this high-flavored meat that when Sorqaq gave him a huge piece he ate it without speaking a word. So there was silence in the tent.

There was hardly anyone but Old Whalebone who could manage to get his meat properly green; but then he was the best hunter in the tribe, and was always the first to go off in the spring with rifle and spear to catch the seals who lay lazily on the ice in the sunshine, or the walrus snorting on the waves.

This year Maisanguaq made up his mind to be the first to follow him.

So after the feast they bade him tell of his bear fights, till, getting drowsy with much eating, he fell asleep, and the guests crept away.

Now, the very next day Old Whalebone noticed that the snow had melted on the sunny side of the rocks, so he gathered his dogs, took his sledge and his weapons, and went away the first, as he always did, with the parting words: "It has come to pass that a man starts on his travels."

And his ear caught an answer: "Maisanguaq and his dogs follow after."

O HANA SAN OF JAPAN

BY EDNA WALKER

"PAD"—"pad"—"pad," followed by the sounds of crackling paper and firewood, come faintly through the thin paper walls of the room where O Hana San is drowsily waking into new day, and she knows that the maidservants have just slipped out of their room, which is next to the kitchen, and are kindling the fire.

It is only half-past four, but they are never late; granny, or, as they call her, *inkyosama* ("the retired lady"), sees to that. Granny's room is close to the maid's apartment, and she takes care that the clock is right; an ancient clock it is, too, where the face goes round and the hands stand still, for the retired lady does not approve of new-fangled European clocks with their fixed faces and moving hands.

Suddenly O Hana San becomes wide awake, for the sliding shutters on the outside of the veranda are opened for the day, and not only make a considerable noise, but let in a flood of bright morning light which heralds a beautiful Japanese day of blue sky and sunshine.

The name of "O Hana San" really means the "Honorable Miss Blossom," for little girls in Japan are nearly always called after something beautiful —trees, or flowers, or other lovely things, like sunshine or rainbow.

O Hana San, like everyone else in the house, raises her head from her hard wooden pillow and prepares to get up

IN OKAYAMA, JAPAN

JAPANESE BOY AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER

from her *futon,* or quilt, on the floor. She has been sleeping under another thick padded *futon* with long sleeves. You might think that her arms had been inside those sleeves, but that is not so; the sleeves have only been tucked around her to keep her back warm. So, as she rises, she untucks these sleeves, casts off the *futon,* draws aside the mosquito-nets, gets up, and arranges her clothes.

No one has a bath then, but everybody, young and old, boy or girl, finds a brass basin and gets a wash either in the bath room or in a corner of the veranda.

The elder sister, Né San, is very busy about the house, helping the servants roll up the *futons* and put them away into cupboards—for the beds are not "made" as ours are. The mosquito-nets are taken down and put away, too, so the room is left clear, and is swept in a few minutes. There are no windows; there are the *shoji* instead—large paper shutters between the room and the veranda which are pushed aside the moment the sleeper rises, and fill the room with glorious sunshine and fresh air.

BREAKFAST

O Hana San is still a schoolgirl, so she is not troubled about the *futons* and the *shoji.* She patters off to breakfast in her snow-white socks, and if you watched her feet you would see that the great toe has a special little room to itself, the other toes being altogether in a sock-parlor next door.

At the *shoji* leading into the breakfast-room, O Hana San meets her little sister, O Matsu San, which means "Moonlight." With the prettiest little

Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific

IRRIGATING A RICE FIELD IN JAPAN

A GIRL OF OLD JAPAN

Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific

JAPANESE BUSILY AT WORK SEPARATING THE HUSK FROM RICE GRAIN

bow imaginable, the little Moonlight draws back to let O Hana San pass in first, for politeness is more important than anything else in Japan, and is the first thing learned by every baby.

There is no breakfast-table; there are no chairs; but there are a number of beautifully clean white mats arranged round a hot basin of charcoal, which they call the *hibachi*.

O Hana San and the others each sit on their white stockinged heels on one of their mats and receive a small helping of smoking-hot rice from a bright-looking tub. Perhaps, too, there will be a little piece of salted fish, everything being served in the daintiest possible way. From a beautiful little silk case O Hana San draws out two pieces of clean white wood, and with these chop-sticks in her right hand she cleverly manages to eat her food without spilling any.

From the thinnest little cup she drinks her pale golden tea without milk or sugar, while fresh water is kept boiling on the *hibachi* in the center.

While O Hana San and the other children are having their breakfast with plenty of talking and noise, Né San is helping her mother with the act of worship which the Honorable Lady of the House, O Ku Sama, performs every morning. Fresh rice and incense have to be placed on the "God's shelf" as an offering, the little lamp is trimmed ready for lighting next evening, and a silent prayer is offered.

SCHOOL

Then come the preparations for school. Besides the lunch-boxes to be packed and books collected, O Ku Sama

Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific

A JAPANESE SHOEMAKER PLYING HIS TRADE

sees that O Hana San's pretty kimono frock and her wonderfully colored sash (the *obi*) are all properly arranged. Then the lacquered sandals are put on, and O Hana San and O Matsu San, with their maids to look after them, waddle off prettily like little pigeons. All this is done by seven o'clock, which sounds rather early to us.

Lessons are not easy at school. Both reading and writing are hard. The alphabet has 48 letters—nearly twice as many as ours—and while little Honorable Blossom and Honorable Moonlight can learn these in a couple of months, it will take them years to learn all the characters used in reading and writing.

How funny their reading seems to us! O Hana San, when she has at last learned to read, begins to read her book at what we should call the end, and reads the pages backward; the lines also run up the page, not across it. If she writes a letter, she begins at the bottom of a roll of paper, and writes the address on an envelope with the order of every word exactly the reverse of what you would put. She writes, or rather paints, the funny-looking letters with a brush, too —not with a pen as we do.

But the great thing, above all others, which O Hana San and O Matsu San have to learn is how to be very polite to guests, and, above all, how to behave at the very special parties which are called the Great Tea; how to sit down noiselessly and gracefully in front of the boiling kettle; how to hand the cup to a guest; how, if they are guests in their turn, to take a candy from a dish, and even how to bend their fingers when they put down their cup. There is a

Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific

THE EMBROIDERY LESSON

great deal more, and every little girl learns this so thoroughly that it makes her the most graceful and polite little maiden in the world.

How curious the Japanese speech sounds! It seems almost as topsy-turvy as the writing.

When O Ku Sama wants to tell O Hana San not to eat too much of the New Year's rice-cake, called *mochi,* she says: "A great deal of not eating that *mochi* is good."

And O Hana San's brother, who is called the Honorable Wolf, can never talk slang; the language is much too difficult for that. Where Jack would say to a schoolfellow, "Keep quiet," Honorable Wolf would be compelled to say, "To talk no more is good.'

PLAYTIME

But if lessons are hard, there is plenty of play, for Japanese children from the time they are babies have the happiest lives in the world. In its earliest days a Japanese baby is carried about on the back of its nurse; if it belongs to a poor family, its mother or an older sister or brother carries the burden, and works or plays without causing the baby any trouble. It is one of the wonders of Japan that the babies never cry.

The little one, as soon as it can toddle, is allowed to do as it likes on the soft-matted floor of the house; but it is not long before sandals or clogs are put on

the little feet, and the early attempts at running in these awkward coverings are very amusing. However, the children soon learn how to bend and spring about in them, and nothing gives a more graceful picture than a corner of a street or park where a number of girls in their bright-colored, wide-sleeved Japanese dresses are catching balls or playing a game of battledore and shuttlecock.

ISMAIL OF THE UPSIDE DOWN LAND

BY R. M. LABAREE AND EDNA WALKER

It is hard for you boys and girls in America to have any idea of the way Persian children live, and I am sure that you never can really understand how queer their ways of doing things are until you have gone to Persia and seen them for yourselves. The very few things I am going to tell you show you only a little bit of the difference between you and them.

For instance, if you praise a baby in this country, the baby's mother is all smiles. She is so pleased that you think her little one is sweet. But the Persian mother is just the opposite. She will say, very crossly, "Oh, no, the baby is not at all pretty," and she will act as if you had insulted her by praising the little one. The poor, foolish mother is afraid that you will be jealous or envious because she has such a nice baby.

CRADLES IN PERSIA

Here in this country a mother, when she puts the baby to bed, lays it down in a soft crib and puts over it smooth, light bed-clothing, tucked about it so loosely that the baby cannot be hurt in any way. But in Persia you would laugh to see the cradles. They are little narrow beds on rockers, with a framework about them, and nothing soft in the way of a mattress. When the mother puts her baby in the cradle, she ties it down as tight as she can with yards and yards of broad cloth, bound so that the poor little thing cannot move even its arms or legs, and then over the framework of the cradle the woman draws a curtain, so that the baby is shut up in a little room all by itself. There it has to stay a good part of the day. When it cries, the mother simply rocks the cradle or nurses the child just as it is. One queer thing is that the little babies get so used to this that they cannot go to sleep unless they are tied down and the curtain drawn. And another strange thing is that, because the children are bound flat on their backs so much when they are little, all their heads are perfectly flat on the back, straight up from their necks.

Now let me tell you of another difference. Here in this country the youngsters usually sit up to nice tables on high chairs when they eat, and have their own little spoon and dishes to

eat with. Out there in Persia, in their dark, dingy, mud houses, without any windows save a hole in the roof, they all sit on the dirty floor and they eat with their fingers out of a big, coarse bowl. Sometimes the whole family has only one bowl among them, and they all dip into it together. If they want a spoon, they roll up a piece of bread (for, you know, in Persia they have sheets of bread like brown paper, not loaves of bread), and, after they have made a scoop of it, they dip into the food and eat spoon and all. There is one good thing about that: it saves a lot of dish-washing after the meal is over!

I wonder what your parents would think if they saw a little Persian girl, eight or nine years old, playing around with her little baby brother or sister tied on to her back, its head bobbing all about as she plays and skips with the other children. It is quite hard on the little

A SCHOOL IN PERSIA

girl to have to carry such a load all the time, but I think it is harder on the baby—don't you? And I wonder how you would like to have to carry heavy loads of grass or fuel in queer-looking baskets on your back when you are scarcely twelve or thirteen years old, the way Persian boys and girls have to do —especially girls.

ISMAIL AT SCHOOL

Ismail is a little Persian schoolboy. Usually he tries to please his teacher. Often, however, he gets puzzled with his lessons, and as his master who teaches him often does not know what it means, it is no wonder that Ismail does not know much about it either.

Sometimes Ismail, however, does not do his little best, and then he has to lie on his back and "eat sticks," as they call it—which really means that he has to hold up his feet to be beaten.

Ismail has to take great pains with his writing, because all Persians for all time have thought writing a fine art, and love their beautiful manuscripts as much as we love pictures.

No one has ever heard of a slate, and Ismail learns to rest his piece of shiny paper on his right knee, while he draws the curious Persian letters with a reed pen in Indian ink. He makes a mistake every now and then, but that is easy to correct; he licks off the wrong letter with his tongue. He does not learn to write his own name because he never signs it; instead, he has a beautiful seal, on to which he rubs some Indian ink and presses it on the paper.

Ismail looks very funny, for he wears such grown-up clothes. In fact, he dresses in a sort of long frock-coat just like his father, and wears an astrakhan *kolah* on his head.

He tries to talk like his father, too. "May your shadow never grow less," he says to one, and "May your nose be fat" to another; and he has to be frightfully careful that he says the right phrase to the right people.

Ismail has also to learn to eat his food properly, and as there are no knives or forks this is not so very easy; but in course of time he does manage to take some cooked rice from the mound and twist it round his fingers until it looks like a sausage. He must on no account use his left hand to help, and he mustn't drop a grain on the tablecloth. So he has not a very easy task. The tablecloth is made of leather and placed on the ground, while thin flaps of bread act as plates. Ismail drinks a great deal of sherbet, which is generally made from lime or pomegranate juice, in the summer.

A PERSIAN HOLY CITY

His home is in Meshed, one of the Holy Cities of Persia, though, like most Persian cities, its houses are chiefly built of mud, and have high mud walls round them. So everything looks the color of *khak,* or dust; and thus you see where we found our word "khaki," of which we are so proud.

Meshed's streets are only narrow alleys, and gray donkeys carrying heavy loads of sun-dried mud bricks stagger over the cobbles as they try to avoid the rows of stalls which take up half the

spare way here and there. Funny stalls they are, too—the baker showing his bread in thin brown cakes hanging up on nails, and the herdsman tying up a small flock of sheep to his booth till a purchaser appears. The way is frequently stopped by a camel or two, which are peacefully lying on the ground while they eat a meal of chaff just provided for them by their master.

Meshed's main street—the Khiaban—is quite a wonderful place for a Persian town. It has a stream of water down the middle and plane-trees on each side. Ismail likes to be there, for there are so many things going on—men drink the water and women (wrapped in black cloaks, with white veils so that their faces cannot be seen) wash their linen in it. Then there are many tea-rooms filled with men, but never women. Ismail, too, drinks tea, and likes the shop where there is a singing *bulbul* in a cage, and where the storyteller often amuses a whole crowd for hours. Sometimes, too, a mountebank appears dragging a poor lion who is too wretched to be anything but obedient, but which Ismail thinks it fine to see.

Besides, there are the different bazaars leading off each side of the Khiaban, and all sorts of interesting things go on there. The *pushteen*-makers embroider the skin side of the sheepskin coats with lovely colored silks; the brass-workers make a great noise as they hammer away at their rose-water ewers; and a little farther off men are making all sorts of delicious sweets in full view. Other men are repairing old carpets so wonderfully that no one can tell without looking at the back where the carpet has been mended.

Wonderful indeed are the Persian carpets, and every Persian town has its own special kind. They are made on hand-looms, and nearly all the workers are children.

Listen to the *ustad* as he calls out the design from memory: "Two green and four black forward, three to the left for grounding, six blue——"

Back comes the children's answer: "Two green and four black to place, have eaten six blue——" and so on, as their clever fingers twist and knot the fine wool.

There are no trains running from Meshed to any other town, and although people do sometimes come from other towns into Meshed, it is only after a very long and dangerous journey with horses and mules across mountain and desert. Sometimes the travelers lose their way, for there are no roads, and some may die. In all cases they have had many adventures, and Ismail loves to hear of them. He is always delighted when someone comes to see his father.

The visitor may have come from the north and have brought with him the thick yellow skin of a tiger from the Caspian forests, or he may have come a many weeks' journey from Ispahan, and have caught sight at dawn one day of a little gray bear after it had feasted heavily in some vineyard in the hills.

He has certainly heard the horrid laugh of the hyena round his tent at night, and seen him slinking away as

soon as it grew light, and he has seen the tracks of leopards who have stolen sheep and goats from the poor shepherds.

Ismail has himself seen a wolf, for there are many round Meshed, and hunters go out every day to kill them and save the sheep.

MANG'ANDA OF CENTRAL AFRICA

BY JAMES B. BAIRD

I AM sitting writing this story in a native hut in Africa, many thousands of miles away from you; and if any of you wanted to come and join me here and see for yourselves, you would have to travel many weeks to reach me. Will you let me first try to describe this house I am in, and the village of which it is a part, as being what most African huts and villages are like, and in which the black boys and girls are born and play.

AN AFRICAN HOUSE

This hut is a square one, and a good deal larger than you would imagine. It is the size of a small cottage at home. Long ago most of the huts were round, I believe, and indeed many of them are so yet. But square ones have come into fashion here, for even in far-off Africa there is such a thing as fashion, and it can change, too. This hut is divided into three rooms. The middle one is provided with a door to the front and another to the back. The rooms on each side have very small windows like spy-holes looking out to each end. All round the house runs a veranda which prevents the fierce rays of the sun from beating against the walls of the house and throws off the heavy showers of rain of the wet season clear of the house. The whole house is built of grass and bamboos, and is smeared over with mud inside and out. The roof, supported by stout cross beams in the middle of the partition walls in which other beams stand, slopes not very steeply down to the veranda posts which hold up its lower edges. It is heavily thatched with fine long grass. The owner knows by experience what a tropical thundershower means, so he leaves nothing to chance in thatching his house.

In the middle of the floor in the room with the doors a small hole has been scooped. It is surrounded with stones and forms the cooking hearth, although there is also attached to this house a very small grass shed about a dozen yards away at the back of the house, which is used as a kitchen on most occasions. The doors are made of grass and bamboos, and at night are put in place and held firm by a wooden cross bar. Such is the house of a well-off native of Africa. It takes but a few weeks to build and lasts but a few years.

Of course, in a house with such small

windows it is always more or less dark. In the end rooms with the spy holes it is always dark to me. But black boys and girls do not seem to mind this.

There is not much to look at in the way of furniture in a black man's house. Here is a table made in imitation of a European one and some chairs, too, whose backs look forbiddingly straight, a few cooking pots, some sleeping mats, a hoe or two, some baskets, and some odds and ends complete the list. What surprises a white man is the number of things the black people can do without. For instance, if a white man wants to travel in this country, he must first of all gather together a crowd of natives to carry him and his belongings. He must have a tent and a bed, pots and pans, boxes of provisions, a cook, and servants, before he can travel in comfort. But if a black man goes on a journey he simply takes a pot and some food with him, and maybe a mat and blanket, takes his stick in his hand and his bundle on his shoulder and off he goes, it may be to walk hundreds of miles before he comes to his destination.

To-day there is no fire in the hearth. There is no chimney in this house so I could not have a fire and enjoy my stay. The owner, however, would not mind the smoke from the firewood. He is used to crouching over a fire and his eyes get hardened. I see in one corner there is a heap of grain called millet, and in another a white ant-heap. It has risen in the night for I did not notice it before, and I am glad that none of my belongings were in that corner of the room. Nothing but iron seems amiss to the white ant. His appetite is terrible, and he can play sad havoc with one's property in a single night. There is grain in one corner I have said, and consequently there are rats.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin, of whom you have all heard, would find plenty of rats to charm in any African village. Then in the houses there are many kinds of biting insects, and some that don't bite, but look ugly. The mosquito is calling ping! ping! everywhere, and night is made endurable only by retiring under a mosquito net. The mosquito is the most dangerous insect in Africa, for it has been found out by clever doctors that it is a certain mosquito's bite that causes the dreaded malaria fever.

In tropical Africa nearly all the insects bite or sting; even innocent-looking caterpillars, if touched, give one the itch. Nor may you pick every flower you see, for some of them sting.

THE AFRICAN CHILD

Inside such a house as has been described, and in many a smaller one, are born the children of Africa. At first and for a few days they are not black. I am told they are pink in color and quite light, but that they soon darken. The mothers and grandmothers are very pleased to welcome new babies and bathe and oil them carefully. Nearly all the women one meets about a village have children tied on their backs, or are followed by them toddling behind. These mites glisten in the sun as they are well oiled to keep their skins in good condition.

In some tribes very little children have no names. You ask the mother of an infant what she calls her baby, and she replies, *"Alibe dzina"*—"He has no name." I once asked the father of a plump little infant what the name of his child was. He told me that he had not been named yet but that when the child would begin to smile and recognize people he would get a name. "Well," I said, "when he smiles call him Tommy." Months after I saw the child again; a fine boy he was too, and Tommy was his name.

Sometimes the father or the mother may give a child his name, or sometimes a friend may name him. Many of the names have no special meaning, but some refer to things that happened or were seen at the time the child was born. Boys' and girls' names differ from one another, although the difference it not at first clear to the white man. But if he stays long enough among the black children he will begin to know which are boys' names and which are girls'. I know a bright boy who is called Mang-'anda. In English you would call him Master Playful.

Little black children are not nursed and tended so carefully as white children are. From a very early age they are tied on to their mothers' backs and are taken everywhere. If mother is too busy another back is soon found for baby.

In any village you may see a group of women pounding corn in their mortars under a shady tree. It is hard work, their daily pounding of corn. Up and down go the heavy wooden pestles. Backward and forward go the heads of the babies tied on to the mothers' backs. At each downward thud baby's neck gets a violent jerk, but he is all unconscious of it, and sleeps through the ordeal. Again a woman with an infant on her back may go a journey of many miles exposed to the full blaze of the African sun. Yet baby is quite comfortable and never gives a single cry unless he is hungry.

Then black children have no cribs and cradles as have white ones. When mother is tired of baby, and there is no other back at hand, she simply lays him down on a mat and leaves him to do as he likes. If he makes a noise, well, he can just make it. He will disturb nobody, and is allowed to cry until he is tired. Unless he is known to be ill, his squalling, be it ever so loud, will attract no attention. Most of the mothers are very proud of their children, and oil them and shave their woolly heads with great care. But in spite of all this care on the mother's part, great numbers of the babies die. Very often they are really killed through their mother's ignorance of how they ought to be fed and nursed when sick. Then diseases like smallpox pass through the villages at intervals and carry off hundreds of children.

A black infant is not clothed like a white one. If his mother is very proud of him he will have a string of beads round neck and waist. Round his fat little wrist or neck you will often see tied on by string a small medicine charm, put there by his fond mother to protect him against disease or evil in-

Courtesy of Interchurch Movement

EVERYDAY LIFE IN AFRICA: (1) A feast for little Africans; (2) Playing pig; (3) A grass hut; (4) One of the wives of the chief of Umtali with little girl on her back—the child's feet had been burned, and the Bishop has dressed them; (5) Fording a stream

fluence. When the babies are big enough to toddle they begin to look out for themselves, and when they have fairly found their legs they go everywhere and do almost anything they like so long as they do not give trouble.

A little boy's first article of clothing may be made of different colored beads carefully woven into a square patch, which he wears hanging down before him from a string of beads encircling his waist. Or it may perhaps be only the skin of a small animal worn in the same way as the square of beads. He may, however, begin with a cloth. His mother gets a yard of calico, rolls it round him, and sends him out into the world as proud as a white boy with his first pair of trousers.

He gets no special food because he is a child. He eats whatever is going and whatever he can lay his hands on. Thus he grows up not unlike a little animal. There is not much trouble taken with him.

When a black boy or girl gets up in the morning, he or she has just a small wash. The real wash comes later on in the day when it is warmer. But they are very particular about their teeth and take very good care of them. In keeping them clean they use tooth-brushes which they make out of little pieces of the wood of a certain tree. These pieces are about the length of a lead pencil, but rather shorter and stouter. One end is cut and cut into again and again and teased out till it makes a very good tooth-brush, and with it the black boy keeps his teeth in good condition.

At the real washing he goes down to a quiet pool and has good fun in the water with his companions. I have often come across little groups of them, and the children would squat down doubled up making themselves just like a group of brown giant frogs. Their feet they clean with broken pieces of rock. Their feet are very large and strong compared with ours, but their hands are generally very neat and shapely. On these feet they can walk mile after mile and not feel tired. If a small white boy walked five miles on a journey and five miles back he would boast of his endurance. But it is a common thing for a small black boy to walk twenty and even thirty miles in a single day and think nothing about it. In fact, if he could not do it, he would consider himself a weakling.

Of course in cold weather the children do not wash at all, and, in some places, when the grown-up people are not particular, the children wash but seldom. But on the whole they like to be clean.

If you had a black woolly head, like those of the African children, how would you do your hair? You would find all your brushes useless, and your combs would break on the first trial. They would not be nearly strong enough to get through the mass of short curls. Have the black children no combs, then? Oh, yes! peculiar combs they make, the teeth of which point like fingers, and with these they comb their woolly pates.

But it is in arranging their hair that they excel. One boy will train a tuft of hair over his forehead to grow up like a horn. Another will think he ought to shave out bald spaces. Some

cut the hair on both sides and leave a ridge in the middle like a cock's comb, while others tie the hair with grasses into little tufts, and make their heads like miniature cabbage gardens. And after a death in the family the hair is shaved clean off altogether, and the black boy appears with a head like an ostrich egg. Feathers and sometimes flowers are stuck into the hair as decorations.

Teeth, too, come in for some attention. They are not always allowed to grow as nature wills. In some of the tribes the boys' and girls' teeth are filed by their mothers, each tribe having its own peculiar way of filing. Sometimes all the teeth are cut into little notches. Sometimes only the two upper front ones are done. But the custom is dying out, and many of the children of the present generation are not made to submit to such an indignity.

Tattooing is also practiced by many tribes. Face, arms, breast, and back are often done. Again, difference of tribes is shown by these markings. These tattoo marks are quite different from what is seen on some white people at home. They are not drawings, but simply little lines, some straight, some curved, done into certain tribal designs.

Their persons they adorn with anklets and bracelets of brass. But in places where there are plenty of elephants one finds the girls wearing great ivory bracelets made from the tusks. All kinds of grass bracelets are plaited and worn by girls who can't afford better ones.

Of the beads there is an infinite variety bought from the trader. These are strung together in many ways and made into bracelets and necklaces and various other things which only the patience of African children could produce.

FILIPE AND SERAFINA OF SPAIN

BY EDNA WALKER

If Filipe ever leaves his little village in the south of Spain for some town in another country, the first night away would cause him to miss the cry of the night-watchman more, perhaps, than anything else.

"Ave Maria Sanctissima!" can be heard near or afar as the *sereno* starts his recital and calls the hour, adding the statement that the sky is cloudy or fair.

The *sereno* is an old man. To Filipe, who has known no other, he seems a very old man, for he walked through the night with a spear in one hand and a horn lantern in the other when Filipe played about barefooted in the narrow, unpaved alleys, and, dirty and unrebuked, associated on terms of equality with the skinny chickens and the pigs.

It is true that Filipe is still barefoot; but he can no longer spend the day in the dirt with the chickens and the pigs.

A CHURCH IN A SPANISH VILLAGE

He must work in the field and vineyard all the more because he is the only boy left to his father. He had nine brothers and sisters, but of these all are dead but his sister Serafina.

Neither Filipe nor Serafina have been troubled with much education. There is a village school certainly, but no one minded whether they went or not; and if the truth be told, the schoolmaster did not know very much himself, so he certainly could not teach much. Besides, his salary was small and often in arrears, so how could he be expected to work hard?

Serafina goes regularly to church on Sundays, but Filipe is less devout. He plays ball against the church wall, and if the ball hits a window by mistake the priest is a kindly man, and does not ask who threw it.

Once a year Filipe, with everyone else from the village, walks out five miles to the convent in the hills to fetch the image of their favorite virgin. It is quite a picnic; every man carries a flask of wine and all the women take baskets full of fruit and *tortillas.* Their frying-pans have all been very busy in the making of the *tortillas;* eggs, vegetables, and potatoes, with rare little bits of meat, have been cooked into something like an omelette in boiling olive-oil. Perhaps the oil smelled strong in the cooking, but no one ranks the *tortilla* lower on that account—rather the reverse. The men carry the image with great importance, and as they enter the village their procession of lanterns and torches stretches for nearly a mile. The image wears a beautiful new cloak which Serafina has helped to make during the last year, and after a week's services in the village church it is carried back to the convent. Filipe, counting himself a man, takes no part in the return; only the women go with the priest, but Serafina tells him all about it afterward.

FILIPE AT WORK

Filipe has to be busy in the big garden; rain does not come very often, so the beans, garlic, and cucumbers must all be watered; the olives must be gathered in their turn from the olive orchard and carried to the one neighbor who has an olive-press. Filipe's father does not pay for this—there is very little money about—but he leaves some of the oil behind instead. He does the same with the miller who grinds his wheat and the baker who bakes his bread, and as everyone must have oil and wheat and bread that arrangement works very well.

The vineyard is the most important part of the big garden, and contains both red and white grapes. Serafina has to do her part at the time of the vintage, and a good many friends come to help; while Filipe and Serafina go in due course to their friends' vineyards to help in return. The wine is made very easily. Each gatherer carries home his load of grapes and throws it into big jars. Serafina pours in a little honey and the father throws in some lime. After about three weeks the liquid wine can be poured off—clear and sweet—and kept in the cellar which everyone possesses under the living-room.

There are times when Filipe has to mind the pigs. Then he takes them along the hot, dusty road, while they sniff for roots and acorns, and if he has managed to gather a few leaves from the tobacco-plant (hidden in a corner of the garden), he rolls them into a cigarette and then smokes it. Now and then he has a rest, and while his herd feasts amid plenty he draws a pipe from his pocket and plays on it some beautiful old melody.

The sound of tinkling bells sometimes crosses his melody as a troop of mules, carrying their burdens of cork from the stripped trees in the woods, files along a distant path in charge of a boy more gaily dressed than Filipe.

WHEN THE TRAIN GOES BY

The train passes quite a short distance from Filipe's village—in fact, it stops at a farmhouse which forms the station. It is wonderful to see the number of children who manage to be away from school at the time the train is due. They get there in plenty of time, for the station-master looks so important, and they like to watch him ring the bell. And then there is always the hope that some pigs or other animals may get on the line, as indeed the young turkeys did one time just as the train had started. That was a rare treat. The station-master stopped the train lest it should hurt the chicks, and all the passengers got out, and with such sticks as they could produce drove the wanderers home. Filipe and Serafina joined in that chase with brooms that they borrowed from the station-master's wife.

The children flock to the station without shoes and stockings, but they do not neglect their hair. A gaily colored handkerchief will be thrown over it like a mantilla, and a bright flower will complete the decoration. Serafina often goes with baskets of oranges in the summer and Filipe carries big jars of cold

ORANGE COURT IN THE GARDEN OF THE GENERALIFE, GRANADA

CAVE-DWELLING UNDER THE FIG TREES IN THE VILLAGE OF GODELLA, NEAR VALENCIA, SPAIN

water, for everyone is thirsty in the heat of a Spanish summer.

If you want to know how very hot it is in Spain, you should travel from Filipe's little village by that very slow train into one of the southern towns.

They call the hot part of the day the "hours of fire," and during that time the streets are deserted and the children are too hot to play. Through the beautiful wrought-iron gates you get a glimpse of the *patio* of all the big houses. That is the courtyard, where the restless waters of a fountain cool the air, and where the eyes are gladdened with masses of beautiful flowers in pots. It is here that the children play when the hours of fire are passing, and here that they dance the old Spanish dances in the cool evenings with their friends, while one of them plays a simple melody on a guitar.

Above the *patio* you can see the little green blinds all round the balcony, trying to keep out the heat of the sun from the rooms within, but not succeeding very well.

In the streets are men selling iced drinks, while here and there at the public fountains girls in picturesque costumes fill their pitchers with water, that they may sell it in glasses to the thirsty visitors of park or street.

Little cakes called *barquillos* are also sold in the streets, and the cry of the baker brings forth all the children near who have a *real* to spend. But buying *barquillos* is a game of chance; you never know how many you are going to get. The baker turns a wheel for each new customer, and whichever number the hand points to when it stops settles how many *barquillos* the little buyer will get.

There is still another street-cry which echoes through the hot, sunny streets. *"Flores vendo"* comes in musical notes from the throat of a dark-skinned Spaniard, as he leads along a donkey carrying many, many pots of brilliant flowers

in its panniers. The donkey chooses the shady side of the street, while his master keeps his big sombrero hat well down over his eyes.

One of the most deeply-rooted national characteristics is the love which Spanish parents of all classes lavish on their children. Nothing is too much trouble for father and mother where the welfare of their family is concerned, and within broadest limits of reason the boys and girls of Spain enjoy freedom to do as they like. There are, of course, lesson-times. But Spain is so constantly keeping national festivals that every other day in this country seems a holiday, and even on working days there is ample leisure for both children and grown-ups to make merry to their hearts' content.

A HUCKSTER, GRANADA, SPAIN

THE CHILDREN AT PLAY

Filipe and Serafina frequently play together. Most of their games are simple and pretty, and nearly all are enacted to the accompaniment of a gaily sung doggerel or nursery rhyme. A favorite game for boys and girls is "Ambo, ato." In this the one who is selected as *it* has to choose a partner, but first she stands alone while the others join hands, close round her in a circle, and whirligig merrily as they sing a quaint rhyme. Then the one who is *it* is bidden choose whom she will. When she has singled out her mate her companions ask in chorus: "What will you give him?" Thereupon the little maid holds out an orange, a pomegranate, a bunch of grapes, or a flower, and the boy of her heart steps shyly forth to join her in the middle of the ring. The circle closes up, and, singing at the top of their voices, the happy youngsters dance jubilantly round and round the little couple of the moment.

The tiny tots among the girls are very fond of playing "Tintarella." The players divide off into couples, and partners stand toe to toe and grip hands firmly; the fun lies in spinning round as fast as possible. In Spain the children sing some merry rhyme as they whirl round in the "Tintarella."

With the boys the game of "Torero" has no rival. This, their favorite amusement, is a miniature bull-fight, a playground version of the great national sport of Spain. The captain of the ring is generally elected to play bull. With a basketwork cover on his head, the bull is let loose, to be chased and harried by the boys, whom he, in his turn, does his best to butt in a manner that shall be worthy of his position.

DAVID OF THE HOLY LAND

BY J. M. BEEMAN

THE birth of a Syrian boy is hailed with great delight. His family immediately send for hired musicians to help them celebrate the happy occasion. The baby is wrapped in swaddling clothes until he is a few months old, and then he is carried in a bag on his mother's back. As he becomes stronger, the bag is swung on to her shoulder, and there the young son delightedly rides astride.

In the summer this little Syrian boy,

Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific

ARAB PEDDLERS IN HAIFA, PALESTINE

David, is not bothered with many clothes, although he is elaborately arrayed with charms and amulets, which his parents believe will keep away the evil eye. The power of the evil eye is thoroughly believed in by the people of Palestine. They claim that some people, by the mere glance of the eye, have the power to bring misfortune to those they look upon. For this reason, parents do not wish their boys to be admired, lest some of the admirers possess the evil eye. To prevent this calamity befalling their lads, boys often are dressed in girls' clothes, and are kept dirty, ragged, and unattractive. So from their infancy the children of the Holy Land become familiar with many foolish superstitions, which hamper their lives in countless respects.

The boys of Palestine have good educational advantages now. Many schools have been established in the cities and villages, and competent instructors have been appointed. In Christian towns the teachers are chosen by the churches to which the people belong; in Moslem towns instructors are selected by the Turkish government. In these schools they teach reading, writing, and some arithmetic, and the Moslem boys spend most of their school days studying the Koran, the sacred book of their religion. Chapter after chapter

Courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line

DAVID STREET, JERUSALEM

Courtesy of Travel Magazine

ON THE HILLS OF PALESTINE

is learned by heart, and their writing lessons are taken from verses contained in the Koran.

In the busy harvest seasons, these schools are closed, and the pupils sent into the fields, gardens, or vineyards, to help their parents. Sometimes the boys are given small flocks of sheep or goats to herd, although they are careful to stay close to home, because should they go into the open country their lives would be endangered by the wolves or robbers which roam about Palestine.

Some of the boys become very skillful in the use of the sling, a weapon once much used in warfare. These slings are made of goat's hair, with a bag in the center to receive the stone. As in the time of King David, they frequently are used by shepherd boys when watching their flocks to-day.

DAVID'S PLAYTIME

The boys of Palestine do not have many games, but are very fond of a sort of hockey. They select a level piece of ground, in the middle of which they dig a hole. One lad is put to guard the hole with his stick, while the others try to drive the ball into the hole. The

boys will play their game for hours at a stretch, leaping and running and striking and shouting with all their strength as the ball either is almost landed in the hole or is skillfully struck away.

Again, the lads of the Holy Land delight in representing an attack upon peaceful travelers by a band of Bedouin robbers. The travelers consist of a band of boys leading several donkeys they have secured from the village pastures. A yelling horde of companions assails them, swoop down upon them after the fashion of Arab robbers, and immediately a sham battle occurs.

When the dawn ushers in a new day in Palestine, the boys get up from their small wood or rag-filled mattresses laid upon the bare floor of their homes. Many of them do not eat any breakfast, for there is only one regular meal, the supper at evening. If they get hungry, they seize a handful of dates or figs, a bunch of grapes, a piece of bread, or anything else within reach. Except upon very rare occasions, they never think of washing their faces and hands. In fact, their process of dressing is very simple, their only garment being a little cotton sack with three holes in it. Through the middle hole the head is pushed, the arms are slipped out at the other holes, and the boy is dressed, except for a little cap which he claps on his head.

When the day is over, the lads of the Holy Land eagerly gather about the evening meal. The main dish is served in a large bowl, set in the middle of the floor, and around the bowl are arranged cakes of bread. Sometimes vegetables are served, and once in a long time a piece of meat is added to the bill-of-fare. The members of the family squat upon their heels around the big bowl, and the meal begins. As each person dips his hand into the bowl, he utters a pious form of words for grace, and then, in the absence of knives, forks, or spoons, whips the grains of rice into his mouth with his fingers.

When the meal is ended, parents and children light their pipes; and coffee, served without sugar, is handed around. Chatting together, and often relating stories of long ago, the family circle remains here until it is time to bring out the mattresses and retire for the night.

HUGH IN INDIA

A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN

BY EDWARD SHIRLEY

My dear children: I am now in the north of India, not far from the great river Ganges.

I am now beginning to understand what a vast land India is. One in every five of all the people on earth lives in India.

Perhaps you can guess why I have made this long journey from Bombay. My brother, your uncle, is the chief man in this part of the country. He and I have been parted for many years. I am now living in his house.

Let me tell you about little Hugh, your cousin. He was born in India seven years ago.

Hugh's home is a big house, all on the ground floor. It has no upstairs. The rooms are very large and lofty. This is because the weather is very hot for the greater part of the year. If the rooms were not large and high, they would be too hot to live in.

In every room there is a beam of wood with a short curtain hanging from it. This is the punkah. The beam is hung from the roof by ropes. In the hot weather a boy sits outside and pulls the punkah to and fro with a rope. In this way he makes a little breeze, which keeps the room cool.

The roof of the house juts out all round, and is held up by pillars. We sit outside, under the roof, whenever we can. During the heat of the day we stay indoors.

The garden round the house is very large. There are many tall palm trees in it. Some of the other trees bear most beautiful blossoms of crimson, yellow, and blue. All along the front of the house are many flower-pots, in which roses and other flowers are growing.

A few days ago little Hugh came to me and asked if he might show me what he called "the compound." I said "Yes." So he took my hand and led me away.

First he showed me the gardener. He is a short, dark man, and he squats down to do his work. He is a very good gardener, and he is proud of his flowers. Every morning he comes to the house with flowers for Hugh's father and mother and uncle.

Next, Hugh took me to see the well. It is behind the house. The mouth of the well is on the top of a mound. To reach it you must walk up a sloping road. Above the mouth of the well there is a wheel.

A rope runs over this wheel. At one end of the rope there is a large leather bag. The other end of the rope is fastened to the necks of a pair of bullocks.

The bullocks walk backward up the sloping road. This lowers the leather bag into the well, where it is filled with water. Then the bullocks walk down the sloping road. This pulls the bag up to the mouth of the well.

A man empties the water out of the bag into a tank by the side of the well. The water runs out of this tank into the garden, where it spreads out into many little streams. It is this water which makes the trees, the plants, and the grass grow so well in the garden.

If the garden were not watered in this way, it would soon be brown and bare. For many months at a time no rain falls in India. Then dust a foot deep lies on the roads, and the ground cracks with the heat.

When the dry season is over the rain begins to fall. It comes down in torrents for days together.

During the "rains" the rivers become full to the brim, and the whole land is fresh and green. Sometimes the "rains" do not come at all. Then the crops wither away, and people starve.

In our country we are never sure of the weather. It changes so often that we talk about it a great deal. In India nobody talks about the weather. During seven months of the year every day is fine.

In our country we almost always have plenty of water for our crops, and for drinking and washing. Plenty of fresh water is a great blessing to a land. In many parts of India water is very scarce.

I told you that the great river Ganges is not far away from little Hugh's home. This grand river begins in the mountains of north India. I wish you could see these mountains. They are the highest on earth. They rise up from the plains like a huge wall, and their tops are always covered with fields of ice and snow.

These ice-fields slowly move down the mountainsides. Then they melt, and this gives rise to the Ganges and to the other great rivers of north India.

Millions of the Indian people love the Ganges, and they have good reason to do so. It gives water and food to more than twice as many people as dwell in the British Islands.

INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS

I am very fond of going about the streets with your uncle. The Indian children always amuse me.

When Indians grow up they are rather grave and sad. The children, however, are always bright and merry. Indian fathers and mothers are very fond of their boys. They care very little for their girls.

Boys soon become men in India. They begin work at an early age, and they are married when they are about sixteen. Girls are married younger.

Almost every boy follows the trade of his father. A farmer's son becomes a farmer, a weaver's son becomes a weaver, and so on.

Many of the boys go to school, but not many of the girls. They, poor things, begin to work in the house or in the field almost as soon as they can

Courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line

COUNTRY LIFE IN INDIA

walk. Much of the hard rough work in India is done by poor women and girls.

A rich father keeps his girls shut up in the back part of his house. Their faces are never seen by any men except those of their own family. If they go out of the house, they cover themselves from head to foot with a thick veil. Sometimes they are carried from place to place in a closely shut box on poles.

Are you not sorry for these poor rich girls? I am. They can never play merry games with boy friends, nor go for long walks in the country.

They know nothing of the beautiful world in which they live. Their rooms are fine, their dresses are grand, and their jewels are lovely; but they are only poor prisoners after all.

Yesterday I went with your uncle to see a village school. There were only twenty boys in it. The roof was off the schoolhouse, so the classes were held in the open air.

The boys sat on long benches. The teacher wrote on a blackboard, and taught the children to do sums with a ball frame. Each boy had a reading-book. It was not printed in English, but in the tongue spoken in that part of

the country. Some of the boys wrote in copy-books, but most of them wrote on thin boards. Instead of a pencil they used a pen made of a reed.

Chalk was ground up and wetted in a little cup. The boys dipped their reed pens into the cup, just as you dip your steel pen into the ink. The letters and figures which they wrote were very different from ours.

Some of the boys read their books very well, and worked hard sums. They sang for me in their own tongue.

In the towns there are large and good schools. Some of the scholars are very clever, indeed. I think Indian boys are much fonder of their lessons than our boys.

Last night I stopped to watch some Indian boys playing marbles. When Tom plays the game, he places the marble between his thumb and forefinger and shoots it out with his thumb. The Indian boy does not shoot the marble in this way at all. He presses back the second finger of one hand with the forefinger of the other. Then he lets go and strikes the marble with the finger that was bent back. Some of the boys are very clever at this game.

MARIETTA OF ITALY

BY EDNA WALKER

MARIETTA has a long way to come to school every day, for she lives up a beautiful valley in the Apennines. Also, she has to do all sorts of things before she can start from home. She and Enrico are up at dawn gathering fagots for their mother, getting fodder for the cows, and looking after the sheep. They guess the time by looking at the sun over the chestnut trees, or they see Beppino starting off down below, and know that he has heard the bell.

Torrents, often swollen with the rain, have to be crossed, but their bare feet do not mind the cold water, and here they can sometimes give their faces the wash which was omitted before the start. In some shady corner of a rocky gorge a lump of ice may be picked up even at the beginning of summer, and then the face-washing can be done as they run along.

Finding their way through the woods, they get to the village at last—a few houses, a church, and a schoolhouse nestling down in a tiny valley, between the olive and the chestnut trees.

Perhaps they are a little late, but the Signora Maestra (as they call their teacher) is sweet and kind, and knows how far the little feet have traveled, so she does not always look at the clock when she hears them shuffling into the anteroom.

Marietta fell asleep one morning—she had been up very early—and the Maestra only put the little head more comfortably on the folded arms and left

WINE MERCHANT, ITALY

her, while she looked after the other seventy children who were crowded into the bare room.

Rich and poor go to the same school in the village; only it happens that the ones they call rich are not so very rich after all. Perhaps they live in some big castle with a moat round it, but they have little money to spend.

Marietta and Enrico at home speak in words that are somewhat different from real Italian, but the Signora Maestra teaches them to speak and read the pure language she speaks herself; and, indeed, Marietta can recite whole verses of Dante in a lovely voice, while with her hands and face she makes it all seem quite real. As for Enrico, he has always been specially interested in the Maestra's wires of nuts and chestnuts which she has made to teach them arithmetic.

AFTER SCHOOL

When Marietta and Enrico get home later in the day they will have to work on the farm, but there will be time for a game with the younger ones while the cows look for grass among the rocks and irises.

There are many families living higher up the valley where the children cannot be spared for the long day at the village school. It is just during the daylight hours that they are wanted at home, but in the evening they go off to an old shoemaker, who by the light of a candle teaches them to read and write and to do a few sums. They do their lessons with some difficulty, for there is little furniture in their kitchen. The floor has to form the usual seat.

One of Marietta's duties is to help in drying the chestnuts. They are first beaten out of their prickly cases, and

put on laths across the rafters of a small inner room. A fire is lighted in the middle of the room, and, as there is no chimney all its heat and smoke go to season the chestnuts. When they are quite dry, Enrico takes them off to the mill and brings back the fine, sweet flour.

Marietta bakes little cakes of this chestnut-flour by mixing it with a little water and baking it in the wood-ashes in terra-cotta molds. She is careful to put a chestnut-leaf inside each mold to keep the cakes from burning.

Sometimes she makes little cakes, called *forgaceti,* in much the same way with cornmeal flour.

During the day they have little else to eat but these chestnut or cornmeal cakes, and in the evening they have their big meal of bean soup and potatoes.

Enrico's one desire is to have a sausage; in fact, he hopes that the Befana (who is his Santa Claus) will put one into his stocking, which he hangs by the fire, as well as some oranges and sugar! From which you will see that Marietta and Enrico do not have many good things to eat. Sometimes their mother carries down heavy bundles of fagots on her head to sell in the village, or a few eggs if she has managed to keep her hens safe from the foxes. Directly she gets back, the children have always one question:

"Little mother, have you brought us any white bread from the baker?"

THE SILKWORMS

Every May it is Marietta's duty to look after the silkworms. She keeps them on large trays in the inner room, where later on the chestnuts will be dried. She gathers mulberry-leaves every day and puts them on a fresh tray, whose bottom is made like a sieve. The little creatures clamber through the sieve, and soon get to their fresh food. Every day or two a larger sieve is used, till at last they get to the largest one, and then Marietta knows it is time to prepare for spinning. She sends Enrico off for tall branches of tree-heather, and arranges them in just the way that the little creatures will like. They are rather fanciful, and if they do not like Marietta's arrangements they will wander off in search of more pleasant spots. However, Marietta knows pretty well what they like, and soon her branches of heather are glistening with bright yellow cocoons. Then a little later you will see Marietta sitting outside the door with the yellow cocoons in a wooden bowl of warm water, while she busily turns a little wheel and winds the fine thread into a skein.

GAMES AND FEASTS IN JAPAN

BY JANET HARVEY KELMAN

THERE is no other land in the world where there are so many toys and games, and perhaps no country where old people and young people enjoy amusements so greatly or give so much time to them as Japan. Children have pets—dogs, cats, chickens, singing insects and many others—and if one of them goes astray there is the same excitement that there is in your home or mine. Messengers hurry to the "three houses opposite and the house at each side" to ask if anyone has seen the "honorable black dog" or the "august white chicken!"

GAMES

There are games as well as animals. For the girls there are battledore and shuttlecock, marbles played with little shells, balls, and dolls. Boys have wonderful kites and tops, and both boys and girls have all sorts of mechanical toys.

Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific

JAPANESE CHILDREN PARADING

There are a great many *fête* days too, when father and mother and all the children go to join in some temple festival, or to wander among beautiful gardens when some special flower is in bloom. There are flower-shows of all kinds, from the simple table in the midst of a village bazaar to the wonderful figures made of chrysanthemums at Dango Zaka, near Tokyo. The background against which these life-sized dolls are grouped is made of living plants, and the figures themselves, all except the faces, the hands and the feet, are made of growing chrysanthemums. The roots are hidden away behind a bamboo frame. Flowers, stems, and leaves are drawn through the spaces between the split bamboos, and are woven together so that the farther off ones represent trees or animals or perhaps a rock with a waterfall pouring over it, while those that are nearer form the robes of the figures.

Football has been a favorite game in Japan for more than a thousand years, but wrestling matches are older still, and the excitement that is shown at a wrestling match is so great that sometimes the onlookers will take off their outer robes and throw them to the winning man, and sometimes a man will get so excited that after he has thrown his own coat in, he will throw in the next man's. At the end of the match the coats and other valuable things that have been thrown into the ring are bought back by the owners, and the successful wrestler marches away with the value of them in money in his long loose sleeve which is his only pocket.

Besides all the feasts and entertainments that the children share with their parents there are two great feasts arranged each year. One is for the girls. The other is for the boys.

THE FEAST OF DOLLS

For a whole week before the girls' feast, which is called the feast of dolls, and comes on March 3, house-cleaning goes on everywhere. If the mats have become worn, new ones are put down. Special flowers are arranged in the vase on the raised platform, and a beautiful picture chosen for the wall above. On the morning of the first of the three days of the feast, countless dolls are brought out. In wealthy families there may be the dolls of many generations of children. Each little girl has at least two of these dolls. They are placed on a shelf beside older images on the first feast day after her birth, and she takes them with her to her new home when she is married.

Some of these figures are really dolls and may be handled freely and carried about and played with, but many of them are reverenced as gods. Among these there are the figures of the Emperor and Empress and of ancient Emperors—perhaps of the very, very ancient Empress Tensho Daijin, who hid herself in the "Rock Gate of Heaven." All those figures are carefully arranged on shelves, and while the feast lasts the little girls of the house wait on the figures. They feed them, and do reverence to them. Though at a first glance it might look like a doll's party, it is really very different, because it would be

Courtesy of Travel Magazine

A JAPANESE VILLAGE

a terrible thing for a little Japanese girl to make a mistake and miss any part of the ceremony, and it is partly in these careful attendances on the heroes and gods that she learns how to do things rightly in the ordinary ways of life. For she will spend much of her life preparing and serving to grown-up people just such food and drink as are placed before the images, and it will matter very much whether she can do it in the neatest and politest way.

THE FEAST OF FLAGS

The boys' feast does not come till the 5th of May. It is called the feast of flags, and is a very great day in Japan. In the country districts the houses are decorated outside with irises, and both in town and country there are flags flying. Some of the flags are made of paper, some of cloth, and some of silk, and there are curious figures on them. Often a flag is the form of a large fish called a carp. It is said that the carp can swim up a waterfall, so to a Japanese boy it is the symbol of all within him that longs to be successful in life. When he sees the great fish struggling with the breeze he hopes that he will be able to struggle with all that opposes him in life, and that he will win fame and honor.

Other flags bear the image of Shoki, who is one of the dim figures that stand out from the far, far past in a Japanese boy's mind, and who is figured on the flag that he may drive away all demons from the place. If a home has no little boys under seven years of age it will hoist no flags; and in the old days when all the ancient customs were carefully kept up by everyone it was quite easy on the day of the feast of flags to pick out

all the houses where there were no little boys!

Out of doors boys with caps made of iris-leaves wage mimic war with each other, and iris-leaves find their way into the house and float in the water of the bath that good health may come as well as success and fame. In wealthy houses there are warrior-dolls arranged among flags and banners and the boys see the heroes fighting once again as they did so long ago.

GARDENING

Almost every child has a garden, for if the houses are so closely crowded together that there is no ground for an outside garden, there is a beautiful little inside one, which is held in a carved box or in a decorated bowl. That does not mean anything like a fern in a pot or a box of mignonette or a single azalea. Within a space only a few inches in size there will be tiny hills with a stream flowing between them; houses, bridges, and roads; curious plants that take the place of trees and colored stones arranged like cliffs by the banks of the stream. And when the garden is an outdoor one it is arranged in the same way, with everything that would make a landscape beautiful copied on a smaller scale. And because in Japan men have given so much attention to the art of garden-making, they have discovered how to get nature herself to fall in with their plans, so that for their little gardens they have little trees, pear and apple and cherry, which grow

Courtesy of Travel Magazine

WASHDAY IN JAPAN

on year after year and bear beautiful blossoms and fruits, and yet never grow any higher.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

The cherry tree is the favorite tree in Japan, and its blossom the favorite flower, although the chrysanthemum is nearly as much admired. The delicate scent of the cherry and the beauty of its blossoms against the sky are a new cause of joy each year, and it is a custom in the land for everyone to go out among the trees when they are in bloom and to wander beneath their branches.

WHAT THEY PLAY IN AFRICA

BY JAMES B. BAIRD

When black children are small, the boys and girls play together; but when they grow up a bit the boys separate themselves from the girls and have their own games. They would never dream now of playing with the girls. The latter are not strong and brave like boys, and must play by themselves. In this respect they are just like white boys who feel ashamed to play with girls.

One of the boys' greatest enjoyments is to go hunting in the woods with their bows and arrows. It is small birds they want, and their keen eyes scan the leafy boughs for victims of any kind. It does not matter how small or pretty a bird may be, down it comes struck by a heavy-headed arrow. Victim and arrow fall back down at the feet of the cunning shooter. The reason why the boys kill even the smallest bird is that everything, no matter how small, will be eaten. They do not eat meat as white people do. All they want is just enough to make their porridge tasty and to let them have gravy. So any small animal, such as you would despise, is acceptable to them.

Pushing through the brush is difficult work, but the black boys do not seem to mind it although the grass towers far above their heads. All they fear is, that perhaps they may tread upon a snake or disturb a wild beast, but in the excitement of the chase they soon forget all about snakes and wild beasts. Should a boy be very good at imitating the call of birds he gets ready an arrow with many heads—six or seven. This he makes by splitting up one end of a thin bamboo and sharpening each piece. These ends he ties in such a way as to separate them from one another, leaving one in the middle. He then takes his bow and his newly made arrow and goes off to the brush. Having selected a likely spot he quickly pulls the grass together loosely over his head to hide him from above, crouches under it and begins to imitate the call of a certain bird of which kind he sees many about. In a short time the birds come hovering over the grass concealment, and the boy, watching his chance, sends his arrow into their midst. In this way several birds are obtained at a time.

Then the boys hunt small game, such as rabbits, with their dogs. The dogs chase the rabbits out of the long grass, and the boys stand ready to knock them over with their knobbed sticks. Another favorite occupation is to go down to the gardens with hoes and dig out field-mice, which are relished just as much as the birds are.

Traps of various kinds are set to catch game. Some are made with propped-up stones that fall down and

crush the unwary victims. Some are made with a running noose that strangles the unfortunate beast. A very simple kind for catching birds is made out of a long bamboo. A spot is first chosen where birds are likely to gather together quickly. The bamboo is then split up the middle for about a third of its length. The ends, which if left to themselves would spring together with a snap, are held wide apart by a cross-pin of wood. To this pin is attached a long string which goes away over to the grass where the youthful trapper lies hidden. A handful of grain is then scattered over the space between the split ends of the bamboo. When everything is prepared the eager youth retires to hide in the grass and watch the birds. It is not long before several are enjoying the bait, and when a sufficient number have entered, the boy pulls the string which displaces the cross-pin and the two ends of the bamboo close together with a snap. The birds are not all quick enough to escape, and several lie dead to reward the cunning of the trapper. Such doings you would hardly call games, but so they are considered by the black boys, for whenever I ask them to tell me what games they play, hunting and trapping are always among those given me.

HAND-BALL

Of the games proper, hand-ball is a great favorite, and is played in the courtyard or any other cleared space. This is a kind of ball-play in which two sides contend against one another for possession of the ball, which is usually just a lump of raw rubber. When the sides have been chosen, and it matters not how many on a side so long as there are plenty, the game is started by a player throwing the ball to another boy on his side. Thus the ball passes through the air from player to player, it being the endeavor of the opposite side to intercept it and of the first lot to retain possession of it. Every time the ball is caught all the players, with the exception of him who holds the ball, clap their hands together once and sometimes stamp with their feet.

The players may dodge about as they like and jump as high as they like in their endeavor to catch the ball. It is an excellent game and a hard one, and would be enjoyed, I am sure, by white boys, for no lazybones need ever think he would get the ball. Only he who is quick of hand and eye would ever get a chance, and the more clever the players, the harder is the game. After the ball has gone round one side a certain number of times the players on that side shout out a little chorus and clap their hands to proclaim their victory. Then the game begins afresh and is carried on with such vigor that when finished each boy is sweating freely and glad to retire to a cool place to rest.

CHECKERS

A quiet game in contrast to the hand-ball is the native game of checkers in which the opponents "eat" one another, to use the native expression. Four rows of little holes are made in a shady place. The opponents sit on opposite sides and each has command of two rows. Some-

times there are six and at other times eight holes in each row. Each player has a number of seeds or little pieces of stone or other small things about the size of marbles and he places one in each hole leaving a certain one empty. There are rules, and the black boys know them well. The idea is to move one's own "men" one hole along at a time, until those in any hole surpass in number those in the enemy's hole opposite when they are taken and placed out of the game. The game is won when one is able to take the last remaining "man" on his opponent's side. To the boys it is a very engrossing game, and they often forget all about time. Sometimes the holes are chiselled out of a board and the game played by grown-up people on the verandas of their houses.

AMONG THE CASSAVA BUSHES

Quite a different game from any of those described is that played by both boys and girls among the cassava bushes in the gardens. When one finds a single leaf growing in a fork of a bush he calls out to his neighbor, "I have bound you." The neighbor considers himself bound till he finds a leaf in a similar position, when he calls out, "I have freed myself." He who first finds the leaf binds the other, and so the game goes on till the children are tired of it.

The boys have another use for the cassava leaf. They pluck a nice big one. Then the left hand is closed fist-like, but leaving a hollow in the hand. The leaf is then laid across the hollow, resting on the thumb and the bent forefinger. The open right hand is now brought down whack upon the leaf, which is split in two with a loud report.

OTHER GAMES

Hide-and-seek you all know. I think it must be played by children all over the world. It is played by the black children of Africa and enjoyed very much. There are splendid opportunities for hiding in the long grass. You have only to go into it a few feet, and you are completely hidden. Sometimes the black children vary the game from the ordinary hide-and-seek. The seeker will be a wild beast—say a lion—and the hiders will be deer. They go off and hide in the grass and the lion has to find his prey. Sometimes the hider will represent a deer and go and conceal himself, and the seekers will be hunters on the chase. Then if there is water near, one will hide in the water and pretend to be a crocodile, and when the others come down to the stream to bathe or draw water the crocodile rushes out on them and tries to seize them by the legs.

The boys also play at war with tiny bows and arrows made of grass stalks. They stand in rows facing one another and try to "kill" one another with their arrows.

There is another good game played by the boys called "nsikwa." It has no English name or I would have written it instead of the native one. There are sides in this game, but two boys can play it. Of course the fun is better when there are perhaps four or five on a side. The boys sit in the courtyard in lines facing one another and about ten feet apart. In front of each player is placed

a small piece of corncob about two or three inches high, from which the grain has been taken. It is then very light and easily overturned. In his right hand each player holds a native top. When all are ready, the players send their tops spinning across the clear space with great force and try to knock down the piece of cob belonging to the player opposite. To and fro in the battle are whirled the tops to the accompaniment of shouts and laughter of opponents and onlookers.

GIRLS' GAMES

Most of the games I have seen are boys' games, but the girls of Africa can play too like the girls of other lands. But their play mostly consists of trying to do what they see their mothers do. Thus the girls will seize the pestles and try to pound at the mortars. Others will take the winnowing baskets and try if they can do as well as mother in sifting out the hard grains from the fine flour. They also play at keeping house and marriages. They borrow pots and cooking utensils from their mothers and go to the bush and build little houses and make believe to set up house on their own account. If they play this game in the village the girls mark out the walls of the supposed houses with sand, and say, "Here is my hearth, there is my sleeping place, and this is the doorway." They also make food with mud and invite one another to afternoon mud cakes, and pretending to eat them throw the mud over their shoulders.

When the big people of the village go to work in the gardens the children often go to the brush and build little houses and bring flour and corn and other kinds of food and play at a new village. Then one will be chosen to be a hyena and another will be a cock. The hyena goes off to the grass and hides, and the cock struts about the village. Then someone will call out, "It is night, let us go to sleep." So they all go to sleep, and in a short time the cock will crow, "Kokoli-liko," which is the black boys' way of saying "Cock-a-doodle-do." The hyena will also roar.

Those in the house will awake, and one will say, "It is daybreak," but others will say, "It is only that foolish cock crowing in the middle of the night." Then hearing the hyena one will get up, open the door cautiously, and chase the beast away. When the big people go back to the village the children are not long in following them.

MAKING MUD ANIMALS

Let me finish with just one more pastime. Some of the black children play at making little animals out of mud, just as white boys and girls play at mud-pies. The African women do not bake pies, so the children know nothing of the pleasures of mud-pie making. Instead, they make little mud dogs and hens and lions and snakes. These they put out into the sun the heat of which makes them hard. They can then be carried about and played with.

GAMES AND FESTIVALS IN CHINA

BY COLIN CAMPBELL BROWN

CHINESE children are kept so busy at work or study that a stranger might at first be tempted to think their lives were all work and no play. In time, however, one discovers that they have many kinds of amusements.

A favorite game is played with a ball of tightly wound cotton thread, which is bounced upon the pavement, the player trying to whirl round as often as possible, before giving another pat to make it jump again. Boys are fond of "kicking the shuttlecock." They are wonderfully clever with their feet, and send the shuttlecock flying from one to another, turning, dodging, leaning this way and that, so as to kick freely. The shuttlecock is kept on the wing for a long time, in this way without once falling to the ground.

CHINESE BOYS JUMPING

Another game is "tiger trap." To play it, a number of boys and girls take hands and stand in two lines, facing each other. One waits at the end of the double row of children and bleats, as a kid does in a trap set for Mr. Stripes. Then the tiger darts in between the lines to catch the kid. The moment he does so, the children at the ends close up. Unless the tiger bounces out very quickly he is caught and the kid runs away.

There are several kinds of blind man's buff. One is called "Catching fishes in the dark." Each child chooses the name of a fish, calling himself dragon-shrimp, squid, red chicken, or some other kind of fish. The boy who is to be "it" is blinded. Then the fishes run past, trying to touch the blind man as they go. If one gets caught "it" must name him rightly. If "it" names the wrong fish, away runs the boy. Another kind is "Call the chickens home." In this game the blind man says "Tsoo, tsoo, come seek your mother," then the other children, who are the chickens, run up and try to touch him without being caught. If one is caught he becomes blind man.

When playing "Eating fishes' heads and tails," several children take hold of each other's jackets to form the fish. The first one is the head, which is supposed to be too fierce to be captured; the last one is the tail which may be

seized and eaten. One of the players stands by himself. Suddenly he begins to chase the fish, trying to catch its tail. Every time he makes a rush the head of the fish faces around, and the players, forming the tail, swing to one side to avoid being caught, as in our "Fox and Chickens."

OUTDOOR GAMES

Kite-flying is an amusement of which boys as well as grown men are very fond. Little toddlers begin with tiny kites, cleverly made out of folded paper, but the older boys are more ambitious. Some of their kites are made to look like birds and have a bow, strung with a thin flat strip of bamboo, tied behind the wings. When the bird rises in the wind it hovers like a living thing, and the strip of bamboo buzzes with a loud humming noise. Others are shaped like butterflies, centipedes, and other creatures. One of the most beautiful kites is shaped like a fish, so as to curve and sway in the air, much as a fish does in water.

Here are names of some of the other games which may interest you: "Threading the needle"; "Waiting for the seeker"; a game like "I spy"; "Hopping race"; "Let the prince come over"; "Circling the field to catch the rat"; "The mud turtle"; and "The water demon seeking for a den," which is played by five children, but otherwise is like "Puss in the corner." "Sawing wood" is just "Cat's cradle" under another name.

In the warm weather you may be sure that the boys and girls take a large share in the fun when their fathers and

PLAYING JACKSTONES IN CHINA

brothers send up fire-balloons. These rise in the night sky until they look like yellow moons floating over the city. Sometimes a balloon catches fire, flames for a minute, and then only a falling spark shows where its ashes go tumbling to the ground.

RIDDLES

The Chinese have many riddles which grown people as well as children play at guessing.

Here are some for you to try your wits on:

"It was born in a mountain forest. It died in an earthen chamber. Its soul is dispersed to the four winds. And its bones are laid out for sale." (*Charcoal.*)

"In a very small house there live five little girls." (*A shoe.*)

"On his head he has a helmet. His body is covered with armor. Kill him and you will find no blood, open him

PLAYING HOCKEY IN CHINA

and you will find his flesh." (*A shrimp.*)

"On the outside is a stone wall. In the inside there is a small golden lady." (*An egg.*)

"It takes away the courage of a demon. Its sound is like that of thunder. It frightens men so that they drop their chopsticks. When one turns one's head round to look at it, lo! it is all turned into smoke." (*A cannon.*)

"There are two sisters of equal size, one sits inside, the other outside." (*A mirror.*)

Sometimes riddles are painted on lanterns and hung in front of a shop for people to guess: whoever succeeds in guessing right wins a small prize.

SWEETS

Chinese boys and girls have a sweet tooth. Whenever they have money to do so, they buy sugar-cane, peanut candy, and biscuits, some of which are flavored with sugared kui flowers, which give them a delicious taste. When the man who sells candied peaches and other fruit appears, boys and girls come hopping out of the houses at the sound of his bell.

THE NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL

Chinese life, which for many children is dull and full of work, has its red-letter days. No description of the little folk of the Middle Kingdom would be complete without an account of some of the festivals, which add so much to the happiness of the year.

How the boys and girls look forward to New Year's day! The houses are swept and tidied the night before. Inscriptions on bright red paper are pasted on the door-posts and lintels of each home. What a banging of guns and firecrackers there is, in the early morning, after the ancestors have been worshiped. The pavement is littered with red and white paper, wherever fireworks have been let off. A little later, the streets are full of people going to call on their friends, and say "I congratulate you, I congratulate you," for this is the

Courtesy of Travel Magazine

A CANDY SHOP BESIDE A CITY WALL IN CHINA

Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific

A STREET SCENE IN HONG KONG

way in which the Chinese wish each other a Happy New Year.

The children are dressed in new clothes, and hair tied with fresh red cord. They have new shoes and new hats and a handful of money to rattle in their pockets. The babies are as gay as humming birds, in bright colored jackets and trousers, pussy-faced shoes, silver bangles, and wonderful embroidered crowns and collars.

The shops are closed, everyone is either resting or holiday-making. The streets are lined with gambling-boards. One hears the clatter of bamboo lot-sticks and the rattle of dice everywhere as one passes along. Boys and girls make for the cake-man's tray. They buy candy and fruit and toys; they jump and dance and play, and enjoy life hugely. The holidays continue for two weeks. There are plays and feasts in the evenings, and plenty of firecrackers are set off. The children wish that the fun might go on forever. On the fifteenth of the month the holidays are closed by the festival of lanterns.

For several days before this feast the streets have been gay with beautiful lanterns of many shapes and sizes. Some are made of glass, with flowers and birds of paper pasted over them, or painted in bright colors. Some are made of crinkled paper, round like melons, or jar-shaped; others resemble fishes, lions, castles, rabbits, lotus flowers, white and red, tigers, dragons. They are all colors —red, green, white, blue, pink, yellow,

Courtesy of Travel Magazine

A CHINESE WATER-CARRIER

purple. The kind which the little boys like best are "throwing-ball lanterns," which are made by pasting bits of different colored paper on a frame of thin bamboo. Inside there is a tiny clay dish, filled with fat, into which a wick is stuck.

When the evening is dark enough, out come the boys. They light their lanterns. Some have big tiger and fish lanterns, which move on wooden wheels, the fire shining through their eyes and bodies. Some prance along in a row, each with a bit of a long dragon on his shoulder. The first boy carries the head, and the last one has the tail. The dragon bobs and twists as they thread the crowded street. Some whirl their "ball lanterns" round and round, by means of a string tied to the top. The wicks keep alight because the lump of fat does not run out of the socket as oil would do. The bright colors gleam as the light shines out, and the lanterns whirl flashing through the dark.

Then there is the spring festival, when troops of people go out of the east gate of the city to see the mandarins worship at an altar to the Earth God, which has the figure of a buffalo standing beside it. People throw things at the buffalo; whoever hits it is sure that he will have a prosperous year.

Then comes the Tsing-Ming, or feast of tombs, when schools have holiday. Steamed cake, brown and white, and vegetables rolled in pancakes are eaten in every house. People put the family graves in order. Sacrifices are made, paper money is strewed upon the earth and crackers are fired. Tiny boys are taken to the graves, that they may learn how to tend them, and present the offerings by-and-by when older. Boys, lads, and young men line the banks of the river, or some other open space near the town or village, and throw stones at one another. The stones fly fast, dashing up spray where they strike the water. Now one side has the better in the fight, now the other. The game becomes serious indeed when someone is struck and the blood flows. Many people go to look on, believing that if the battle goes on until blood has been drawn, the village will be free of sickness during the year.

Courtesy of Travel Magazine

ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD IN CHINA

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL

In some cities a children's festival is held about the beginning of summer, when the little ones are carried to the temple of one of the goddesses and devoted to her. Those taken for the first time go through a little ceremony. Some money is paid to the nuns in charge of the temple, and the infants become the adopted children of the idol. After being adopted, the children go every year to the temple until the age of sixteen is reached, when they again pay a sum of money and give up attending.

The little ones and their friends enjoy these festivals. From early until late, streams of people pour in by the city gates and flood the streets. The children are most gay, dressed in silk and satin. Some wear the robe, hat, belt, and boots of an official; some wear delicate robes of green, blue, pink, crimson, apple-green; some have head-dresses embroidered with flowers and spangled with tiny mirrors; some wear antique crowns adorned with pheasants' feathers; some are dressed as old men riding on water buffaloes; others again are in uniform and képi, after the fashion of the new army.

Many of the children are mounted on horses, over which colored cloths are thrown. The collar-bells chime and jingle as the animals are led along. The crush at the temple gates is great. The little people dismount, and with others who have been brought pick-a-back, are

DRAGON BOAT RACE, CHINA

carried into the presence of the idols. Their parents buy red candles and offer long sticks of incense, and go through the temple making their children bow toward the altar. The horses are mounted once more and carry their gay riders home.

OTHER FESTIVALS

The fifth day of the fifth moon is the dragon boat festival, when schoolboys present money to their teachers, and the teachers give a fan with an inscription on it to each of their pupils. The children go with their friends to look at the dragon boats racing. They love to see the paddles splash in the water, to listen to the drums beating and the shouts of the rowers.

The mid-autumn festival comes in the eighth month, when scholars once more give money to their teachers, receiving moon-cakes in return. In some districts children build circular towers of broken tiles, and light fires inside them. Some of these towers are six feet across and several feet high, although the bits of tile are laid one on the top of the other without cement.

In the eleventh month there is the winter festival, when ancestors are worshiped and feasts and plays are again enjoyed. There are also many other holidays and feasts.

THE RIVER HOLIDAY IN INDIA

BY EDNA WALKER

SUCH a lot of people there are in a Hindu home that you wonder where they all come from. But when each son of the family gets married he does not go away to another house, he stays at home. So there are numbers of men about, while the *zenana,* or women's part of the house, has as many women and swarms of children. As they are all married by the time they are twelve years old, you do not see any girl over that age at her old home. She has gone off to another home, must forget that she has ever played, and must work hard for her mother-in-law.

She will never have a very good time, because it is only boys who have a good time in India.

Courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line

MAIN STREET, DELHI, INDIA

While they are very young, the little children of the poor tumble about in the sun and play as they like, and begin to work as soon as they can earn anything at all.

Perhaps they live in a city at one of the queer shops in a narrow, winding street. The shop is no larger than a big cupboard, and their father sits in it all day, making things to sell or waiting for a customer to buy them. Barefooted men, women, and children throng the streets, many of them wearing the brightest silk robes and sparkling jewels. Here and there a man very poorly dressed will be taking along his little girl decked out in ever so much finery, with earrings, bracelets, anklets, and gold embroideries. He is taking her to be seen by someone whom he thinks important, and her dress is kept for that purpose.

She is not afraid of the ox-carts or of the bulls which ramble about the city almost like pet dogs. These are the Sacred Bulls of the Temple and can do as they like. So if a bull sees something he likes in a shop he goes in and takes it, and the owner bows in front of him. He will even go right into a house, sniffing round till he finds something he is in quest of, which he smelt from outside, and everyone thinks that it is an honor, and that it will bring a blessing on the house.

THE GREAT EVENT OF THE YEAR

There is one day in the year when men and women, young and old, all make holiday and go to the city on the banks of a sacred stream to see the grand procession of the Holy Image. It is the *mela,* or great fair, and that is the time when every woman and girl puts on the gayest robes and the most glittering ornaments.

They first go to bathe in the holy stream and drink a little of the water. Some wear garlands of flowers round their necks, and walk into the water till it is deep enough to reach the garland and carry it down the stream. They put on other robes when they come out, but the sun is so hot that in a few minutes the thin wet ones are dried.

The native drums, or tom-toms, make a great din in front of the huge image, and everyone calls out as the gorgeous car passes slowly along, drawn by the sacred white oxen.

After that the children have a great time. Candies, cakes, and trinkets fill up many a booth, noisy bands with much drum and little tune attract them from corner to corner, and there are all sorts of amusements.

Perhaps they love best the clever sparrow perched on its master's finger, so they gather round and watch. First the man holds up a thread, and the little bird climbs up and down it like a monkey; next the sparrow takes a bead from the ground and threads it on the string, then another and another till he has made a bright necklace.

While their elders watch the snake-charmers, who play upon pipes as great dangerous snakes coil round their bodies, the children join the next crowd, in the center of which are some acrobats.

The acrobats are often quite tiny children, who can roll themselves up

Courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line

THE BATHING GHATS AT BENARES, INDIA

into a ball, or tie themselves into knots, or bend round backward into a hoop.

Further on there are men with performing monkeys or bears, and then, again, the jugglers who make a mango tree grow up from a little seed in front of your eyes, or climb up a rope which they throw into the air, and it is all so wonderful that the children think everything is bewitched.

Before sunset they must start for home, for it is slow work going on foot or in a bullock-cart; and it won't do for them to be going through the jungle when night has fallen, lest the tiger should be abroad.

For weeks they will talk of all that happened at the *mela,* but it will be a whole year before they have such a day again.

A PICNIC IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

BY FRANK FOX

THE Australian child wakens very often to the fact that "to-day is a holiday." The people of the sunny southern continent work very hard indeed, but they know that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"; and Jill a dull girl, too. So they have very frequent holidays.

The Australian child, rising on a holiday morning, and finding it fine and bright—very rarely is he disappointed in the weather of his sunny climate—gives a whoop of joy as he remembers that he is going on a picnic into the forest, or the "bush," as it is called invariably in Australia.

AN AUSTRALIAN HOME

Suppose him starting from Wahroonga, a pretty suburb about ten miles from Sydney, the biggest city of Australia. Jim lives there with his brothers and sisters and parents in a little villa of about nine rooms, and four deep shady verandas, one for each side of the house.

On these verandas in summer the family will spend most of the time. Meals will be served there; reading, writing, sewing done there; in many households the family will also sleep there, the little couches being protected by nets to keep off mosquitoes which may be hovering about in thousands. And in the morning, as the sun peeps through the bare beautiful trunks of the white gums, the magpies will begin to carol and the kookaburras (the native name for the laughing jackass) to laugh, and the family will wake to a freshness which is divine.

Around the house are lawns, of coarse grass, but still looking smooth and green, and many flower-beds in which all the flowers on earth seem to bloom. There are roses in endless variety—Jim's mother boasts that she has sixty-five different sorts—and some of them are blooming all the year round, so mild is the climate. Phlox, verbenas, bouvardias, pelargoniums, geraniums grow side by side with such tropical plants as gardenias, tuberoses, hibisci, jacarandas, magnolias. In season there are daffodils, and snowdrops, and narcissi, and dahlias, and chrysanthemums. Recall all the flowers you know; add to them the flowers of southern Italy and many from India, from Mexico, from China, from the Pacific Islands, and you have an idea of the fine garden Jim enjoys.

Beyond the garden is a tennis-court, and around its high wire fences are trained grapevines of different kinds, muscatels and black amber and shiraz, and lady's-fingers, which yield splendidly without any shelter or artificial heat.

On the other side of the house is a little orchard, not much more than an acre, where, all in the open air, grow melons, oranges, lemons, persimmons (or Japanese plums), apples, pears, peaches, apricots, custard-apples (a curious tropical fruit, which is soft inside and tastes like a sweet custard), guavas (from which delicious jelly is made), and also strawberries and raspberries.

The far corner is taken up with a paddock, for the horses are not kept in a stable, night or day, except occasionally when a very wet, cold night comes.

Inside the house there is to-day a great deal of bustle. Everybody is working—all the members of the family as well as the two maid-servants, for in Australia it is the rule to do things for yourself and not to rely too much on the labor of servants (who are hard to get and to keep). Even baby pretends to help, and has to be allowed to carry about a "billy" to give her the idea that she is useful. This "billy" is a tin pot in which, later on, water will be boiled over a little fire in the forest, and tea made. Food is packed up—perhaps cold meats, perhaps chops or steaks which will be grilled in the bush-fire. Always there are salads, cold fruit pies, home-made cakes, and fruit. Tea is never forgotten. It would not be a picnic without tea.

OFF TO THE PICNIC

Now a carryall is driven around to the front gate by the one man-servant of the house, who has harnessed up the horses and put food for them in the carryall. Some neighbors arrive; a picnic may be made up of just the members of one family, but usually there is a mingling of families, and that adds to the fun. The fathers of the families, as like as not, ride saddle-horses and do not join the others in the carryall; some of the elder children, too, boys and girls, may ride their ponies, for in Australia it is common for children to have ponies.

The party starts with much laughter, with inquiries as to the safety of the "billy" and the whereabouts of the matches. It is a sad thing to go out in the woods for a picnic and find at the last moment that no one has any matches with which to light a fire. The black fellows can start a flare by rubbing two sticks together, but not many white men have mastered that art.

The picnic makes its way along a bush road four or five miles through pretty orchard country, given up mostly to growing peaches, grapes, and oranges, the cultivated patches in their bright colors showing in vivid contrast against the quiet gray-green of the gum trees. It is spring, and all the peach trees are dressed in gay pink bloom, and belts of this color stretch into the forest for miles around.

The road leaves the cultivated area. The ground becomes rocky and sterile. The gum trees still grow sturdily, but there is no grass beneath; instead a wild confusion of wiry, heather-like brush, bearing all sorts of curious flowers, white, pink, purple, blue, deep brown. One flower called the flannel-daisy is like a great star, and its petals seem to be cut of the softest white flannel. The boronia and the native rose compel at-

AN AUSTRALIAN HOME

tention by their piercing, aromatic perfume, which is strangely refreshing. The exhaling breath of the gum trees, too, is keen and exhilarating.

Now the path dips into a little hollow. What is that sudden blaze of glowing yellow? It is a little clump of wattle trees, about as big as apple trees, covered all over with soft flossy blossoms of the brightest yellow. I like to imagine that the wattle is just imprisoned sunlight; that one early morning the sun's rays came stealing over the hill to kiss the wattle treees while they seemed to sleep; but the trees were really quite wide awake, and stretched out their pretty arms and caught the sunbeams and would never let them go; and now through the winter the wattles hide the sunrays away in their roots, cuddling them softly; but in spring they let them come out on the branches and play wild games in the breeze, but will never let them escape.

Past the little wattle grove there is a hill covered with the white gums. The young bark of these trees is of a pinky white, like the arms of a baby-girl. As the season advances and the sun beats more and more fiercely on the trees, the bark deepens in color into red and brown, and deep brown-pink. After that the bark dies (in Australia most of the trees shed their bark and not their leaves), and as it dies strips off and shows the new fair white bark underneath.

THE PICNIC

Our party has now come to a gully which carries a little fresh-water creek to an arm of the sea near by. This is the camping-place. A nice soft bit of meadow will be found in the shade of

the hillside. The fresh-water stream will give water for the "billy" tea and for the horses to drink. Down below a dear little beach, not more than 100 yards long, but of the softest sand, will allow the youngsters to paddle their feet, but they must not go in to swim, for fear of sharks.

The beach has on each side a rocky-shelving shore, and on the rocks will be found any number of fine sweet oysters. Jim and his mate Tom have brought oyster-knives, and are soon down on the shore, and in a very short while bring, ready-opened, some dozens of oysters for their mothers and fathers. The girls of the party are quite able to forage oysters for themselves. Some of them do so; others wander up the sides of the gully and collect wild flowers for the table, which will not be a table at all, but just a cloth spread over the grass.

They come back with the news that they have seen waratahs growing. That is exciting enough to take attention away even from the oysters, for the waratah, the handsomest wild flower of the world, is becoming rare around the cities. All the party follows the girl guides over a slope into another gully. All the undergrowth has been burned away, and the trunks of the trees badly charred, but the trees have not been killed. The gum has a very thick bark, which seems to have been purposely made to resist fire. This bark gets scorched in a bush-fire, but unless the fire is a very fierce one indeed, the tree is not vitally hurt.

Around the blackened tree-trunks tongues of fire seem to be still licking. At a height of about six feet from the ground, those scarlet heart-shapes are surely flames. No, they are the waratahs, which love to grow where there have been fires. The waratah is of a brilliant red color, growing single and stately on a high stalk. Its shape is of a heart; its size about that of a pear. The waratah is not at all a dainty, fragile flower, but a solid mass of bloom like the vegetable cauliflower; indeed, if you imagine a cauliflower of a vivid red color, about the size of a pear and the shape of a heart, growing on a stalk six feet high, you will have some idea of the waratah.

Two of the flowers are picked—Tim's father will not allow more—and they are brought to help the decoration of the picnic meal.

The picnickers find that their appetites have gained zest from the sweet salty oysters. They are ready for lunch. A fire is started, with great precaution that it does not spread; meat is roasted on spits (perhaps, too, some fish is brought from the sea near by); and a hearty, jolly meal is eaten. Perhaps it would be better to say devoured, for at a picnic there is no nice etiquette of eating, and you may use your fingers quite without shame as long as you are not "disgusting." The nearest sister to Jim will tell him promptly if he becomes "disgusting," but I can't tell you all the rules. It isn't "disgusting" to hold a chop in your fingers as you eat it, or to stir your tea with a nice clean stick from a gum tree. But it is "disgusting" to put your fingers on what anyone else

SALT READY FOR SHIPMENT
Lake Fowler, South Australia

will have to eat, or to cut at the loaf of bread with a soiled knife.

The picnic habit is not one for children only. Jim will be still eager for a picnic when he is the father of a big Jim of his own; that is, if he is the right kind of a human being and keeps the Australian spirit.

After the midday meal, all sorts of games are played until the lengthening shadows tell that homeward time comes near. Then the "billy" is boiled again and tea made, the horses harnessed up and the picnickers turn back toward civilization. The setting sun starts a beautiful game of shine and shadow in among the trees of the gum forest; the aromatic exhalations from the trees give the evening air a hint of balm and spice; the people driving or riding grow a little pensive, for the spell of the Australian forest, "tender, intimate, spiritual," is upon them. But it is a pensiveness of pure, quiet joy, of those who have come near to Nature and enjoyed the peace of her holy places.

TRAVELS AND TALES

BY HUGH LAURENCE

THE FABLE OF THE FROGS

THERE is an old city in the East called Bagdad, and many strange stories have been told about it. Here is a tale that has never been told before.

A ship was lying one day on the river at Bagdad. Its load of goods had been put on shore, and the sailors were away in the city. No sound was heard on deck, for the man left in charge was sleeping in the hot sunshine. Suddenly there was a little splash; a frog had jumped off the ship into the river.

Now this clever young frog had come all the way from England by mistake! He had been packed away in the hold, among some damp straw. There he had lain for many weeks, till at last the ship was unloaded at Bagdad. He waited in the straw, till the sailors were out of the way, and then he went plump into the river.

"Dear me, what a long way the ship has brought me!" said the frog, when he came to the top of the water. "I had better go straight home." So off he went down the river, swimming as hard as he could. He swam on all day, and all night.

"It is going to be a long way to the sea," he said at last. "I think I had better take ship again." So he climbed on to a log, that was floating down the river. On this he sailed for a week and a day, till the stream flowed into another river. Here the log stuck in the mud.

"This is too bad!" said the frog, "I shall have to swim to the sea after all." So he dived into the water again. But the river was now so wide that he lost his way, and swam up the other river by mistake. At last he made up his mind to ask the way to the sea.

So he swam ashore, among the reeds on the bank of the river. There he found an old gray frog, sitting on a brick. He looked so old and ugly, that the young frog felt sure he must know everything.

"Please, sir, can you tell me the way to the sea?" he asked, in a very polite tone.

"To—the—sea?" said the old frog, sleepily. "This used to be the seashore once. But the sea went away long ago. What became of it I never knew."

"Dear me, that is very odd!" said the young frog. "The sea must have got lost, like me. But who are you, sir? You seem to have been here a long time."

"I am the King of Eridu," the old frog said. "The people left the city of Eridu when it was thrown down; and here I have ruled ever since, in solitude." (He had such a big mouth, that he had to use long words.)

"But why was the city thrown down?" the young frog asked, in surprise. The frog king was silent for a minute. "I forget," he said at last. "You will find the whole story written on my throne." He patted the brick he was sitting on, and shut his eyes, as if he were going off to sleep.

The young frog looked at the brick. It was covered all over with strange writing. But, with all his skill, he could not read it. So he turned again to the frog king, though he looked fast asleep.

"How long is it since the town of Eridu was built?" he asked.

"O, ever so long!" said the frog king, with his eyes still shut. "I can't remember when."

"Was it built before Bagdad?"

"O, long before that, long before that!" said the old frog, slowly. "Long before Abraham lived, long before anything else. . . . I forget when."

He tried to remember, and the more he tried the bigger his head grew. But still he kept on trying and trying, until at last he burst!

Then the young frog climbed up on the brick, to see what was left. So he became King of Eridu, and perhaps he is there still.

THE CITIES OF THE RIVER LAND

WHAT the old frog said in the fable was quite true. The city of Eridu was one of the oldest cities of the world. We do not know when it was first built. But it is no wonder that the old frog could not remember; for Eridu was standing by the sea 4,000 or 5,000 years ago, and. for all we know, it may have been built long ages before that.

When the frog tried to count how long ago that was, he burst! So we shall use an easier way of showing the age of Eridu. Let us find out what became of the sea.

Rivers are the drain pipes of the land. They carry away the rain water to the sea. But there is always some mud in the water, and when it reaches the sea, this mud falls to the bottom in tiny grains. After a time, these grains form a bank of mud at the mouth of the river; and at last these mud-banks are built up into land.

When the temple at Eridu was first built, it stood by the seashore at the mouth of the river. Ships from over the sea sailed into the harbor, with copper to make the vessels of the temple. But while the priest stood at the altar, the river was quietly dropping little grains of mud round the mouth of the harbor.

Slowly the mud rose higher and higher, till the harbor was quite choked up. Then the mud dried, and there was land where the sea had been. Every year the sea was pushed back a few feet, and this has gone on for so long that now the old port of Eridu is more than a hundred miles from the sea. No wonder the frog king was puzzled!

But we should be puzzled, too, if we tried to find Eridu. It is not marked on the map. All that is left of it is a mound of sand. How then shall we find out about it? We must do as the frog king told us, and read what is written on the brick. We shall find a wonderful tale.

The words on the brick were written when the clay was soft. Instead of writing with a pen, the men of those days used a slip of wood with a sharp edge. With this they made little digs in the soft clay.

Thousands of these bricks have been found in our time, and so we have been able to read the history of that old land.

It used to be called the River Land, for it was shut in by two great rivers. The land between was wet and covered with reeds. But the people made canals to drain off the water, and built fine cities. Each city had a splendid temple, and from its top one could look across the flat land, and see the temples of other cities rising, here and there, above the plain.

The story of the bricks tells us of long wars between these cities in the dim past. One brick after another tells the same dry story. But here at last is one that reads like a fairy tale. It is about a great ruler called Sargon. When he was a baby, we read, his mother was not able to keep him. So she took a basket and painted it with pitch. Then she put little Sargon in the basket, and set it in the river.

The basket floated away, down the great river. It happened that the man who looked after the canals was walking that day on the bank. He heard a baby crying, and soon he saw the little basket. So he brought it ashore, and found the baby safe and well. Sargon was trained to be a gardener, but when he grew up he became king. He ruled over all the River Land, and far beyond it to the Middle Sea.

Postmen carried the letters of Sargon over the long roads to the sea; and we can still see the clay covers that were used for envelopes nearly 5,000 years ago. But the empire of Sargon and his son broke up after they were dead. Nothing was left of it all but the story written on the bricks.

Long after this, about the time of Abraham. another great king ruled over all these lands. His name was Hammurabi, and he was one of the best kings that have ever lived. He made good roads and dug new canals, till the River Land looked like one rich garden. Then he set the laws in order, and wrote them down on a hard stone. Long, long years after this stone was dug up out of the ground.

They also gathered together thousands of books. There are books about history, and books about the stars. There are stories about the Flood and about the making of the world, very like what we read in the Bible. There are even reading-books for children at school. But the books were not at all like what we use to-day. They were not printed on paper; they were written on clay, and baked into bricks!

The palace of this great king was in Babylon. This old city was, for 2,000 years, the most famous of all the cities in that part of Asia. But where are these old cities now? They are fallen to ruin, and covered over with sand. Like the frog in the fable, the world had forgotten all about them, till their story was found written on the clay bricks.

THE TEMPLE OF PHILÆ SUBMERGED BY THE ASSUAN DAM FLOODS

THE SECRET OF THE NILE

A GREAT part of the north of Africa is desert, a dry land of stone and burning sand. But right through the hot desert, on the east side, flows a wonderful river called the Nile. Near the mouth of this river, a strange monster, carved out of stone, lifts its gread head and shoulders above the sand.

There it has stood, looking across the sand, for thousands of years. It has the body of a lion and the head of a man. People used to say that it kept a secret, which no man could guess. If any one tried and guessed wrong, the monster killed him. But the river that flows by has a secret, too; and for long, long years, no one could guess the secret of the Nile.

Where does this strange river come from? Near the sea it opens out like a fan. Look at it on the map, and perhaps you may think it looks more like a kite, with its long tail spread out over Africa. The Nile flows through a long ditch, a few miles wide, with a wall of rock on each side. Beyond these rocky walls is the desert. There in the hot sand no fruit will grow, except in a few places where springs of water have made a garden in the desert.

At the hottest and driest time of the year, the soil cracks with the heat. But just then, when the fields are thirsty, the water of the Nile begins to rise between its banks. Soon the water flows through the canals made to carry it, and spreads over the fields, till the land of the Nile is like one long lake. Only the towns rise above the water, like islands here and there. Then the river sinks again, leaving behind it a thin coat of black mud over the fields. This new soil needs no plough. The farmer has only to scatter his seed, and in a few weeks the fields are green with young wheat.

For long ages the Nile kept its secret. In old days many travelers went far up the river; but they could not find where it began, or why the floods came. At last in our time the secret has been found out.

In the middle of Africa is a great lake. It is as big as the State of Maine, and is high up among the hill-tops of the land. At one end of the lake the water tumbles over the edge, and races down the hills. This is how the Nile sets out on its long journey of 4,000 miles.

On its way to the sea the Nile is joined by other rivers. These come from a land of high mountains. Every summer the rain pours down on these mountains, till the water rushes from the slopes in muddy streams. On it flows till it reaches the Nile, and spreads itself over the thirsty land. So the secret of the Nile is now quite plain, and another mystery of Nature's has been solved by man's perseverance.

A great dam has been built across the river so as to form an artificial lake called a reservoir, or storage place, to hold the flood waters of the Nile, and by means of the water thus held back large tracts of land which before were desert, are irrigated or watered, and made fertile. But the lake covers some of the islands in the river, and the ancient temples that were built on the island of Philæ are almost covered with water except for three months of the year.

As we sail down the Nile we see many old stone giants. Some of them are cut out of the face of the rock, on the banks of the river. They keep watch at the doors of dark halls, cut deep into the hill-side. Others sit on thrones built on the flat land, and the water laps around their feet when the Nile is in flood.

Here and there on the banks of the river are old temples, where the men of long ago used to worship. These temples have stood for thousands of years; and with their great stone pillars, they look as if they will stand forever. The walls are bright with pictures of the people who lived here long, long ago.

But where are these people now? We must look for them in the tombs that are scattered all over the land. The kings of those days wished to lie safe and in peace, when they died; so they built great tombs, that are now the wonder of the world.

Some of these tombs are built far out in the desert, where they look like sharp points, rising out of the sand. When we draw near, we find that these "points" are bigger and higher than most buildings we know. There are steps leading to the top, but each step is a block of stone as high as a boy's shoulder.

Other tombs are found in a bare, lonely place, called the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. It is like a dead city, but it has no streets, for the houses are all cut out of the rock. Long passages lead far into the heart of the hill; and

Copyright by the Publishers Photo Service

THE SAKI

With this crude wheel the natives of Egypt dip up water from the Nile and deposit it in the basin above, from where it flows through canals to irrigate the fields

Copyright by the Publishers Photo Service

STATUE OF RAMESES II IN THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR, EGYPT

there in dark rooms the dead kings were hidden long ago, with a rich store of gold and jewels, each body rolled round and round with cloths.

The tombs were well guarded in the old days; but yet, 3,000 years ago, thieves broke in and stole the rich treasure. We can still read in an old book how the thieves were caught and punished.

The dead kings were then taken to safer places. Some were hidden at the foot of a long passage that went down into the rock like a cork-screw. Others were put into a deep pit, and the mouth of the pit was sealed up. This pit was kept so secret that no one knew where it was.

At last, in our time, the pit was found. In this quiet place of safety the kings and queens of Egypt had lain for over 3,000 years. The cloths were then taken off, laying bare the faces of kings that once led great armies to war, till all the nations feared them. One of these men, lying now with closed eyes, was Rameses the Great, a proud king who, when he went to war, took with him a tame lion instead of a dog.

In this strange old land, many things have been found that are not gloomy like these tombs. There are dolls and toys and games, very much like what we have to-day. There are pictures of children playing, of men hunting, and of women baking.

The boys went to school when they were four, and they seem to have been well whipped by the schoolmaster! When school was done we are told they ran away "with shouts of joy;" so they must have been very like children of to-day.

Here is a fable that was found in Egypt, in the copy-book of a school-boy of long ago. The writing is quite clear, and at the side of the page the teacher's marks can still be seen. The fable tells how the hands and feet were angry with the head, and went to law.

The hands said they had to do all the work, while the head sat still on its neck!

But the head said: "I keep all in order. I see, I hear, I speak. The hands are strong and proud. But I am their queen and I shall punish them. For it is I who . . . "

That is all that is written in the copy-book. The lesson ended there three thousand years ago.

The books of those times were written on sheets made from a kind of grass called pap-y-rus, which has given us the word paper. Books of

all kinds have been found—school-books, histories, fairy-tales. Here is a tale which is very like one that we all know:

ROSY-CHEEKS AND HER SANDAL

Some girls were one day sitting by a fountain talking. They were busy making garlands of flowers, for the king had just come back from war, and they wished to make the city gay.

They looked very pretty among the flowers. But the prettiest of all was a girl named Rosy-Cheeks. She was not finely dressed like the others, but they loved her for her sweet face. She had taken off one of her sandals, and was bathing her foot in the fountain.

Suddenly, while they were talking, an eagle swooped down and carried off the sandal. Rosy-Cheeks jumped up and clasped her hands. "O, what will my step-mother say?" she cried.

Who should come up just then but the step-mother herself, looking very cross! "Come along, lazy-bones," she said angrily. "That jar you bought from Hui, the potter, was cracked. We must go and complain to the king."

The king was sitting in his garden, talking to an old priest, while the ladies of the court sat round about.

"Ah, King," the old priest was saying, "now that the war is over and you can live at home, it is time for you to take a wife."

"Alas," said the King, "who will choose for me? I am but a soldier and know only the soldier's life. If Heaven would only give some sign. . . ."

Just then there was a swoop of wings, and something fell at the king's feet. He picked it up in wonder: it was a little sandal.

"A sign from Heaven!" he cried. "As sure as I am Pharaoh, I will wed the maid who can put on this little sandal."

All the ladies of the court rushed forward to try it on. They all tried, but it was no use. While they were busy, a woman came through the crowd, dragging a girl with her. It was Rosy-Cheeks and her step-mother.

"Why, mother, there is my sandal!" cried Rosy-Cheeks. She ran forward to where it lay, and easily slipped her little foot into it. Then, while all the people stood staring, she pulled out the other sandal from her pocket, and put it on, too.

The grand ladies grew very angry, but the King bade them be quiet.

"The word of Pharaoh cannot be broken," he said, as he took her by the hand. "I will wed this maid." And when he saw her sweet face, he was not sorry that he had kept his word.

THE LAND OF PALMS

Let us now climb up Mount Carmel, in the Holy Land, and let us turn our faces to the north. On our right we see a great wall of mountains rising high into the air. Its old name is Lebanon, but those who live there now call it "The Old White-headed Man," for its top is white with snow. When the clouds climbed those high slopes, the frost caught some of the tiny drops by their misty dresses, and froze them into snow. And now, high up in that cold prison, they are held captive forever.

Lower down, the sides of the mountains are covered with a thick robe of forest. Between the mountain wall and the sea is a long narrow plain, that used to be called the Palm Land, or Phœnicia. Its soil is so rich and so well watered, that the land is like one long garden, shut in between the mountains and the blue sea.

It is no wonder that cities grew up long ago in this garden land, kept safe from enemies by its splendid wall. But if we look closer, we shall see that the land is cut up by lower walls of hills that come down from the mountains to the sea. These hills are very steep and hard to cross. So the men of long ago learned to sail along the coast, from town to town, in ships. The forests of cedar trees gave them the wood they needed to build their ships. In this way the men of the Palm Land grew up to be a nation of sailors.

All along the shore of the Palm Land is a beach of white sand. It is like a silver border, adding to the riches of the country. For this sand was used in old days in making the glass that the traders sold. And on this beach they found the shells from which they made the purple dyes for their cloths. The beautiful cloths made in this little land were once known all over the world.

The two greatest cities of the Palm Land were Tyre and Sidon. Their harbors were full of ships from many lands. Their warships, with glaring painted eyes and sharp tusks, prowled the seas like monsters of the deep.

To us their ships would have seemed very small. Yet these bold sailors went far out

to sea in them. It is said that they even sailed round Africa; though for 2,000 years after, there were no other sailors bold enough to do so again. While day lasted they steered by the sun, and at night by the stars.

All round the Great Sea, wherever their ships sailed, new towns sprang up. These traders left behind them one gift that has never been lost. For they taught men to use an alphabet like our own.

Some of the traders sailed north to the land of Britain. They went there to get the tin that is found in the ground near Land's End. How one wishes that they had told us what that land was like in those far-off days! But they kept their secret, for they did not wish any one else to know where the tin was found.

One of the traders was once sailing to the tin mines of Britain, when he saw a ship following him. To keep the stranger from learning the secret, he led him in among rocks, and both ships were wrecked.

Another brave seaman of those days, named Hanno, has left us the story of his travels. He sailed down the coast of Africa, he says, till he came to an island "full of savage people, of whom the greater part were women. Their bodies were covered with hair and they were called Gorillas." He caught three of these women, but they fought with tooth and nail. (This does not surprise us, for we know now that gorillas are monkeys.) So at last Hanno killed them, and took their skins home to Carthage.

The splendid city of Carthage stood on the African coast, looking out on the Great Sea. It grew to be a greater city than Tyre itself; but the story of Queen Dido, who built it, is very sad. The tale is told by one of the great poets of the old world.

Dido lived at first in Tyre, where her brother was king. But he was so cruel, that at last she fled to Africa, and built there a new city called Carthage. One day a traveler named Æneas came to her court. He told her the sad tale of Troy, his own city—how the Greeks had burned it down and slain the old king. And he told her how he himself had escaped from the flames, carrying his aged father on his back.

Dido was sorry for her noble guest. He stayed long with her, and as they talked in the palace and hunted together in the valley, they came to love each other dearly. But one night Æneas was warned in a dream that he must go away. Dido cried bitterly when he told her. She begged him not to leave her, but he would not stay.

Then Queen Dido thought of a dark plan. She called to her sister Anna, and said. "Make a pile of wood in the court of the palace, and lay on it all the gifts that he has given me." Anna made ready the wood gladly, for she said: "Dido will forget her lover more easily, if she burns his gifts."

As Æneas sailed away from Carthage, he looked back and saw smoke rising from the pile of wood. But it was not only his gifts that were burning there. For when her lover left, the unhappy Dido mounted the pile, and having set fire to it, slew herself with a sword.

LOADING FRUIT ON A STEAMER AT JAFFA, PALESTINE

This harbor, as it is called, is simply a natural breakwater, formed by a ledge of reefs; it is very dangerous for large vessels, which never come nearer than about a mile off-shore, but is perfectly safe for the small water craft

ITALY

Italy is a land of beauty. When we come down to it from the rocks and snows of the Alps, its plains seem one great garden of fruit and corn. The land of Italy runs far out into the blue sea in the shape of a long boot. Here sun and moon shine more brightly than in many other lands. And here, in the south, roses and violets bloom all the year round.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

AMALFI, ITALY

"I beheld the scene and stood as one amazed."—*Longfellow*

In Italy there is many a fine palace, full of pictures and statues. For in that lovely land they like to make beautiful things. The boys and girls like to dress in red and blue and yellow, and to sing and be merry. Even a ragged fisher boy will try to draw a pretty picture, as he stands waiting for his father's boat.

Once a great feast was being held in a palace. The table was laid with fine silver dishes, full of the lovely fruits of Italy. There were dainty cakes, too, made by the clever cook. Last of all a big plate was brought in on which lay the shape of a lion, made out of butter!

Every one praised this fine work. But when the cook came, he said that he had not made the lion himself. So the master of the house told the cook to bring the clever artist for his friends to see him.

In a few minutes the cook came back, bringing with him a little boy nine years old. He was poorly dressed, and looked very shy on being brought among such grand people. But when he saw the lion standing proudly on the great table, he smiled and said: "Yes, I made it."

The master was so pleased with the little boy that he sent him to a famous teacher of art. And now in all great cities there are statues by Canova, the boy who made the lion out of butter.

NORWAY

When the young folk of Norway are at play, they like best to skim over the snow on their snow-skates. With these long skates on, they can fly down-hill as fast as a train, and jump right across a river.

Every winter young folk come together from all parts of Norway to see who can skate best. Some of them come from the far north, the land of the midnight sun. There for two summer months the sun never sets at all but goes round and round in the sky. Then in the winter it hides itself, and for two months they have a long, dreary night.

Up in the lonely mountains that long night is a fearful time. The highest mountains are called the Giants' Home, and the boys and girls of Norway could tell you many old tales of the giants that once lived there. We still use the names of the old heathen gods of Norway. For Thurs-day is the day of Thor, the god who rode on the storm-clouds and made thunder with his hammer; and Wednes-day is the day of Woden, the chief of all their gods.

We learned these names from the Norse pirates, who went to England long ago to fight and rob, and some of whom remained to make their home there. In old days the Norsemen were fierce sea rovers, just as they are bold sailors now. They were called "sea wolves," and their ships were feared in every land. The Norsemen were as much at home on sea as on shore; for in their own land of Norway, the sea sends its arms far in between the mountains, till on the map sea and land seem to be laced together.

In those wild times, the boys of Norway did not trouble with lessons out of books. But young Prince Harold learned to make songs and to play on the harp. He was just ten years old, but he could hunt and swim; he could fling a spear or make a boat.

One day he went to the smithy to make a spear-head. He put the iron into the fire till it was red, then beat it into shape on the anvil.

"Now I must make a handle," he said. So he put on his snow-skates, and away he went to a wood. On the top of a rock he saw a young ash tree, that was just the size for a spear-handle.

So he threw off his snow-skates, and climbed up on hands and knees. The thorns tore his coat and hurt his hands, but Harold did not care. Soon he had cut down the ash, and flung it to the foot of the rock.

He now slid down after the tree, and was putting on his snow-skates when he heard a snarl behind him. Before he could turn, a wolf sprang at him. Harold felt a shoot of pain, as he turned upon the wolf. Its sharp teeth had met in his arm. In a moment he whipped out the spear-head from his belt, and drove it into the wolf's neck. With a faint howl the beast fell back—dead.

Harold then fixed his snow-skates, picked up the ash tree, and went back to the smithy. He was busy fitting the handle into his spear-head when the smith came in.

"A good spear, Harold," said the smith; "but what is this? Your arm is bleeding!"

"Only a wolf scratch," said Harold. "I hope to have better wounds some day."

When Harold grew up to be a man, he fought in many a battle, and was one of the greatest kings of Norway.

TIBET

India is shut in on the north by a wall of mountains, the highest in the world. Behind these is the strange land of Tibet. It stands above India, as a table stands above the floor around it; but this table-land is three or four times as high as any ordinary hill. In this high land the air is very cold. Yet little boys and girls in their warm clothes are quite snug. If you met them, they would not shake hands, but would put out their tongues instead! That seems rude to us, but in Tibet it is polite.

Until a few years ago they would let no white men go into Tibet. So we do not know much about them.

The common folk live in poor huts. But all over the land are big houses, and in these houses thousands of holy men live together as monks. We should not think them very holy; for their way of praying is to write some words on a wheel, and turn it round and round.

Their ruler is called the Grand Lama. When a new Lama is needed, they pick out a little boy. He is taken away from his mother and is trained by the monks.

AUSTRALIA

If you look at the globe, you will see that most of the land is packed round the upper part of the world. But down below, in the middle of the sea, is a big land called Australia.

It stands there all by itself, like a bad boy who has been put in a corner. Indeed, the English used to send their bad men there, to get rid of them. But they soon saw the mistake of sending out so many bad men, for the people there did not like it. And now they are proud of the brave new nation that has grown up in that fine land, and that in time of trouble goes bravely to the mother country's help.

It is so far from North America that steamers take many weeks to go there. When you are fast asleep in the night, the children of Australia are at school. When you are keeping Christmas, they are keeping it, too; but with them it is the middle of summer.

When their summer is over, the leaves of the trees do not fall off as they do with us. But instead some of the trees cast their outer bark! One of these is the gum tree, which rises like a tall chimney-stalk with a crown of leaves at the top. These high trees do not give much shade from the hot sun, but many of our trees have been planted there, and fruit-trees, especially oranges and lemons, live there and thrive.

A large part of the central plain of Australia is a desert. Almost no rain falls there; there are no lakes or rivers, and the land is quite dry. But in some places, deep wells, called artesian wells, have been bored, and these deep, flowing wells send streams rushing up through pipes from hundreds of feet below the surface to water the thirsty land and provide water for the flocks and for great fields of wheat. Quantities of good butter and of wheat are sent to other lands.

On the grassy plains of Australia great flocks of sheep are kept. The wool is sent to other lands to be made into cloth. The sheep-farmers send out mutton, too; but first they freeze it hard, so as to keep it fresh and good. Besides sheep, there are fine herds of cows, horses, and pigs on the plains.

The fences in Australia are made of rabbit wire, and when a man builds a fence the law makes him dig a trench and sink the wire some distance in the ground to keep the rabbits out.

Rabbits are not native to Australia; but a few were taken there by English people. There were no beasts of prey in Australia to keep the rabbits down, and very soon their numbers grew until there were hundreds of thousands of them to eat up the grass and the crops. That is why fences have to be so carefully made, and why laws were made to compel men to destroy as many of the little animals as they possibly could.

But there are beasts and birds in Australia that seem strange to us. There is the kangaroo, that jumps along on its hind legs, and carries its babies in a pocket in front. And there is the emu, a strange bird that stands higher than a man, but cannot fly.

The wild land where these birds and beasts lived is fast being changed into fruit gardens and wheat fields. But those who went there first had hard work to clear the land. Here is a true story that reminds us of the "Babes in the Wood":

In a lonely hut in the woods, there lived a carpenter named Duff. Every day he used to send his three little children out into the wood to get fagots for the fire. But one evening at tea-time they did not come back.

They had gone too far from the hut, and had lost their way. The gum trees, with their tall bare stems, looked so much alike that the children did not know which way to turn. There were no berries to eat in these woods. There was gold in the beds of the dry streams, but what use was that when there was no water to drink?

When they did not come back to tea, Duff went out into the woods to look for them.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" Duff's call rang out through the woods. But there was no answer; only the mad laugh of that strange bird, the "laughing jackass."

All night long Duff hunted, and next day, with some of his friends, he hunted still. But they could find no trace of the children. At last, after a week of seeking, Duff got some of the "black fellows" to help him.

These black fellows lived in the land before the white men came. They are very clever at finding a track in the forest. Their quick eyes can pick out a broken twig or a pressed leaf, that shows where feet have stepped. Soon one of them stopped, and pointed to a mark in the grass.

"Here little one tired," he said; "big one carry him along."

So the men went on till at last they found the three children, lying under a bush. Were they dead? Not quite. Frank, who was just five,

Copyright by Publishers Photo Service Co.

SCENES IN AUSTRALIA

Upper picture: Fat sheep ready for market *Lower picture:* Harvesting

seemed stronger than the other two. And no wonder! For his brave sister Jane had given him her cloak to keep him warm, and Willie had carried him over the hard ground. They found very little water, only a little now and then in the cup of a pitcher plant. But little Frank always got the biggest share of it. Duff and his party carried the children back to the hut, and in a few weeks they were quite well again. Then one day they had a surprise, for some of Duff's friends brought a bag of money as a present for Willie and Jane.

PERSIA

In fairy tales we are told of magic carpets, that would carry one to any part of the world. Let us go to the store where carpets are on show, and play at "magic carpet." Here is a fine rug, in soft shades of red and blue and green. This is just what we want. Let us step on, and ask it to carry us away to Persia, where it was made.

Across the sea the rug carries us, and over land after land. Now we look down on sea again, a blue sea, dotted all over with little islands. We should love to stop on one of these pretty islands, but the rug flies on. Once more we are sailing over a wide land, with hills and valleys. When the people look up at us, we see that here they have dark faces.

But now we have come to a high empty land, with only a village here and there. The rug comes down near the ground, for this is Persia at last. How hot it is! Where shall we find a cool place to stop? That looks like a lake over there; but when we come near, we find it is just a big cake of salt, left by a lake that has dried up.

Let us follow this track that leads to the south. We pass a string of camels, each carrying a bundle of rugs like ours. They are going to the market at Shiraz, among the mountains. But we are there long before the slow camels, and we step off our rug on to the flat roof of one of the houses.

A woman is hanging up some clothes she has just washed. She has on a very short skirt, and white trousers. But now her work is done, and she puts on her outdoor dress. It is a long cloak, that covers her head and comes down to her feet. Next she puts on a silk veil, that hides her face; and now she is ready to go out. Let us follow her.

She takes us to a lovely garden of roses. We walk in the cool shade of the trees, past marble fountains and beds of lilies. Here is a pile of rose-leaves, waiting to be made into scent. There red grapes hang in rich clusters. No wonder the poets of Persia love Shiraz!

But what is that? We hear above us the drone of a man's voice. It comes from the top of a high tower which looks like a big white candle, where a man is calling the people to prayer. Here and there in the garden men kneel down at that call to say their prayers.

There are many of these towers, and many painted domes in Shiraz. But half the city lies in ruins; for in the last century several earthquakes shook the town, and whole streets of houses fell.

In other parts of Persia there are ruins of great cities of long ago, that have fallen down through age. Long ago, when wild men only lived in our land, the kings of Persia ruled over a great part of Asia. On these ruins you may still see pictures of the wars of the old kings of Persia. Long stories are written on the walls, in letters that only learned men can read, telling of a life different, and yet like, our own.

MOROCCO

It is safer to read about Morocco than to go and see it. For bands of robbers hide in the hills, eager to catch any one who is so bold as to go alone. If you are caught, you will not be set free, unless you first pay a big sum of money.

A hundred years ago, even the sea in these parts was not safe. For pirates lay in wait for lonely ships. Many a hard fight was fought on the open sea, and many a sailor boy was taken to be the slave of a cruel black master.

In the street, little girls and boys are playing games very like yours. Two camels come slowly along, but they cannot pass in the street, for the houses are too close together. The drivers are getting very cross, so let us run off with the boys and girls.

They have stopped beside a ring of people, sitting on the ground. In the middle sits an old man with a long beard, dressed in a white robe. He is telling them a story. Let us listen. This is the tale he tells:

In the city of Bagdad there once lived a young man named Hassan. One night he brought home a stranger to have supper with him. This man looked like a merchant, but he was really the great Calif of Bagdad; for this Calif liked to go about among his people, dressed as a common man.

After supper, as they sat talking and telling stories, the Calif asked Hassan if he was content with his lot.

"There are five old men near here," said Hassan, "who are very cruel to the poor. I wish I could be Calif for just one day, so that I might punish them."

Now the Calif loved a good joke, so he hit upon a plan. He put some powder in Hassan's coffee, that made him fall fast asleep. Then he called a black slave, and made him carry Hassan to the palace.

In the morning, Hassan awoke to find his wish had come true! For he was now the Calif, and could do what he liked. First he had the five bad men whipped, and made them ride through Bagdad on asses, with their faces turned to the asses' tails! Then he sent a bag of gold to his mother.

Never before had Hassan had such a good time as on that day. But at night, when he fell asleep, he was carried back to his own home again.

When he awoke next day, he thought he was still the Calif. But his friends only laughed at him, and at last locked him in the mad-house. Here poor Hassan was kept for days, and was not let out till he owned his mistake.

Some time later, as the Calif was again walking in the streets of Bagdad, dressed as before, he met Hassan once more. But this time Hassan turned away, saying that the merchant had cast an evil spell upon him last time.

The Calif was sorry to hear what trouble his trick had given Hassan.

"Let me sup with you just once more," he said, "and I shall put it all right."

So the Calif went to supper with Hassan, and again he put powder in the coffee. Hassan fell fast asleep once more, and woke up next morning in the palace!

He rubbed his eyes, but there was no mistake this time. The room was full of music, so he got up and danced with glee. Just then he heard some one laugh behind his back. He looked round, and there was his friend the merchant, dressed now as the Calif.

Hassan at once bowed to the ground, for he saw now the trick that had been played upon him. But the Calif, laughing gayly, made him rise, and feast at his table. And ever after that, Hassan and the Calif were very good friends.

SOUTH AMERICA

You have read about the great sailor Columbus, who was the first to cross the Atlantic. He hoped to reach India, but he found America in the way.

If you look at a map, you will see that America is made up of two large continents joined together by a slender, ragged neck, which is very narrow at the lower end. For years men were very busy cutting a passage through this narrow place, so as to make a canal that ships could sail through. Until the Panama Canal, as it is called, was made ships had to sail far south, and go round Cape Horn before they could reach the western side.

The sea at Cape Horn is very stormy. But if you get safely round it, you may sail up the coast for four thousand miles, and all the way you will see a high wall of mountains. Parts of this wall look like a row of chimneys on the roof of the world. For the tops of some of the mountains are open, and ashes and melted rock come up out of the earth.

This wall of mountains is called the Andes. It is hard to cross, for on the top there the air is so thin that men turn ill for want of a good breath. But here and there is a break in the mountain wall, called a pass. In one of these lonely passes is a great statue of Jesus Christ. It stands at the place where two lands meet. The two nations have agreed never to go to war; so, lest they should forget, they have put up this statue of the Prince of Peace.

Down the eastern slope of the Andes great rivers flow. Many of them meet and form the vast river Amazon, which is so wide that at many points one cannot see across it, and large ships sail up it, across the continent, into the mountain country. Here, too, is the greatest forest in the world. The trees stand so close that the

branches grow into a tangle. Creeping plants hang like thick ropes across the streams. But sometimes, when you come near a hanging rope, it turns out to be a string of monkeys, each holding on to the next one's tail!

Farther south are great plains where herds of cattle roam. The boys who keep them live all day on horseback. They learn to ride when they are quite little. But the sport they like best is to gallop after wild horses and catch them with a lasso. This lasso is a long rope with a loop at the end, which they fling over the head of the flying horse.

But when they are not riding, they are very lazy. Like many other folk in South America they like the word "to-morrow." For they always put off working as long as they can.

Picture in your mind two brothers who live in Peru, a thousand miles from the plains of which we have been speaking. Of course they should be watching their sheep. But one of them is lying on a rock, looking down on an old city below. He rests there, idly dreaming of old days, and blinking his sleepy eyes in the sun.

As he looks, the city seems to change. The high church in the square melts away, and a temple stands in its place. Round its walls is a band of pure gold, which shines in the sun. On every side are palaces and open squares, and a fine road passes through the city.

This white road looks, to the dreamy boy, like a ribbon of silver. It goes on and on through Peru for a thousand miles; sometimes it is cut out of hard rock, sometimes it is swung high in the air on a rope bridge.

As the boy looks, there is a stir on the road below. The Inca is coming! He is the great ruler of Peru. The people shout, and strew flowers on the road before him.

"Long live the Inca!" they cry. "Long live the Child of the Sun!"

In front of the Temple of the Sun, the Inca stops and steps down from his chair. The gates are flung open, and light flashes from the golden walls within. But who are these inside the temple, sitting so still upon their golden chairs?

These are the bodies of old Incas, Children of the Sun, who have lived and ruled before. For when an Inca dies, his body is taken to this temple, and kept with care so that it does not soon turn to dust.

But now the young Inca walks up between the still ranks of the dead Children of the Sun. He bows and prays before the altar; then rises and walks slowly out. A trumpet sounds. . . .

The little boy on the hill above starts and rubs his eyes. The trumpet note that woke him came only from the pipe his brother is playing! The dream is gone. The wise Incas rule no longer in Peru. For, many years ago, soldiers came from Spain to steal the gold of the Incas. And Peru, that was so great, became poor and weak.

Copyright by the Publishers Photo Service

EL CRISTO DE LOS ANDES (CHRIST OF THE ANDES)

The world famous statue that commemorates a peace pact between **Argentina and Chile**

ROUND THE WORLD TO-DAY

DRAKE took three years to go round the world: now we can do it in six weeks. Suppose we set out from the chief city of Russia, which is Petrograd.

It sits like a queen beside the river Neva. Yet when Drake sailed the seas there was nothing here but a marsh. Before this city could be built, Peter the Great had to drive thousands of logs into the wet soil to make a firm foundation.

But we must be off, if we are to go round the world in six weeks. We get into a train—and there we sit for a fortnight! It takes us right across Russia, through Moscow, the holy city of Russia, older far than its new capital. We cross the great river Volga, and see the peasants crowding in to the fair that is held on its banks.

A low range of mountains is before us. We cross them and are in Asia, on a lonely plain that seems to have no end. We sometimes travel a day without seeing a town. We come to a lonely lake, nearly 400 miles long. It is a mile deep; yet one cold winter, trains full of soldiers, off to the wars, steamed across it on the ice. But now we go round the south end, on a track cut in the rock.

By night we cross great rivers, flowing away to the north. A bright star is glittering there, above the Arctic sea. It is the Pole Star. We know it, because the handle of the dipper is pointing to it. And no one can mistake the seven stars that make the dipper.

At last we reach the sea. A steamer is waiting to take us to Japan. This is a land that had scarcely been heard of in Drake's time. But now it is a great power; some years ago it whipped all the fleets and armies of Russia.

We must hurry on, for the weeks are slipping by. The steamer takes us across the Pacific, and we land in our own America. It was here that the simple folk mistook Drake for a god. Now, what a change! A fine city has grown up. Once more we have come to a land where the people speak English. We get into a train that is waiting for us. What comfort! Bedrooms, dining-rooms—everything! A week in the train brings us again to the Atlantic Ocean.

Here again the steamer is ready for us. It looks like a factory, with its rows of windows and its great smoking funnels. But inside it is more like a palace. Our baggage is stowed away in a great pit, that would hold the "Golden Hinde" without much trouble!

There is a long hoot from the engines, and we are off. Faster and faster we move. The great vessel tears through the water like a greyhound. In less than five days we are in England. Once across the channel, we are speeding toward the city from which we started—Petrograd. And so our journey round the world is completed!

FRANCE

FRANCE is the part of Europe that lies nearest to England. Between the two lands flows a narrow sea which is called the English Channel. The French call it "the sleeve," for its shape is rather like a loose and ragged sleeve. At the east end it is so narrow that men try to swim across; and when the steamers are half way across, passengers can see the cliffs on both sides.

Let us follow the busy steamers that are sailing down the Channel. How many there are! As we pass seaports on this side and on that, other ships come out to join us, bound for all parts of the world.

But we leave them to go on their way while we turn south along the coast of France. Now we are in the stormy Bay of Biscay, so we are not sorry when we get to the bend of the bay, where we go on shore.

Here France is cut off from Spain by a high wall of mountains, 300 miles long. It would be hard indeed to climb along this giant wall, with its icy peaks like broken glass. So let us borrow seven-league boots from some good fairy, and in a few minutes we are at the other end, looking down upon the blue Mediterranean.

We might take ship again here and sail along the winding coast of France and on to Italy. But to the north all France lies spread out before us like a garden. Where shall we go? Ask the roads, and they will soon tell you where to go. From north and south, from east and west, the long white roads are trailing in, and they all seem to say—to Paris! to Paris!

One road comes from the low shores of the Bay of Biscay. Here the land is as flat as a table, and the shepherds go about on stilts. On

these high legs they look like great spiders, and can stalk along as fast as a horse can trot. Another road comes from the south, up the long valley of the Rhone. It passes between gardens where busy little worms are making silk; through Lyons, where busy people are spinning it into thread and weaving it into cloth; and along the "Golden Slope," where grapes grow in rich clusters.

The north of France is covered with fields of waving wheat, with noble rivers winding through them. Here, too, the roads are all making for Paris. One road comes from the apple gardens of Normandy, another from the busy north, where lace and cloth are made. On river, road and rail, everyone is bound for Paris. Let us follow the crowd.

The gay and beautiful city of Paris is dear to every French heart. It is a city of fine squares and gardens, of splendid streets and buildings. Through the middle of it flows the river Seine, crossed by many bridges. On the one side are broad new streets shaded with trees, and big stores, where all the latest fashions are seen. On the other side is Old Paris, where artists and students love to dwell.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS, FRANCE

Between the two is an island in the middle of the Seine. Here stands a grand old church, the cathedral of Notre Dame, its towers rising high above the city. If you walk round its walls, you will see, high above you, funny little men, or perhaps you would call them goblins, carved in stone, and they are really called gargoyles. From every corner they grin down upon you.

If these wicked little goblins had eyes, they would have seen some wild sights down below. For in Paris kings have been pulled down, and set up, and pulled down again! And in the strife many heads were cut off. In France there is now no King, but instead a President is chosen every seven years.

Down below the church is a statue of a very famous king, Charles the Great, or Charlemagne. He sits upon his horse, just as he did when he rode to war eleven hundred years ago. He was King of the Franks, the people who gave their name to the land of France.

In Roman times the name of this land was Gaul. But when Rome grew old and weak, the Franks, leaving their home in Germany, came pouring into Gaul. We have all heard how their king, Charles the Hammer, beat back the Arab hosts. His grandson Charles chased them into Spain. He led armies east also into Germany and south into Italy; and at Rome, where for many years there had been no ruler, Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West.

The court of Charles at this time was the most famous in the world. Presents were brought to him from far-off Bagdad, sent by a famous ruler, or calif, of whom many tales are told. The bravest knights came to Charles's palace, and kings sent their sons to be trained there. A hundred knights, each with a naked sword in one hand and a burning torch in the other, watched round the Emperor's bed while he slept.

TRUE TALES OF ADVENTURES

THE FIRST ADVENTURERS

Edited by JOHN H. CLIFFORD

IN SYRIA, the highway between Babylonia and Egypt, dwelt a tribe of dusky people known as Phœnicians. Living on the seashore, washed by the tideless Mediterranean, they soon became skillful sailors. They built ships and ventured forth on the deep; they made their way to the islands of Cyprus and Crete and thence to the islands of Greece, bringing back goods from other countries to barter with their less daring neighbors. They reached Greece itself, and cruised along the northern coast of the Great Sea to Italy, along the coast of Spain to the Rock of Gibraltar, and out into the open Atlantic.

How their little sailing boats lived through the storms of that great ocean none may know, for Phœnician records are lost, but we have every reason to believe that they reached the northern coast of France and brought back tin from the British Isles, islands known to them as the Tin Islands. In their home markets were found all manner of strange things from foreign unknown lands, discovered by these master mariners—the admiration of the ancient world.

But though the Phœnicians have left us no record of their travels and voyages, they had been the carriers of knowledge, and it was from them that the Greeks learned of "the extreme regions of the world" and of the dim "far west." Indeed, it is highly probable that from the Phœnicians they got material for their famous legend of the Argonauts and their adventures in the Black Sea.

We must remember that, like the Egyptians and Babylonians, Phœnicians and early Greeks had incorrect ideas as to the form of the earth. To them it was a circular plane, surrounded by the ocean, which they believed to be a broad, deep-running river flowing round and round the world. Into this ocean stream ran all the rivers and seas known to them. Over the earth was raised a solid firmament of bronze in which the stars were set, and this was supported on tall pillars "which kept the heaven and the earth asunder."

In their western voyages the Phœnicians found the Greeks gradually arising as competitors, and after the eighth century B.C., when Phœnicia began to feel the effects of Assyrian pressure to the eastward, this competition grew more severe. Greece owed a great deal to Phœnicia: her chief debt, perhaps, was the alphabet, but it seems likely that an impetus toward oversea trade and, probably, improvements in shipbuilding were also due to the same source. At any rate the general type of galley introduced, probably, by the Phœnicians, remained a sort of standard for Mediterranean service down to the eighteenth century of the Christian era. At the same time Greece is a land clearly made to nurture a seafaring people. Mountains covered with timber, a deeply indented coastline, and a comparatively sheltered sea whereon to practise and experiment, supplied ideal conditions for the rearing of the ancient navigators.

THE VIKINGS

A very interesting type of adventurers now claims our attention, and we turn to the frozen north, to the wild region at the back of the north wind, for new activity and discovery. Out of this land of fable and myth, legend and poetry, the fierce inhabitants of Scandinavia begin to take shape.

From time to time we have glimpses of these folks sailing about in the Baltic Sea. They were known to the Finns of the north as "sea rovers." "The sea is their school of war and the storm their friend; they are sea-wolves that live on the pillage of the world," sang on old Roman long years ago. The daring spirit of their race had already attracted the attention of Britons across

the seas. The careless glee with which they seized either sword or oar and waged war with the stormy seas for a scanty livelihood, raiding all the neighboring coasts, had earned them the name of Vikings, or creek men. Their black-sailed ships stood high out of the water, prow and stern ending in the head and tail of some strange animal. Their long beards, their loose shirts, and their battle-axes made them conspicuous. "From the fury of the Northmen save us, Lord," prayed those who had come in contact with these Vikings.

In the ninth century they spring into fame as explorers by the discovery of Iceland. It was in this wise: The chief of a band of pirates, one Naddod, during a voyage to the Faroe Islands was driven by a storm upon the eastern coast of an unknown land. So he named it Snow-land and sailed home to relate his adventures.

A few years later another Viking, Gardar, bound for the west coast of Scotland, was likewise blown by a storm onto the coast of Snowland. He sailed right round and found it to be an island. Considering that it was unsafe to navigate the icy northern seas in winter, he built himself a hut on the island, lived there till the spring, and returned home. His account of the island fired the enthusiasm of an old Viking called Floki, who sailed away, meaning to take possession of the newly discovered country. At the Faroe Islands he let fly three ravens. The first returned, the second came back to the ship, the third guided the navigator to the island that he sought. He met a quantity of drift-ice about the northern part of the island and called it Iceland, the name it has borne ever since.

Iceland soon became a refuge for pirates and other lawless characters. Among these was a young Viking called Eric the Red. He was too lawless even for Iceland, and, being banished for three years, he sailed away in the year 985 in search of new lands. At the end of his three years he returned and reported that he had discovered land with rich meadows, fine woods, and good fishing, which he had named Greenland. So glowing was his description that soon a party of men and women, with household goods and cattle, started forth in twenty-five ships to colonize the new land. Still the passion for discovery continued, and Eric's son, Leif the Happy, fitted out a vessel to carry thirty-five men in quest of land already sighted to the west.

It was in the year 1000 that they reached the coast of North America. They crossed the north Atlantic, by way of Iceland and Greenland, to America, down which coast they pushed as far south, perhaps, as Honduras. How long these wanderers stayed in America, or whether they founded there a colony, is not known.

MARCO POLO

Venice, in the thirteenth century, was full of enterprising merchants such as we hear of in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." Among them were two Venetians, the brothers Polo. Rumors had reached them of the wealth of the mysterious land of Cathay, of the Great Khan, of Europeans making their way through barren wildernesses, across burning deserts in the face of hardships indescribable, to open up a highway to the Far East.

So off started Maffeo and Nicolo Polo on a trading enterprise. Having crossed the Mediterranean, they came, "with a fair wind and the blessing of God," to Constantinople, where they disposed of a large quantity of their merchandise. Having made some money, they directed their way to Bokhara, where they fell in with a Tartar nobleman, who persuaded them to accompany him to the court of the Great Khan. Ready for adventure, they agreed, and he led them in a northeasterly direction. They were delayed by heavy snows, and by the swelling of unbridged rivers, so that it was a year before they reached Peking, which they considered was the extremity of the East. They were courteously received by the Great Khan, who questioned them closely about their own land, to which they replied in the Tartar language, which they had learned on the way.

Now since the days of Friar John there was a new Khan named Kublai, who wished to send messengers to the Pope to beg him to send a hundred wise men to teach Christianity to the Chinese. He chose the Polo brothers as his envoys to the Pope, and they started off to fulfill his behests. After an absence of fifteen years, they were again in Venice. The very year they had left home, Nicolo's wife had died, leaving a boy, born in the same year, who was to become the famous traveler Marco Polo.

The stories told by his father and uncle of the far east and the court of the greatest emperor on earth filled the boy of fifteen with enthusiasm, and when in 1271 the brothers Polo set out for their second journey to China they were accompanied by the young Marco. They also took with them two preaching friars to teach the Christian faith to Kublai Khan.

Their journey lay through Armenia, through the old city of Nineveh to Bagdad. Entering Persia as traders, the Polo family passed on to Ormuz, hoping to take ship from there to China;

THEY CAME TO ANCHOR AND WENT ASHORE

but for some unknown reason this was impossible, and the travelers made their way northeast to the country about the sources of the river Oxus. Here young Marco fell sick of a low fever, and for a whole year they could not proceed. Resuming their journey at last, "in high spirits," they crossed the great highlands of the Pamirs, known as the "roof of the world," and, descending on Khotan, found themselves face to face with the great Gobi Desert.

For thirty days they journeyed over the sandy wastes of the silent wilderness, till they came to a city in the province of Tangut, where they were met by messengers from the Khan, who had heard of their approach. But it was not till May, 1275, that they actually reached the court of Kublai Khan after their tremendous journey of "one thousand days." The preaching friars had long since turned homeward, alarmed at the dangers of the way, so only the three stout-hearted Polos were left to deliver the Pope's message to the ruler of the Mongol empire.

"The lord of all the earth," as he was called by his people, received them warmly. He inquired at once who was the young man with them.

"My lord," replied Nicolo, "he is my son and your servant."

"Then," said the Khan, "he is welcome. I am much pleased with him.

So the three Venetians abode at the court of Kublai Khan. His summer place was at Shang-tu, called Xanadu by the poet Coleridge:

> "In Xanadu did Kublai Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree,
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to a sunless sea."

The Venetians remained at the court for seventeen years. Young Marco displayed such intelligence that he was sent on a mission for the Khan some six months' journey distant; and so well did he describe the things he had seen and the lands through which he had passed, that the Khan heaped on him honors and riches.

Thus Marco Polo records in dim outline the existence of land beyond that ever dreamed of by Europeans—indeed, denied by Ptolemy and other geographers of the west. In the course of his service under Kublai Khan he opened up the eight provinces of Tibet, the whole of southeast Asia from Canton to Bengal, and the archipelago of Farther India. He tells us, too, of Tibet, that wide country "vanquished and wasted by the Khan for the space of twenty days' journey"—a great wilderness wanting people, but overrun by wild beasts. Here were great Tibetan dogs as large as asses. Still on duty for Kublai Khan, Marco reached Bengal, "which borders upon India." But he was glad enough to return to his adopted Chinese home, "the richest and most famous country of all the East."

At last the Polo family wearied of court honors, and they were anxious to return to their own people at Venice. However, the Khan was very unwilling to let them go. One day their chance came. The Persian ruler wished to marry a princess of the house of Kublai Khan, and it was decided to send the lady by sea under the protection of the trusted Polos, rather than to allow her to undergo the hardships of an overland journey from China to Persia.

So in the year 1292 they bade farewell to the great Kublai Khan, and with the little princess of seventeen and her suite they set sail with an escort "with gold and much trade," after three months at sea they reached Java, at this time supposed to be the greatest island in the world, above three thousand miles round. At Sumatra they were detained five months by stress of weather, till at last they reached the Bay of Bengal. Sailing on a thousand miles westward, they reached Ceylon —"the finest island in the world," remarks Marco. It was not till two years after their start and the loss of six hundred sailors that they arrived at their destination, only to find that the ruler of Persia was dead. They gave the little bride to his son, and passed on by Constantinople to Venice, where they arrived in 1295.

And now comes a strange sequel to the story. After the long absence of the travelers, and in their travel-stained garments, their friends and relations could not recognize them, and in vain did they declare that they were indeed the Polos—father, son, and uncle—who had left Venice twenty-four long years ago. No one believed their story. So this is what they did. They arranged for a great banquet, to which they invited all their relations and friends. This they attended in robes of crimson satin. Then suddenly Marco rose from the table and, going out of the room, returned with the coarse, travel-stained garments. They ripped open seams, tore out the lining, and a quantity of precious stones, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, and emeralds poured forth. The company was filled with wonder, and when the story spread, all the people of Venice came forth to do honor to their famous fellow-countrymen.

Marco was surnamed "Marco of the Millions." He never tired of telling the wonderful stories of Kublai Khan, the great emporer who combined the "rude magnificence of the desert with the pomp and elegance of the most civilized empire in the Old World."

THE NEW WORLD

THERE was a time when our country, which we call America, was not known to the people of the eastern part of the world. When news was brought there that this land had been found out, men said to each other: "A new world! A new world has been found!" They little thought that the name would last so long. America is still called the "New World."

The honor of finding it is given to Columbus, though he was not the first sailor of Europe to

From Stereograph, copyright 1893 by Underwood & Underwood

"SANTA MARIA," THE FLAGSHIP OF COLUMBUS

FROM THE MODEL IN THE NAVAL PARADE AT NEW YORK, 1893

set his foot on these shores. Before his time, a party of men had been here from Iceland, but that seems to have been forgotten. It is only fair to say that Columbus had never heard of it. Columbus was born at Genoa, in Italy. As a boy he was very fond of reading about the sea. The book he liked best was that in which he read the travels of Marco Polo, who was also a native of Italy. You are not surprised now to hear that when he became a man he was a sailor. But he was not content to sail along the coast, keeping in sight of land all the time. He had a strong wish to go farther. Often, as he stood on the beach and looked across the sea, he wondered what there was beyond the sea-line out of sight.

Sometimes he saw driftwood and strange seaweed washed up on the coast, and he could not help but think where such things came from. As he thought, he said to himself: "Is yonder sea-line the end of the world? If not, what is there beyond? In the ocean are there other worlds? Can I sail away and find them?"

It is quite plain that he could not go alone. He must have strong ships and stout-hearted men. Of these he had none, and when he told his plans to rich men, they laughed at him and bade him begone. They said he was a foolish man to think such nonsense.

About this time his wife died and left him with a little son, Diego. He put off his plans for a few years, till Diego should be grown big and could be left with friends.

The more he thought of what there might be beyond the sea, the more Columbus wanted to go and find out. He went to Genoa, his native town, and tried to get the merchants there to help him. But, alas! he failed once more. Not wishing to be beaten, he went back to Spain—that was where he had been living when his wife died. Diego held his father's hand as he walked along, and the two looked very sad. Both were weary and footsore. On the way they came to a convent. The kind abbot asked them in. He gave them water to wash themselves, new clothes and boots to wear, and good food to eat.

After several days, during which Columbus told the abbot of his plans, he went away, leaving the child Diego in the abbot's care. The abbot gave Columbus letters to the King and Queen of Spain, for he thought they would be of use to him. At that time the King was in camp with his soldiers. Much money had been spent in making the camp look grand, and more still in making merry with games. Oh that Columbus could have had some of the money which he felt was being wasted in this way! With it he was sure he could find the far-off land.

The letters which the abbot had given him to the King and Queen proved to be of no use. The King read them, and both he and the Queen were pleased to think they had been asked to help. But they would not throw money away for such a mad purpose.

Poor Columbus! Was he sad now? He was, but he would try some one else. He next started to go to the King of France. It was seven years since he had first formed his plan, and he was vexed that he could get no one to think as he did.

On the way he paid a visit to his boy. He stood again at the convent gate, and asked for a crust and a cup of cold water. The abbot again took him in, and was so much struck by what Columbus told him about the sea, and what he had found on the shore, that he bade him go back and ask to see the Queen. Columbus also showed him some charts and maps he had drawn, and said that if he did not find a new world he should get to know a new way to India, which would be shorter than the old one.

Back to the court of Spain he went. After a great deal of trouble and loss of time he saw the Queen herself. He had a long talk with her and she was pleased. But that was all. He had not asked for much help—only a few ships and men; but these he could not get.

On his way back to the convent, while going through a deep valley among the hills, he heard some one calling him. It was a man whom the Queen had sent to ask him to return. She had changed her mind. With the man he once more went back. This time he gained what he wanted. By the Queen's command the city of Palos was to find two ships. These Columbus got, and, by a stroke of good luck, a rich friend found him a third. This was the "Santa Maria." The ships found by Palos were the "Pinta" and the "Niña."

Now men came forward and said they would make the venture with Columbus. Soon he was able to choose a hundred and twenty, not one of whom had ever been out of sight of land.

Early on the morning of August 3, 1492, the sun rose warm and bright. A large number of people had come to the port to see the ships start. They knelt on the beach in silence, and offered up prayers for the safety of the men and the ships. There was no fun now. The hearts of those left behind were sad at parting from those going they knew not where.

Away they went. Soon land was lost to sight. They grew very sad and fearful, and wanted to return. But still they went on. Every morning they looked across the sea, and strained their eyes all day long, in watching the long sea-line, "where sea and sky together meet." At night

they went to rest, feeling they might never see land again.

Thus many days and nights went by. Out toward the west, away to the east, to the north, and to the south there was water everywhere—but no signs of land. To cheer the men, Columbus offered them large rewards and rich presents. This kept their hearts light for a time, but over and over again they wanted to return. Now a man would climb the mast and shout: "Land! land!" The others would climb to catch a look at it, only to find out that a mistake had been made. So many times had this been done that the men lost heart more than before, and Columbus had to say that he would flog the man who gave a false report.

At last the men on the "Pinta," which was the fastest ship, called out that they could see a torch away off to the west. "A torch?" every one asked. "Then it is carried by hand. There must be land where people are."

Night kept the land from being seen, but it was there. They could still see the torch, and, what was more, it was being taken from place to place. Now it was hid from view, now it could be seen again. Then it went out of sight once more. At daybreak every man on board the "Pinta" was on the lookout, and sure enough a low-lying coast seemed to be in sight. Nobody, however, was bold enough to cry out, "Land!" for they knew what Columbus had said.

The day wore on, and the "Pinta" still kept in front of the other ships. In the water plenty of seaweed was seen, and one of the men even caught a crab which had stuck fast in some of it. Surely what they could see in front of them must be land!

"What is that moving?" asked one. Then with a burst of joy the man on the mast gave the cry: "Land! land! land!" He was not afraid now. He could see it quite plainly. People were moving about and rushing from place to place on the beach. They had seen the mast and sails of the "Pinta" with their sharp eyes, and were much afraid. "What could it be?" they asked one of another. They had never seen any such thing before.

Sails were taken down from the "Pinta," to allow the other vessels to come alongside. The sailors on the "Niña" and the "Santa Maria" heard the cheers of the men on the "Pinta," and as they drew near they too saw the land. There was no mistake this time. Weary with looking at sea and sky so long, the sight of land quite overcame the poor fellows. Oh, how they cheered! It was not so much for themselves, nor yet for the land, as because of the pluck and skill which their brave leader had shown. In spite of the cries of the men from day to day, he had kept firm in his faith that land there was, and that sooner or later they would come to it.

By and by a boat was let down, and a few men from each ship got into it. Then they rowed swiftly toward the shore. Columbus, dressed gayly in his best, with his sword in its sheath as a sign of peace, and with his hat in his hand, stood up in the boat and made signals to the people on the beach. They looked much afraid, and withdrew a little distance. This gave Columbus and his men the chance of landing.

As they stood on the firm sands and looked about them, they thought they had never seen a land look more beautiful. Then they fell on their knees and gave thanks to God who had brought them safe across the deep. They begged Columbus to forgive them for the pain they had caused him from time to time. They kissed his hands and wept for joy.

The natives, who had been watching these things from behind the trees, now took courage and came nearer. The glitter of the fine clothes and armor made them crouch with fear. Once more they fled. By signs Columbus asked them to come to him. He knew he would not be able to talk with them, but he felt that he could make them understand a little if he had the chance of being near them.

They came. They pointed to Columbus, whom they knew to be the chief, and then to the ship. Then they pointed to the sky. What do you think they meant? If they could have used words, this is what they would have said: "We see you have come, but whence we know not. Is it from the deep blue sea, or from the sky above?" Columbus showed them his hands, and let them touch and feel them. That would give them trust in him, he thought. Then after touching his smooth hands they fell on their faces as though he were a god.

What a sight! Think of it—white men dressed in gay clothes standing on land, which they saw was very beautiful, and at their feet, with faces hidden in the sand, a host of naked, dark-skinned men and women. Little boys and girls played about. Their chatter and laughter mixed with the singing of the birds. These were the only sounds which were heard. The children pointed to the strangers, and then, as they turned to each other, made faces of wonder and awe. The youngest of all hid themselves behind their mothers' backs.

From the color of the people and from the looks of the land, as well as from the way in which he had come, Columbus thought the coun-

EXPLORERS AND DISCOVERERS

2. MAGELLAN

1. COLUMBUS

3. VASCO DA GAMA

4. ALBUQUERQUE

6. SEBASTIAN CABOT

5. DE SOTO

7. DE BALBOA

8. PRINCE HENRY

try was India. He gave it that name, and even to this day the group of islands near our Southern States is called the West Indies.

One by one the natives got up from the sand, and as Columbus pointed to his mouth and to his men, who were doing what they saw their leader do, they ran and brought water and fruits. Bit by bit, the natives became quite friendly. Columbus stuck a spear in the ground, and on the top of it the flag of Spain. In this way he claimed the land for the Queen who had helped him to find it.

The natives became curious as the day wore on. They stroked the fine dress of Columbus, and looked at his sword. They knew that the sword and spears were for fighting, and they showed him that they too could fight. They had large clubs, which were hard and strong, and made dreadful by means of sharks' teeth stuck in the knobs. They had wounds on their bodies and on their faces. They seemed to be proud of these, and wished to find out what signs of war Columbus had.

By evening Columbus became anxious. He wanted to go back to his ship and tell the others of his luck. He went toward the edge of the water, where his boat was made fast, and pointed to it and to the ship. The natives understood what he meant. They let him and his men get into the boat, and row away toward the ship, then they jumped into the water and swam after it. Swimming was as easy to them as walking. A few sat in their own boats or canoes. These were logs of wood with a hollow burnt out, or frames of wood covered over with skins. They managed them well, and paddled them through the water pretty fast.

When they came to the ships, they watched Columbus and his men enter them, and after swimming or paddling round and round them many times they at last went back to the shore. Not one of them could Columbus get to go into his ship with him. They must have talked over this strange event till far into the night, for Columbus could see torches carried about and fires burning on the beach.

At daybreak the three ships were taken nearer to the shore, and a safe place was found at which to drop anchor. The natives danced about and shouted in a strange way. Then they stood back a little for Columbus to land. All that day Columbus tried hard to find out the worth of the land. The people were poor. Fruits they had in plenty, but there was not a coin of copper, or silver, or gold in use.

Columbus thought that, as he could find no money, or gold, or silver, the natives had hidden it. So he showed them beads and chains of gold, but they only laughed at them and showed their white teeth. Of their use it was quite clear they knew nothing. Some one must have taken the news of the coming of the white men across the island, for by and by fresh natives came and brought presents of fruits.

At night Columbus again returned with his men to the ships. For a time they talked over what was best to be done. They all agreed that it was of no use to stay there, but what could they take home to show the Queen and their friends that they had been to a new land? Next day they tried to get a native on board their ship that they might take him as a sign. It is said that one more bold than the rest did get as far as the deck, but the moment he was there he jumped back into the sea.

After taking a new stock of food and water, Columbus and his men turned once more toward Spain, where in due time they landed in safety. When it became known that the voyage had turned out well, every sailor in the city wanted to go, and rich men offered to find ships for them. Many went, and brought back the same account that Columbus had brought before them.

Of what use was this voyage of Columbus to the Old World? I will tell you. Columbus found for people in the Old World a new home in which to dwell. Nobody can tell what would have taken place in some of the old countries if every child had had to live in the country where he was born. People always live where there is work to do, and the Old World was too crowded for everybody to live and work in with comfort.

To the New World many came. No sooner did one family come than they sent word to their friends how much they liked it and how well they were getting on. Then they too wanted to come. At first it was very hard for them. The men of Spain had tried to cheat the natives and rob them. They made them believe that glass beads, which are of very little value, were worth a great deal. The natives gave them fruits and grain of all kinds for them. But they soon found out that they were being robbed. Then they were angry, and fought with their clubs against them. Sad to say, they were nearly always beaten.

Columbus had only seen a very small piece of the country. He had, in fact, only been to a very small island of it. Afterward it was found out that the land near was of vast size. Everything in it was large—large rivers, lakes, mountains and plains, large forests. Before the land could be of use the trees had to be cut down, and spaces cleared for homes and fields. Then, as this was done, the natives saw that they were losing their land, and were being driven farther and farther

away from the coast into the middle of the country.

Do you think they liked this? Would you have liked it? No. The natives were very angry, and they tried their best to prevent it from being done. But wherever white men have gone they have always showed that they are a race of men more clever than men of color, red or black—and sometimes not less cruel!

When you grow older, you will read much of the fighting which the first people who came to the New World had with the natives. From the color of their skins they were called "redskins." Many thousands of these people still live in different parts of North and South America, and they are much better treated by white men now; neither do they cause the white men much trouble.

THE SWINEHERD WHO WANTED A CASTLE

BY FREDERICK WINTHROP HUTCHINSON

Once upon a time there lived in a little village in Spain a boy who tended pigs. He was a very ragged boy. His clothes were old and torn; he wore no cap, and he had never in all his life had on a pair of shoes. His food was even worse than his clothing. He ate nuts, and grapes, and stale crusts of bread, and sometimes he had cheese. But meat he could not have more than once a month. This was because the boy was very, very poor.

Now, it is not pleasant to tend pigs. They are *such* dirty animals, and they grunt and grunt, and make ugly noises all the time. It is very disagreeable to sit all day and have nothing to do but to talk to filthy pigs, and see that they do not walk off into the woods and get lost. So the little Spanish boy hated his work, and wished that he could get away.

The name of this boy was Francisco Pizarro. I do not wish to pretend that he was a good boy, because he was not. He was a bad boy, and he grew up to be a wicked man; but one thing I must say for him, he was surely very brave. And perhaps he became bad because, as a boy, he did not have a good home, nor any nice boys to play with.

Near where Francisco lived was a beautiful castle. It had big, light rooms, and long tables, and fine gilt chairs, and wonderful pictures, and everything that the heart could desire. Francisco had never seen the inside of this castle. There was a great wall all around it, and in this wall a big, strong gate that was locked every night. A soldier in a yellow-and-red coat stood at this gate, and of course he would not let the ragged little swineherd in. The young Francisco used to watch the old soldier as he pulled at his mustache, and sometimes, when the soldier wasn't looking, the boy pressed his head against the iron bars and looked into the garden. He could only see a little corner of the castle, but he saw the beautiful trees in the garden, and the soft, green grass, and the fountain which seemed so cool in the hot afternoons.

It made Francisco very angry to see this beautiful garden and not be allowed to go into it. He complained to his mother, but she could not do anything, because it wasn't her castle, and she was as poor as Francisco. "You are only a swineherd," she said to him, "and swineherds cannot have castles; so stop thinking of the castle and go back to your pigs."

But Francisco did not stop thinking of the castle. He had seen in the garden a little boy of his own age, and he saw that the boy's clothes were made of fine, soft cloth, and that he had a lovely black feather in his cap. He remembered, too, that a kind old man, with a long, white beard, had walked with this boy in the garden, and had taught him many things out of a great book. Poor Francisco had never been to school, and he had never had a teacher, like this boy with the fine clothes; but he wanted all the things that the little boy in the garden had, and he made up his mind that he would get them.

I told you before that Francisco was not a good boy, and so he did not ask himself whether it was right for him to want all these things. "I do not care," he said almost out loud; "I do not care what my mother says, or what the priest says, or anybody. Good or bad, right or wrong, I am going to get my castle." That will show you the sort of a boy Francisco really was.

Now, Francisco saw that it was of no use to stay in his little village; there he would always be a swineherd. Every day he hated the pigs more and more. He hated them so much that he threw stones at them when they squealed. At last, with two other boys, he ran away. I

think that Francisco and his two friends were a little afraid, at first, that their mothers would send after them and catch them. So they went away by night, and by the next morning they were far along the quiet road. Day after day they walked. They used to find chestnuts on the ground; and over the high, green hedges hung bunches of wild purple grapes that anybody might pick. The good country people were all as poor as poor could be; but they always gave the tired boys a bite of bread and a cup of goat's milk. Francisco was very happy. He was glad to be away from the dirty, squealing pigs, and he believed that every step he took brought him nearer to the castle he had dreamed of.

At last the boys reached Seville. Now Seville was a very large and beautiful city. There were fine houses and glorious palaces, like the castle that Francisco wanted, and women in beautiful dresses, and men rode up and down the crowded streets on great black horses. It was all like Wonderland; and, as Francisco looked at everything—the streets, shops and people—his eyes almost popped out of his head.

But, in this rich city of Seville, Francisco was poorer than ever before in all his life. Here in the great city nobody cared for the ragged boy, and there were no kind country people to give him bread and goat's milk. Yet, after a while, Francisco managed to make a little money, though even then he was still poor. Often he went to bed without supper, and his castle seemed to be as far away as ever.

Of all the things in the great city of Seville, Francisco liked the soldiers best. They seemed so big and brave in their beautiful uniforms, and the boy envied them, and wished that he, too, could be a soldier. "It's a good way to get rich," he thought to himself. It *was* a good way in those times. Nowadays people don't get rich by killing each other; but in the olden days, to be a soldier was one of the best ways to get money and become great.

So Pizarro, who was now quite big and strong, became a soldier. A great war was being fought in Italy, and Pizarro was sent there with other Spanish soldiers to fight for his King. The young man was very brave. I think that, even then, he was cruel, but the Spaniards did not care about that, so long as he was only brave. So when he came back from the great war in Italy, everybody said: "Pizarro is a very good soldier."

Now, in the meantime, Columbus had found America. The people in Spain were very glad over the news, and everybody wanted to go to the wonderful new lands to make a fortune. Well, you may be sure that Pizarro wanted to go, too; but for a long time he could not leave Spain. I cannot tell you why, because I do not know myself. Anyhow, he could not. But at last he got a chance, and with a band of other Spaniards went to the new country that Columbus had found.

By this time Pizarro was no longer a boy, nor even a young man; he was almost forty years of age. He had seen many lands and done many things; yet he was still poor, and it seemed to him as though the castle that he had dreamed of as a boy was as far away as ever.

Well, at first America was no better than Spain. Pizarro lived on a rich island, which was then named Hispaniola, but which is now called Cuba. There were many other Spaniards on the island, and these were all just as greedy and anxious to get rich as Pizarro. They were a very wicked set of men. All the bad things that a man can do they did; but, above all, they were cruel to the poor Indians. They used to make the red men work for them day and night, and if the work was not enough, they beat the poor Indians until they died. I think that Pizarro was just as cruel as the rest; but in spite of his wickedness he did not get rich.

Now, after a while, when Pizarro was almost fifty years old, he went to a new country in America, where the Indians were very rich, and where there were very few Spaniards. This was the land of Darien, where Balboa had gone about ten years before. Here the friendly Indians had much gold and many beautiful jewels. They gave to Pizarro many precious stones, and more gold than he had had in all his life; so the swineherd became rich at last.

But Pizarro was not satisfied even with these riches. The more he had, the more he wanted; so one day, when he heard of some islands in the great ocean to the West, where the Indians were very rich, he made up his mind to go to these islands and take the gold from these Indians. His men were very glad to go, so they got canoes and paddled out to where the islands lay. This was a very bold thing to do, because the sea was rough, and many times the canoes turned over and the soldiers were almost drowned.

At last they reached the island, and Pizarro, standing up in his canoe, saw the Indians crowding on the beach, with their bows and arrows in hand, ready to shoot the first Spaniard who landed. Now Pizarro, though a wicked and greedy man, was very brave; so he told his sol-

diers to fire their guns. As soon as the Indians heard the guns of the Spaniards they were frightened, and after a little battle they ran away. Then Pizarro and his men landed on the sandy beach. Here they found many pearls, which they took, and when there were no more pearls on the island, they paddled back to their homes.

When Pizarro had sold these pearls he was very rich indeed. He had now enough money to buy his castle. It was really not *exactly* a castle, but a fine, big house in Darien, with fields around it and cattle, and a great many Indian servants to do whatever Pizarro wanted. You would think *now* that Pizarro would be satisfied, for he was a hundred times richer than the other little boy who used to live in the castle in the old, old days when Pizarro was only a swineherd.

But the greedy Pizarro was *never* satisfied. After a few years, he heard how the brave Cortez had conquered Mexico, and he heard, too, that Cortez had become even richer than he was. So Pizarro wanted to be as rich as Cortez, and he looked around for a new nation to conquer.

Now, at this time there was living in Peru, many hundreds of miles to the south, a great tribe of Indians called the Incas. They were not savages, but wise, kind people like the Aztecs of Mexico, whom Cortez had conquered. These Incas were very rich. They had wonderful gold and silver mines, and they owned so much gold and silver that they could cover walls with them; and they also had precious stones, green emeralds, red rubies, blue sapphires, and beautiful, brilliant diamonds that glistened in the sun.

I could tell you many things about these curious people—how they prayed to the sun and the moon instead of to God; of the wonderful temples and palaces that they built; of their fine, hard roads cut through the mountains, and of the King's messengers, who ran along these roads, day and night, carrying news. I could tell you how all the people obeyed the Inca, who was King of the country; how they all worked for him, and how he gave them food, and clothing, and houses, so that no man in all the land was ever hungry, or thirsty, or cold.

Now, when Pizarro heard of these Incas, he thought to himself: "I will go up to Peru and fight with these people, and take away from them all their gold, and silver, and jewels, and all their cities and palaces." I think that it was wicked of Pizarro to want to disturb these good, quiet people, and it seems to me that the man who had been a poor swineherd should have been satisfied with the money he had, and could have left the Incas alone.

But Pizarro was always greedy. He got together a little band of soldiers and started to go up to Peru. I say up, because Peru was high up among the mountains. Pizarro thought that it would be easy to find Peru; but things did not go as he had hoped. Nobody could tell him where the great country lay, and there were no maps to show him the way. By mistake, Pizarro and his little army landed on a lonely desert island in the Pacific Ocean. There were swamps and marshes on this island, and there was little to eat, and even the water was not good to drink. The men suffered from mosquitoes and great flies, that stung them so they could not sleep. And worse than all, there were poisonous snakes that bit the men so that they died. They suffered from hunger and thirst, and some fell sick and died. Pizarro sent back his ship for more men and more food, and I am sure he was glad when, after a few weeks, the white sails were seen again. The ship brought plenty of food; but the Governor of Darien, who was jealous of Pizarro, would not send any more soldiers. Instead, he sent word by the ship to Pizarro, saying: "Pizarro, you must come back to Darien."

Now, the men were only too glad to go back. They had suffered enough, and they did not want to be bitten and starved any more—no, not for a hundred Perus. "We will go home," they said, "as our Governor says." At first the bold Pizarro said nothing; then with the point of his sword he drew a sharp line in the sand.

"North of this line," he said, "is home; south of this line are Peru and glory and gold." And then he stepped across the line, meaning that *he* was going to Peru, even if he had to go alone. The soldiers all saw that Pizarro was a brave man, but none of them wanted to go with him. "We do not wish to be killed," they said to themselves. At last, the pilot of the ship, a brave, reckless fellow, with a long beard, named Luiz, crossed the line. "I go," he said, "wherever Pizarro leads." After that others followed. At last there were thirteen men across the line who were willing to go with Francisco Pizarro.

These brave men, I can tell you, had a pretty hard time before they reached Peru. They had to cross the sea on a raft, which is a very dangerous thing to do. But the Indians were kind to them and gave them food to eat, and when they got to Peru the Incas were even kinder. Now,

Pizarro was not only greedy, but he was also very deceitful, and he made believe to the Incas that he was their friend; but all the time that he was taking their beautiful presents, he was learning about the country, so that he could come back in a little while with a bigger army and rob and murder them.

And, in a few years, Pizarro *did* come back with an army. This time he had two hundred men and thirty horses and a great many guns. The Incas in all their lives had never seen a horse, and had never seen people killed with guns; so Pizarro knew that they would be very much frightened when they saw his men on horses, and saw the guns that killed with bullets. And they *were* afraid. Wherever Pizarro and his soldiers went, the Incas lost their courage. When they saw a man on a horse, they thought that it was all one animal, half man and half horse; and so frightened were they, that Pizarro came to one city that was quite empty, for all the people had run away in fear of the cruel Spaniards who were half men and half horses.

Yet I do not think that Pizarro would have conquered Peru if he had fought fair. There were so many soldiers among the Incas that they seemed to spring up everywhere; but Pizarro was very crafty, and he thought out a very clever, cruel plot. He made believe he was a friend to the Inca, who was the great King of all these people, and he invited him on a visit. Then when the Inca came to visit Pizarro, that wicked man had him arrested and cast into prison, and all the Indians who were with the Inca were killed or driven away.

Now, the Inca was a very brave young man, but he did not want to be killed. He knew that when he was dead, his soldiers would lose their courage. After a while, he noticed that Pizarro was very greedy for gold; so he said to him: "If you will let me go free, Pizarro, I will fill up this room with gold, and it will all be yours."

The greedy old Pizarro was very happy over this, for he always wanted gold. Now, I do not know why any man should want so very much gold, because you cannot eat it, or drink it, or wear it. But Pizarro was greedy, as greedy as any old man in all the world, and so he promised the Inca to let him go free if he filled up the room with gold. The Inca sent for his messengers, and day after day the servants of the Inca came carrying great heaps of gold. At last, after six months, the room was almost filled to the ceiling; but even then the treacherous Pizarro did not keep his word. He made believe that the Inca was trying to raise an army against the Spaniards (which I think he would have had a right to do if he wanted to, for, after all, the country belonged to him and not to the cruel Spaniards); so, instead of letting the brave Inca go home, as he had promised, the cruel Pizarro told him he must die, and the very same day he had the Inca put to death.

After that, the greedy, deceitful Pizarro got more gold, and more gold, and always more, and more, and more. Wherever he went he made the people give him money. He really ruled the country, although he pretended to the Indians that he did not, and he ruled it very cruelly indeed, and every day he became richer.

But after all, the money he got did not do him any good. He was now one of the richest men in all the world. But nobody loved him, and I think that in his secret heart Pizarro was not very happy. Every day the savage old man became more greedy, and more wicked, and more cruel, until not only did the Indians fear him and hate him, but the Spaniards hated him even more.

There was a man named Almagro, who had once been his friend; but Pizarro cheated him, too, and then murdered him. Well, at last, one day, the son of this Almagro, a young man named Diego, went to Pizarro's palace with some of his friends. "You have killed my father," cried Diego; "now it is your turn." The cruel old Pizarro, though he was seventy years old, fought bravely to the end; but he was stabbed over and over again, and at last he fell dead at the feet of Diego.

And thus ended the life of the brave, wicked Pizarro, the swineherd who wanted a castle. He became one of the richest men in all the world, and conquered a nation; yet sometimes I think he would have been happier if he had always remained till the end of his days a poor swineherd.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF THE FLOATING ISLANDS

BY FREDERICK WINTHROP HUTCHINSON

COLUMBUS had gone on his great journey to find gold, but nowhere did he find it. Other Spaniards came to America, all looking for gold, like Columbus. But gold does not grow in the street nor on the dusty roads. It is found in gold mines, deep, deep under the earth, where men work by candle-light and dig and dig.

Now, there was a man named Cortez, who wanted gold—much gold. He wanted to become a very rich man and go back to Spain, and live in a beautiful castle, with servants, and horses, and fine clothes, and jewels of many colors that glistened in the sun. Cortez was a very young man when he went to America to live. He was only nineteen, but he was strong and as brave as a lion. There was a Spanish Governor in the island where Cortez lived, and the Governor did not like Cortez. He threw the young man into prison, and when Cortez escaped, the Governor threw him in again. But Cortez was very brave and very clever, and so once more he got away, and hid himself so that the Governor could not find him.

Now, there had come news from further west, from the land which we now call Mexico, that there was much gold in that land. So the Governor of the island said to himself, "I will send some soldiers there, and they will take the gold away from the Indians and bring it to me; then I shall be a rich man, and can go back to Spain and live in a castle." For in those days there were castles in Spain, large and gray and beautiful, with great iron gates and a ditch of water all around, so that no man could enter except the friends of the owner. You see the Governor of this island wanted to be rich and great, and that is why he sent a little army of Spanish soldiers to the new land of Mexico.

"Who is the man that will lead my army?" asked the Governor. "There will be many dangers. Perhaps the ships will go down in a storm and all will be drowned; perhaps the food will give out and the soldiers and their generals will die from hunger, or it may be that the Indians will fight them and shoot them to death with bows and arrows. I must have a good general—strong, and as brave as a lion." And then he thought of Cortez, the brave, strong young Spaniard, and he made him general of the little army.

So one day the ships sailed away to the new land of Mexico. Cortez cheered the men by telling them stories of the great country they were going to find. "We are to sail and to fight," said he; "to fight for our good King, for Spain, and for God. The people that live in this land are not Christians. They do not believe in our God, and we must teach them about Him and make them Christians." But even while he spoke, the young Cortez thought of gold, gold, gold—dollars of gold piled up to the sky; goblets and plates and dishes of gold; tables and chairs of gold. Gold, gold, yellow gold, that would make the young Spaniard the richest man in all the world.

The little ships took up their anchors and sailed west toward the sun setting in the waters. It was a beautiful sea, all green and blue, with here and there reefs of white coral, and at last, far in the distance, they saw the beautiful new land of Mexico. The sun shone bright upon the green trees of the forest and all the flowers of the field, red and purple and blue and yellow, glistened in the bright light. The boats came up to the shore. "Here," cried Cortez, as he stood on the white beach, "here I shall found my city, and I shall call it the 'City of the True Cross,' in honor of God and the good King of Spain." And to this day the city bears that name—the "City of the True Cross."

Now, there lived in the new land of Mexico, high up behind the mountains, a nation of Indians called Aztecs. They were very proud and strong and brave, and had conquered many peoples. These Aztecs were not like the Indians we see in the circus. They had a beautiful city made of wood and stone, with houses full of gold and silver ornaments, and this wonderful city was built upon floating islands. The King of the Aztecs was a very great man. His name was Montezuma, and his father had been King before him and his grandfather had been King before him; and so, for so many, many years, that no one among the Aztecs, even the oldest, could remember.

Now, there was a story among the Aztecs that some day the Children of the Sun would come from the East and drive Montezuma and his Indians away. These Children of the Sun, according to the story, were not red like the Aztecs, but white like Cortez and his Spanish soldiers. So when Montezuma heard of the white men, who had come and founded the City of the True Cross, he called his wise men together. They

were very old and very wise, and they bowed deep to Montezuma, because he was King, and they listened to what he said.

"Now, my Lords," said Montezuma to the wise men about him, "I have strange news to tell you. There have come from the East the Children of the Sun. They are white men, with black hair and beards, and their clothes are made of metal as bright as silver, so that it glistens in the sun. They ride on big, strong animals that run faster than a man." You see, Montezuma had never seen horses. "And," went on the King, "these children have come here in houses that sail on the sea—in ships such as we Aztecs know not of. I fear that, when they see our beautiful city, they will kill our people, and then the Aztec nation will be no more."

The King paused, and in the great hall, where the wise men were gathered, all was silent, so silent that the breathing of the wise men could be heard. Then again the King spoke:

"My Lords!" he called out, "what shall I do?"

And a young man, the bravest of all the Aztec princes, arose quietly and, facing the King, answered his question.

"The Aztecs, my Lord," he said, "have always fought. We must do as our fathers have ever done, fight for our King and our beautiful 'City of the Floating Islands.'"

Montezuma was silent as he listened to the brave words of the young prince, and all the wise men were silent too.

Then a very old man, the oldest and wisest of all the wise men in the kingdom, rose in his turn; and all the wise men listened as the old man spoke.

"Not so, my gracious King, not so," he said slowly. "We are brave men, but we cannot fight the Children of the Sun. It is true that our soldiers are many and the white men are few; but the Sun has given to them his fire. They have tubes that are called guns, and when the Indians fight these white children, the tubes speak out fire and noise, which kill the red men. Where are our brothers to the East who have fought the white men? Dead, my Lord, dead. We cannot fight against the Sun or against his children. We must send to the white men presents—rich presents of gold and silver, and beg them to go away in their houses that sail the sea—to go away, they, and their horses, and their guns, and not come up to our beautiful city."

And as the old man had said, so the King Montezuma did. He gathered together great chests of gold and silver, dresses and cloaks of bright green peacock feathers, and heaps and heaps of red rubies, and milky white pearls, and precious jewels that glistened in the sun. "Take these to the white men," he said to his servants; "take this gold and silver and all these beautiful gifts to the white men, who are Children of the Sun, and beg them to go away and not come up to our beautiful city."

The servants did as Montezuma had bidden them. They did not have horses, but all day and all night they ran as swift as the bird flies, until at last they came to where Cortez and his soldiers waited. Then they fell on their knees and bowed their heads to the ground.

"Behold, O Children of the Sun," they said, "this gold and silver, and all these rubies and precious stones, and all these beautiful things are the presents of our good King Montezuma to the white men who have come from the East; and our King Montezuma begs the white men not to go up to his beautiful city, but to take the gold and silver and to go away in their wonderful houses that sail on the sea."

Now, when Cortez saw all the gold and silver that Montezuma had sent, he became very greedy. He wanted still more gold, and he knew that if Montezuma could send him such beautiful presents, there must be great riches in the wonderful city. So he said to the waiting servants, "Tell your good King Montezuma that I thank him for the gold and silver which he has sent me, and that I and all my men with me will come to visit him in his beautiful city."

Then the servants went back with the message. Now, it was a long and dangerous journey to the beautiful city of the Aztecs, and Cortez feared that his men might be afraid to go so far from their ships, so he called them together. "I am going on a long and dangerous journey," he said; "those who go with me shall become rich, very rich, but those who are afraid can stay here on the seacoast." And the soldiers answered, "You are our general, Cortez, and where you go we will go too." Then Cortez burned his ships so that no one could turn back, and with his little army marched up to the beautiful city where King Montezuma lived.

Now, when Montezuma heard that the white men were coming to his beautiful city, he did not know what to do. Some of his wise men said, "Let us fight the Children of the Sun," and others said, "Let us have peace; let us welcome the white men as guests to our city." So Montezuma did not know what to do.

When Cortez reached the high lands and looked out upon the city, he saw the strangest sight in the world. The city was built on islands that

floated on the lakes, and there was water all about it, and bridges with gates, and soldiers that stood by the gates to keep the white men out. And Cortez was afraid. You see the bridges were very narrow, and it would have been very easy for the Aztecs to shoot the Spanish soldiers as they crossed the bridges; so the crafty Cortez said to the Indians: "Listen, my friends; let us come into your beautiful City of the Floating Islands, for we are tired after our long journey. Let us rest with you a little, for we are your friends, and we wish you to be ours."

So the Aztecs let the white men cross the bridges and enter the gates of their city. Now, as soon as Cortez and his soldiers were inside the city, they behaved very badly. They went out on the streets and quarreled with the Aztecs. They found fault with the palace, which the good King Montezuma had given them to live in, and they always thought of ways in which to take from the Aztecs their gold and silver and precious stones. Now Cortez, who was very strong and brave, was also very cruel and deceitful. He invited Montezuma to come and see him in his palace, and when the Aztec King came to see him, Cortez told his soldiers to hold him prisoner. Then the white men went out into the streets and fought the good Indians and killed many of them. The kind King Montezuma wanted peace, and said that he would give the Spaniards more gold if they would only go back to their own country. But the Spaniards did not wish to go back, not until they had found all the gold and silver in all the land of the Aztecs. So they fought battles, many battles, and the Spaniards, who were brave, but very, very cruel, conquered all that country. Many of the Aztecs were killed and even the good King Montezuma lost his life.

Thus it all came to pass just as the wise men had foretold, and the City of the Floating Islands became the white men's city.

But it did not go well with Cortez. To be sure, at first he became very rich, and had beautiful houses, and lands, and horses, and gold and silver; but he did not long keep these things. He grew poor again, and when he got to be an old man, he was very sad and unhappy. And sometimes I think he must have been sorry for his cruelties, and lies, and wickedness, and for all the unkind things he did to the poor Aztecs when he and his soldiers went up into Mexico and conquered the beautiful City of the Floating Islands.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH DRAKE

One day there sailed from Spain three little ships on a great voyage, one that will never be forgotten. Led by Columbus, they sailed out into the Atlantic, and found on the other side the new world of America.

Many other Spanish ships followed them in after years, and came back laden with gold and jewels. The dark-faced princes of America were cast down from their thrones, and men of Spain ruled in their stead. The proud king of Spain claimed the new world for his own. English seamen were forbidden to sail in those seas; and woe betide any English sailor who fell into the hands of Spain! The Spaniard had no mercy.

But the English seamen did not fear. They sailed into the Spanish seas, and fought the ships of Spain. Many a Spanish treasure-ship was towed into the ports of England.

The boldest of the English captains was Drake. On the narrow strip of land that joins the two Americas he took two Spanish towns. Then hearing that a store of gold and silver was coming from the mines, Drake and his men lay in wait for it. Hiding in the long grass by the roadside, they waited till they heard the tinkling bells of a long string of mules. Drake blew his whistle; his men sprang out; and in a moment the prize was won.

But one thing Drake longed for more than gold or silver. From the top of a tree he saw on the far side of that strip of land, the blue water of the Pacific Ocean. From that day he prayed God "of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea."

In the year 1577 Drake set sail from England. His own ship was named the "Pelican," and with him were four other ships. They slipped past Spain, and sailed down the hot coast of Africa Once when they went ashore for water, the poor blacks came to Drake, eager to buy his water from him. He was sorry for these thirsty folk; so he gave them his water for nothing, though he could ill spare it.

One day he passed an island where stood a Spanish town. There was a puff of smoke from the shore, another from the guns of the "Peli-

can." And so with a growl they passed on. That was the only greeting of England to Spain in those days.

Now they were passing an island peak, towering more than two miles into the sky. At night it glared red, for it was a volcano. This was the last land they would see for nine long weeks. Their only visitors in all that time were a cloud of flying-fish that fell on board the ships.

When at last they reached the coast of South America, the hills again glared red at night. But these were just fires lit by the savage people, in the hope that the fire-spirits would scare away the ships. For the natives had learned to fear the cruel Spaniards. Drake, however, when he landed, treated them kindly.

After many days the "Pelican" reached the tail of South America; but only two ships of the little fleet were now left to her. Before them was a narrow strait, with tall gray cliffs on each side. This was a great day. They dipped their flags, lowering them and raising them again to the masthead in honor of good Queen Bess of England; and Drake gave his ship a new name, the "Golden Hinde." For through this strait was the way to the Pacific.

But it was a hard passage. The strait twisted this way and that, and gusts of wind swooped down like birds of prey from the mountains. When at last the three ships got through to the Pacific, they were beaten about by storms for fifty days. One of them went to the bottom. Another turned back and went home. There was only left Drake in the "Golden Hinde."

Here and there up the long coast of America the treasure ships of Spain were lying. Surely on this sea, at least, their ill-gotten gold was safe from English rovers. Little did the Spaniards dream that Drake was on their track!

At one hot seaport, a Spaniard lay fast asleep, and beside him were thirteen bars of silver. He was awakened by a stranger, who was lifting away the silver bars. "You will sleep better, friend, if you have not the care of guarding these," said the stranger. It was Drake.

At another place a band of unhappy slaves were being tried by their cruel Spanish master. A stranger appeared. He set free the poor slaves, and packed the cruel Spaniard into his boat. It was Drake again.

From one ship alone, Drake took eighty pounds of gold, twenty-six tons of silver, besides piles of pearls and jewels. Then he called for the ship's papers, on which all these things were noted down, and made out a receipt for the whole cargo! No wonder the Spaniards were furious at Drake the Dragon, as they called him. They melted down church bells to make more guns. But "the Dragon" had taken wing; he was too swift for them.

Little did Drake care for all their guns. North and ever north he sailed, to parts where no Spanish ship had been seen. The simple people thought he was a god. But Drake sang a psalm and pointed to heaven, to teach these poor folk a better way.

Now the "Golden Hinde" turned her prow to the west. For ten weeks they saw nothing but sea and sky, till at last they came to the Spice Islands. One night, with all their sails spread, they crashed on to a reef. With much prayer and hard work they got off next day; but only after a whole fortune of gold and silver had been flung into the sea to lighten the ship.

Had they gone farther south, they would have found the great land of Australia. To-day there are millions of people living there. Some of them live in large cities, while others drive great herds of cattle on the plains, or dig for gold under the burning sun. But when the "Golden Hinde" passed that way, Australia had never been heard of.

News came to Drake, however, from another great land. On one of the islands he met a prince who had come from China, a country which holds a quarter of the people in the whole world. For some fault, this prince had been sent away from China. He was told not to come back, unless he could bring some strange news that had never been heard before.

The prince, you may be sure, was eager to hear all Drake's news. Surely no such tale had ever been heard before! He even pressed Drake to pay a visit to China—to come and see its vast rivers and canals, its thousand walled cities, its river-town where people live in boats instead of in houses, and its great wall a thousand miles long. He told Drake of the old books of China, and of the famous kings who ruled there long before the days of Rome and Greece. It would be easy for Drake to go there, for a long tongue of land reaches out to the islands, like a gangway let down from China. But it was no use. Drake and his men were longing for their dear old England. They might have turned aside to India, with its gold and ivory, its temples and cities. Or if they wanted sport, there were tigers and elephants in the jungles of India. But what need had Drake for more riches or more perils? His ship was heavy with gold and rubies, and alas! he had already lost too many of his men. So he steered once more for the open sea.

While the "Golden Hinde" ploughs slowly through the waves, let us flit on ahead to South Africa. We take our stand on the flat top of Table Mountain, and see below us the fine harbor of Cape Town. Down there a train is just setting off. It will travel over two thousand miles, up through the Transvaal and Rhodesia, toward Lake Tanganyika, on which large steamers, such ships as Drake could not have dreamed of, ply their way.

Phew! It is all gone! For the time we are speaking of now is three hundred years ago, when no British ship had yet come this way—except the "Golden Hinde." There it is, with its white sails, coming slowly round the Cape. Let us slip on ahead once more, to England this time.

Every one is talking about Drake and his doings. King Philip of Spain is in a fury. "This master-thief must be put to death," he says; "Drake has no right to sail the Spanish sea." The monster ships of Spain are out, scouring the seas for "the Dragon," who has done them such hurt.

HOW DE SOTO CAME TO THE FATHER OF WATERS

BY FREDERICK WINTHROP HUTCHINSON

In the olden days, while the bold Columbus was sailing across the ocean, there lived in a gray, mossy castle in Spain a young lad named Ferdinand de Soto. This Ferdinand was a very lonely boy. He had no father and no mother, and there were no other boys with whom he could play. All he could do was to watch the birds flying in the green woods near the castle, and listen to their sweet songs. Sometimes, in the long, beautiful afternoons, he would go out walking with his faithful dog, or ride on top of his big black horse, that the boy had known and loved ever since he was a little baby.

Ferdinand did not go to school. There weren't many schools in those days, and only the very rich could go; and Ferdinand, though he lived in a castle, was very poor. But he did learn how to ride on a horse, and how to fence with a sword. His servant taught him these things. This servant was a good, strong old man, with eyes as black as coal, and hair and beard as white as snow. Soon the young Ferdinand learned so well that he could fence better than his teacher; and as for horses, Ferdinand could ride horses that the old man was afraid to mount.

One day there came to the castle a very rich nobleman named Don Pedro. He looked at the handsome young Ferdinand and was very much pleased with him. Ferdinand was very polite and had good manners, so at last Don Pedro said to him: "You seem like a very fine lad. How would you like to come to my palace and learn to read and write, and become a great soldier such as your father used to be?" "I should like it very much," replied the young Ferdinand. "I should like to learn many things and then be a soldier; and when I am a man I wish to go to America like Columbus." "Very well," said Don Pedro; "come with me and live in my palace."

You can imagine how happy the young Ferdinand was to leave the gloomy old castle to go with Don Pedro. And he was still happier when he got there; for the rich Don Pedro had a daughter named Isabella. This Isabella was as beautiful as the day, and as good as she was beautiful. The two children liked each other, and in the lonely afternoons they played many games while the sun cast its long shadows on the green grass. Ferdinand now had lessons. He learned to read and to write; he went to a great school where they taught him many wonderful things, and every day he grew taller and stronger, until at last his birthday came round again and he was 19 years old.

Then a strange thing happened. The young Isabella had grown up to be a beautiful girl, with wonderful deep gray eyes, and red lips that curved like a bow, and her hair was as black as the darkest night. Ferdinand loved Isabella very tenderly, and Isabella loved Ferdinand, and they wanted to marry and "live happily ever afterward." But Don Pedro was away in America, and they had to wait until he came back.

At last Don Pedro came home, and Ferdinand went up to him and said: "Don Pedro, you have been very good to me. You have brought me up like your own son. Now I am a man and I love your daughter, Isabella. May I have her as my wife?"

Now, Don Pedro was a greedy man, and he wanted his daughter to marry a great, rich lord, and not a poor young boy like Ferdinand. So

he said: "No, I will not let you marry my daughter. You have taken my food, but you may not take my child." So Ferdinand was sad, and did not know what to do, for he loved Isabella very dearly; but he could not marry her against her father's wishes.

Then Don Pedro thought of a very clever plan. He said to himself: "If the young Ferdinand and the young Isabella live here in my castle, their love will grow until it knows no bounds; and perhaps some day when I am away serving my King, these young people will get married. That will never do. But if I can get Ferdinand away, then Isabella will forget him, and will marry a great, rich Lord, and live in a beautiful, big castle."

So the clever Don Pedro said to Ferdinand: "You have always wanted to be a soldier and go to America like the great Christopher Columbus. Now is your time. You are a man, and can gain honor and gold for yourself, and new countries for your King. You must not think of Isabella; you must think of America."

The words of the clever Don Pedro moved the heart of the brave young lad. "You are right, Don Pedro," he answered; "I will go to America."

I think that Ferdinand must have been very sad when he had spoken these words; for little did he know whether, in all his life, he would ever again look upon the sweet, beautiful face of Isabella. Perhaps on his way to America the little ship would strike a rock or go down in a storm, and Ferdinand would be drowned. Or perhaps the Indians would kill him, or he would die of a fever, or would be cast into prison, with nothing to eat or drink but bread and water, and the rats would squeak, and the day would be as dark as the night. Perhaps he would be thrown into such a prison by some wicked man and never be set free again. And even if he came back after many hard years and many great perils, he might find that Isabella had married and forgotten all about him; so you may well believe that Ferdinand, brave young man as he was, wept bitter tears when he said good-by to the fair Isabella.

And yet Ferdinand was anxious to go. All the brave young Spaniards wanted to go to America to fight the Indians, to teach them about God, to find gold for themselves and new countries for the King. Every now and then some young man would come back from America with gold, and silver, and pearls, and rubies, and beautiful, wonderful birds, and strange things that no man had ever set eyes on before; and many were the stories about the red men who lived in the beautiful land of America.

Well, at last the ship was ready, and Ferdinand sailed away, and for fifteen long years he stayed in America. I cannot begin to tell you of all the wonderful sights he saw there, or of the many bold deeds that he did. Of all the brave men who had gone to America, none was braver than Ferdinand de Soto. After a while he met the Spanish General, Pizarro, who was going to Peru to conquer that country. Pizarro told De Soto about Peru and the Incas, of their wonderful temples and palaces, and how rich they were with all their gold and silver. "I am going to Peru to conquer that country," he said to De Soto, "and I want you to come with me, because you are such a brave man."

Now, when Pizarro said these words to De Soto and told him of all the dangers he would meet in that new land, the young Ferdinand was not afraid. He loved danger as he loved the beautiful Isabella whom he had left in Spain. "I will go with you, Pizarro," said Ferdinand, "and I will be a brave and true soldier." And so, during all that great war against the Incas of Peru, Ferdinand fought bravely by the side of Pizarro, the bravest of all the men in that army.

When Peru was conquered, and after many other great adventures, Ferdinand returned to Spain. Fifteen years had passed since he had left. Now he was no longer a poor boy, but a rich and powerful man, and everybody respected him because of his wise words and brave deeds. You may be sure that Ferdinand was very happy to see once more the beautiful country in which he was born. However much you may travel, you are always happy when at last you come back to your own home. So it was with Ferdinand. He almost cried with joy when he saw again the old, mossy castle where he had played as a boy. There were the same old trees, the same long, dusty road where he used to ride upon his great black horse; but most happy of all was Ferdinand when he saw again the beautiful Isabella. She was more lovely than ever. Her father, the clever Don Pedro, was now dead, and during all these long years the beautiful Isabella had loved the young Ferdinand. She had been very sad because Ferdinand was away, but she never forgot him; and when the great lords of Spain had come to her and asked her to marry them, she always shook her head and spoke sadly. "No, my good lord," she answered; "I love the young Ferdinand de Soto who fights for his King in the land of America. I shall wait until he comes for me."

FERDINAND DE SOTO

FROM A DRAWING BY H. MOORE

So they were married, and all the great lords and ladies who were invited to the wedding said they had never seen so handsome a couple. There were plenty of cakes and wine for all the people who came, and there was a table where the poor could sit down and eat as much as they wished. Everybody laughed and cried for joy. Then Ferdinand took his beautiful wife to a great palace in Seville, and there they lived so happily that the days flew by like minutes, and even the King envied them because they were so happy.

The brave Ferdinand was very good to his beautiful wife. He bought for her all that her heart could desire. So it happened that he spent all the gold and silver that he had brought with him from America. Then, one day, Ferdinand said to his wife: "I shall go to America again to bring you more gold and more silver, and all the beautiful things that are found in that country." Ferdinand said this to make his wife happy; but the beautiful Isabella was not happy. "I was so sad when you went away the last time," she said. "I cannot bear to have you leave me again. Let me, I pray you, go with you and share your dangers."

So the good Ferdinand de Soto kissed his brave wife and told her she might go with him; and many young lords of Spain wanted to go also. They all knew how bold, and true, and wise Ferdinand was; so the ships were filled with young nobles, all dressed in bright-colored clothes. After a long journey, the ships came to the island of Hispaniola, where there were many Spaniards. Here Ferdinand told Isabella to wait for him. "There are many dangers where I go," he said; "but soon I will come back with gold and silver, and all that the heart can desire."

Little did Ferdinand know when he kissed his wife good-by that he would never again see her in all this world. Boldly he sailed to the land of Florida. Here he found many wonderful things, but nowhere did he find the great mines of gold and silver that Cortez had seen in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru. The Indians told him that gold and silver could be found in the great wild country to the west; so Ferdinand and his little army marched toward the west. Every day they moved further and further away from their home, and further and further away from the lonely Isabella, who waited on the island. Everywhere they looked for gold, but the Indians always pointed toward the west, where the sun sets. Always they said to the Spaniards: "Go west; go far west into the wild, wild country and there you will find gold."

In their long, hard march, the brave Ferdinand de Soto and his little army had many adventures. Sometimes the Indians were friendly, and would sit down with the white men about the fire and smoke their long pipes. This was a sign among the Indians to show that they were friends with the white men. But sometimes the Indians were not friendly, and fought with the Spaniards. I do not blame these Indians for fighting with De Soto. Before De Soto had come to this land, there had been other Spaniards there, and these men had been very, very cruel. They had killed many Indians and thrown their pretty little babies into the river, and one day they took the Indian chief and cut his nose off. Some of the Indians thought that all Spaniards were cruel and wicked, and so they fought against De Soto and killed many of his men.

Then other misfortunes befell De Soto. There were many great rivers to cross, and there were no boats; so De Soto made canoes out of the trunks of trees and moved his little band of soldiers over on these. But sometimes the boats were unsafe, and horses and men were drowned. Then, too, many of the men died of fever because they had to go through great swamps, where no white men had ever been before, and where you sank into the ground up to your waist. Sometimes there was not enough food, and many of the men grew sick and died; so the soldiers grew afraid and begged to be taken home. But the bold De Soto said: "No; we are all brave men and we must never turn back."

Then there happened one of the greatest things in all the world. De Soto had come to America to find gold, and he did not find it; but he found what was much greater, a mighty river. This river was the greatest in all America. It was so large and great that the Indians called it the Mississippi, which means in their language the Father of Waters. This river has become the great water-way of America; cities have grown up on it, boats have gone up and down its wide waters, and more good has come from it than from many barrels of gold. And it was Ferdinand de Soto who first found this river, who first came to the Father of Waters.

When De Soto saw this Mississippi River, there were no boats on it, and no cities near it. It was just a great, wide river, gleaming in the sun, stretching out its wide arms toward the north and the south. But De Soto was happy. He loved the river as he loved the beautiful Isabella, who waited for him so many, many miles away. And now Ferdinand was willing to turn back. The Indians were not at all

friendly, and his army was very little and very weak. Many of the soldiers were sick from the fever; so sadly De Soto turned his back on the great river and started his march home.

But before he had gone many miles, the great Ferdinand de Soto fell sick. Every day he grew worse, and every day he longed to see his beautiful Isabella and the wonderful Mississippi River that he had found. But the fever grew worse and at last the brave Ferdinand de Soto died.

The sad soldiers buried him in the forest and then started homeward. But before they had gone many steps, one of the soldiers, who was very clever, thought of a plan. "If the Indians find De Soto's grave," he said, "they will know that our brave leader is dead. Then they will no longer fear to attack us. Therefore, let us bury him in the great river that he loved so well, so that no man can find his grave." And this they did. They took up his body and put it into the hollow of a great, heavy tree, and in the dead of night they placed it in the river and let it sink. This was almost four hundred years ago. Yet, perhaps, even to-day, at the bottom of the great Mississippi River, there lies the body of the brave Ferdinand de Soto, who, among all white men, was the first to come to the Father of Waters.

THE LITTLE RED PRINCESS OF THE FOREST

BY FREDERICK WINTHROP HUTCHINSON

THIS is the story of a Princess—not a fairy Princess with golden locks and long, silken gowns, but a real Princess. *You* might have called her a savage if you had seen her running barefooted about in the forest, because she was just a little, black-haired Indian girl, who played with other little Indians in the woods of Virginia. Yet this little girl was a Princess and her father was a King.

Now, the name of this Princess was Pocahontas. It is a large name for such a little girl; and yet, though it is three hundred years since she lived, no one has forgotten her name. No one has forgotten the story of the beautiful red Princess who lived in Virginia, and this is the reason why:

In those days Virginia was very different from what it is to-day. There were no cities, and railroads, and houses, and street cars; no theaters, or parks, or schools. There were no white people there at all. It was all a wild country, with great rivers, and forests where no roads led, and all the people—the men and women, the little boys and girls, even the tiny, dear little babies—were Indians.

Well, as the years went on, little Pocahontas had her twelfth birthday. She was so beautiful, and so very good and kind, that all the Indians loved her. The women embroidered her skirts with bright-colored porcupine quills, and with feathers and beads, and the men brought her presents of beautiful birds and little gray squirrels which they trapped in the forest. But the King, her father, loved her most. Whenever he came back from a journey, his first question was always: "Where is Pocahontas?" And then he patted her on the head and gave her some shells which the Indians used for money. There was nothing in the world that the King would not do for his little daughter.

Now, Pocahontas had never seen a white man. She thought that all men were red like her father and the other brave Indians with whom she lived. You see, there never had been any white men in her part of the country. The brave, cruel Spaniards had gone to Cuba and Florida and Mexico and countries to the south, and the French explorers, who were very brave, too, had gone north to Canada and to the great St. Lawrence River. The English, to be sure, had sent men to Virginia, but they had only looked around the coast and had not gone into the forest. So Pocahontas and her father, King Powhatan, had never seen a white man in all their lives.

But one day the soldiers of the King brought into the village a prisoner, whose hands and feet were tied with thongs. This prisoner was a tall man, with light hair and blue eyes, and what was even more wonderful, with skin as white as milk. The Indians shook their tomahawks in front of his face, and made a motion with their long knives as though they were going to cut off his head, but the man only laughed and he did not show any fear. Now, the Indians like a brave man, and when their prisoner laughed at their knives, they thought he must be a very brave man indeed. And little Pocahontas, who was watching from the door of her father's wigwam,

which is the Indian name for a little tent, thought him brave too. She liked this white man, who was not afraid of the tomahawks of the bravest warriors, and she was sorry when she saw how the thongs of deer-skin, with which he was bound, cut into his white skin; so she asked her father to have the Indians unbind their prisoner, and this they did.

Now, the name of this white man who laughed at the tomahawks was Captain John Smith. He was one of the bravest of all the brave Englishmen who came to America so long ago. He had been a soldier in England, and when he was very young had gone to fight against the Turks, who were making war on the Christians. The young John Smith was so very brave in this war that when the English wanted men to win the new country of Virginia for their good King James, they chose him for their captain.

I do not think that anybody ever had more trouble or ran into more danger than did this brave gentleman. It was not easy to cross the ocean in those days. The little sail-boats were often wrecked, and then there were cruel pirates who would catch sailors and throw them into the sea. And even when John Smith and his little band of men sailed up the James River in Virginia, and made the new city of Jamestown, their troubles were not over. They did not have enough to eat, and it was hard to get any food from the unfriendly Indians. Besides, the men who had come with Captain Smith were not used to work. They wanted to find gold and silver and become rich right away, and they did not want to plant corn, and build houses, and barns, and forts.

So you may well believe that Captain Smith had enough trouble. When his people did not have food and were hungry, and when some of them fell sick and died, as they did, then they all complained. They even cried to go home to England. They had much trouble with the Indians, too; and at last, as I told you before, Captain John Smith and some of his men were captured, and Smith was bound and taken to King Powhatan's village. So you can well believe that poor John Smith was very happy when, to please Pocahontas, the King ordered him to be untied.

Now, the Indians were curious to know all about the white men. They spent long hours in front of their wigwams listening to the strange stories of Captain Smith. He wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, and when the Indians saw how the white men in Jamestown could read these little black marks on the paper, they were filled with wonder, for the Indians had no schools, and could not read or write. "It is strange," they said, "our prisoner can talk to a man a hundred miles away. He must be a great chief and a friend of the gods." Then Captain Smith showed the Indians his compass. He told them that with this little needle he could never be lost in the forest; even where the woods were dense, he could find his way back to the camp-fire. Now, you and I know that the needle of a compass points always to the north; but the Indians did not know this, and they thought it was magic that told Captain John Smith the way.

So they grew afraid of this white man; but Pocahontas was not afraid.

The days passed, till one morning the King, Powhatan, called his warriors together to see what they wished to do with their captive. They all sat around a great camp-fire, and each man smoked his long pipe. Pocahontas was not there, because no woman was allowed at these meetings; but you may be sure that she was very anxious to hear what they would do with the white man. After a while, one of the Indian chiefs—he was a very old man, with a great scar running across his forehead—spoke:

"I know it is the custom of our tribe, oh, King Powhatan, to kill the men who are taken in battle; but this man is not like other men. He is brave; he can talk to his friends a hundred miles away; he speaks with magic to the stars. So I say send him back to his people."

When the man with the scar had finished speaking, there was a low murmur, which showed that many of the Indians were pleased. But there were others who did not like Captain Smith, and were afraid to keep him alive. A little old man, who was very thin, and had a very squeaky voice, arose and spoke:

"Oh, King Powhatan, it is not safe to let this man live. He is the friend of the devils, or how else could he talk with the stars, or by little marks speak to his friends a hundred miles away? Besides, it is the custom of our tribe that we kill all prisoners. Therefore, I say, oh, King, let the white man die."

And so it was agreed. I think that in his heart the good King Powhatan would have liked to save Captain Smith, but he would not go against the wishes of his chiefs. You may well believe that Pocahontas was very sad when she heard that her friend must die. During the long summer days, when he had been a prisoner in the village, she had grown very fond of him. He had told her wonderful stories of England,

the great country across the sea, and of the little white boys and girls who lived there, and of the schools they went to and the games they played; and now the man who had been so kind to her must die a cruel death, far from the country he loved.

All day she walked in the forest, trying to think of some plan by which she could save his life; but when night came and she returned sadly to camp, she had not yet thought of a plan. Now, as she neared the village, she met a young brave dressed in his war-paint. "Hurry, oh, Princess," he said, "for the white man is to die at sundown."

Poor Pocahontas! She ran even faster than the young brave, and reached her father's wigwam just in time to see John Smith, bound hand and foot, stretched on the ground, his head resting on a big, flat stone. All the Indians made way for the Princess as she pushed her way to the front, and then, as a warrior raised a great club to dash out the Englishman's brains, she fell on her knees and threw her arms around his neck. If the club fell on Captain Smith, it must kill her too. From her knees she begged her father, the King, to give to her the life of the white man.

Powhatan and all the Indian chiefs loved a brave act. They looked at the little girl kneeling before them, ready to die to save her white friend. So the King said: "Let the white man go free."

And the Indians all grunted, which meant that they, too, were really glad.

So John Smith rose from the ground a free man, and was sent with twelve Indians back to Jamestown. But this was not the only time that the little Red Princess saved the life of her friend. The Jamestown settlement was in danger of attacks by bad Indians, and more than once Pocahontas came through the great forest at night to warn Captain Smith that his enemies were coming. Then, too, she asked her father, the King, to give corn to the English, and often the little village would have starved but for the little Red Princess of the Forest, who sent them corn.

One day, when Pocahontas came to Jamestown, she found that Captain Smith had gone back to England to be cured of a wound. This made her very sad, but she still went often to Jamestown to hear news of her friend. At last one day she was told that he was dead. After that the little Red Princess stayed in the forest. She did not go then very often to the English village, though she still sent presents of corn to the white people.

But John Smith was not dead, and Pocahontas was to meet her good friend once more. Not in the great, silent forests was she to see him, nor yet in the little city of Jamestown, but in England, far across the sea. And this is how the little Red Princess of the Forest happened to go to England.

In the village of Jamestown there lived a young Englishman named John Rolfe. Now Rolfe was not a Prince, and in stories only the Prince can marry the Princess; but a real red Princess is different from a fairy one, and so, after some years, Pocahontas and John Rolfe were married.

The wedding was in the little church at Jamestown, because Pocahontas had become a Christian, and you may well believe that all the good Indians came to see their beautiful Princess married.

Well, after some time, John Rolfe and his young wife crossed the ocean to England, and thus it was that in the great city of London Pocahontas met her old friend, John Smith, once more. You may well believe that she was glad to see him again after so many years, and that they had many happy times together. It soon happened that everyone in London was talking about Pocahontas. The London people had never seen a red Princess before, especially a Princess who had done so many brave deeds, and saved the lives of so many Englishmen. So all London wished to honor her. The King and the Queen sent for Pocahontas, and she was often at their court, where all the great lords and ladies loved her and gave her beautiful presents.

But at last the time came for John Rolfe to go back to Jamestown. Pocahontas was very sad at the thought of leaving England and all her kind English friends, and she was sad, too, because her little son, who had been born in England, must take the long, rough journey. But their plans were all made, and the good ship was ready to sail.

Then it was, at the last moment, that poor Pocahontas was taken ill. All the great doctors of London came to see her, but their medicines were of no use, and, after a few days of suffering, she died. John Rolfe buried her in England, among the white people there; but I like to think of her best in the great, silent woods of Virginia, where, for so long, she had lived with her Indian tribe, and where she was called Pocahontas, the little Red Princess of the Forest.

COLONIAL GOVERNORS AND PROPRIETORS

THE STORY OF MYLES STANDISH *

THIS is a story about some of the most stout-hearted and interesting people who ever lived. These were the Pilgrim Fathers, who came over from Holland to New England to find freedom to worship according to their own consciences. Longfellow says:

"God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation."

Here is the story of three of these heroes, as Longfellow has told it in his famous poem.

The tale begins with a picture of the sturdy Captain, Myles Standish, and his young friend, John Alden, in Captain Standish's log cabin at Plymouth.

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Myles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion.

JOHN ALDEN'S UNWELCOME ERRAND

It is a cold, misty day, and Captain Standish stands long at the window looking out over the ocean, and thinking of the shadows and sorrows that had come into his life. When he breaks silence he says:

"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

The Captain has been reading Julius Cæsar's account of his famous campaigns, and as he finishes he smites the book with his hand and says: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar! He could both write and fight, and what he says is what I always say: 'If you wish a thing to be well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others.'"

At once the inconsistent old soldier seems to forget the lesson that he has learned from Julius Cæsar, for he astonishes his friend Alden by telling him that since the death of Rose Standish, his wife, his life has been very dreary; so he has been thinking much about Priscilla, the loveliest maiden in Plymouth; and since he himself is a man not of words but of action, and John has been bred as a scholar and can say it in elegant language, he wishes John to go in his place and ask Priscilla to accept the hand and heart of a blunt old Captain.

John Alden is not only amazed, but aghast, for he has a tender heart for Priscilla himself. But

* The story of Captain Myles Standish is particularly interesting to young Americans because it gives such a vivid picture of the life of our New England forefathers in the time and country of the Pilgrims. The story of his courtship is founded on tradition, but is nevertheless true in its leading points. It was according to the custom of those days that Captain Standish sent his friend to make an offer of marriage. John Alden first consulted the father of Priscilla Mullins, who approved. The offer was then made to Priscilla, who did not approve

he can hardly refuse what is asked in the sacred name of friendship, and so with downcast head he goes out on his errand.

A VISIT TO THE BEAUTIFUL PRISCILLA

The story tells how Alden goes out through the Plymouth woods, crosses the brook, and walks among the spring mayflowers which are blooming around him.

Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the mayflower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them."

Just beyond the woods is the new-built house which is Priscilla's home; and as he draws near the door he hears the musical voice of Priscilla—

Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.

Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a church-yard,

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA MULLINS
FROM A PAINTING BY FRANCIS D. MILLET

Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!

Alden sits sadly down, although his heart beats with pleasure at the kindly greeting of the lovely maiden. They sat and talked of the birds and the beautiful springtime, talked of their friends in old England, and of the Mayflower upon which they had come, that was to sail back to their motherland in the morning.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

PRISCILLA'S UNEXPECTED ANSWER

Priscilla's sad words give Alden his opportunity. "I do not condemn you for having been homesick," he says. "Your heart is tender and trusting, and you need a stronger one to lean on. So I have come to you with an offer of marriage—made by a good man and true, Captain Myles Standish."

Alden could not seem to deck his message in the beautiful phrases he had planned, but came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy. Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly. Priscilla looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilating with wonder, but at length with hot anger she answered: "If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, why doesn't he take the trouble to come himself? If I am not worth wooing, surely I am not worth winning."

John Alden went on trying to explain and smooth out the matter, making it worse as he talked by saying the Captain was busy.

"Busy?" asked Priscilla harshly. "If he has no time for such things before he is married, do you think he would be likely to find more after the wedding?"

But still John Alden continued, remembering his duty to his friend, and called attention to the doughty Captain's fine qualities, his noble birth, his honorable nature, his kindly spirit, even though he was, he confessed, sometimes hasty and headstrong.

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly, the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

CHALLENGE OF BATTLE

John Alden rushed into the open air, perplexed and bewildered. He was not quite sure yet wherein he had made a mistake, but it was plain to him that life for him would hereafter hardly be worth living. He could scarcely hope for Priscilla's forgiveness; and as for the hot-headed Captain's, this was even less to be expected.

And John Alden was right; for as soon as he reported the unfortunate result of the courtship, the angry warrior shouted wildly: "John Alden, you have betrayed me!"

The unpleasant interview was fortunately interrupted. A messenger appeared at the doorway, bringing rumors of danger from the hostile Indians. The Captain strode to the wall, took down his sword with its iron scabbard, buckled the belt around his waist, and, frowning furiously, departed. John Alden was left alone.

The story now shifts to the council chamber, whither a delegation of Indians had come to challenge the elders of Plymouth. In the midst of the room was lying upon a table a huge, unopened Bible, and upon this an Indian Chief, in attitude stern and defiant, had flung down the glittering skin of a rattlesnake, filled, like a

THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON

quiver, with arrows—a signal and challenge of warfare.

The angry Plymouth Captain muttered deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger. "Leave this matter to me," he said to the elders. Then, jerking the Indian arrows from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden contemptuous gesture he filled it with powder and bullets and handed it back to the savage, saying in thundering tones: "Here, take it! This is your answer!"

Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER

The next morning the people of Plymouth gathered early at the harbor to watch the Mayflower as she sailed away to her homeland.

Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.

Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea shore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Among these the foremost was Alden, and not far away he saw Priscilla, standing dejected and looking sad, reproachful and patient.

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

As the ship vanished over the borizon and Alden was just about to turn away, he was surprised to find Priscilla standing close beside him. "You are not offended, are you?" said she. "Am I so much to blame that yesterday, when you were pleading the cause of another so warmly, my heart pleaded yours? We must still be friends.

"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Myles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."

HOW ALDEN'S BONDS WERE BROKEN

Alden went home with his heart a little less sore, although it still reproached him.

In the meantime, Standish had been doing wondrous exploits again the Indians; and as a token of his victory had sent back to the little settlement the head of the savage chieftain.

Alden was busy building himself a new home and finishing the barn for his cattle. Yet busy though he was, often his eager feet found time to follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla.

One afternoon in the Autumn, as she sat at her wheel, and Alden was proving himself a model of friends and husband by holding her skein on his hands, there came a breathless messenger with the report of the death of Myles Standish, slain by a poisoned arrow, in the front of the fight.

Tragic was the news, yet it seemed as if the barb of the arrow that had pierced the heart of his friend had sundered at once and forever the bonds that held Alden a captive! Almost unconscious of what he was doing, he arose to his feet, and found the form of Priscilla pressed to his heart, and heard himself solemnly exclaiming: "Those whom the Lord hath joined, let no man put asunder."

THE WEDDING OF JOHN AND PRISCILLA

So it was not long before the wedding of John Alden and the beautiful Priscilla was celebrated. All the people of Plymouth gathered together and rejoiced in the happiness of the young people. But just as the service had ended a somber and sorrowful figure in armor of steel appeared on the threshold. Was it a ghost from the grave? No, bodily in his own armor, stood Myles Standish, the Plymouth Captain. This time he came not in anger. He grasped the bridegroom's hand and said heartily: "John Alden, forgive me. I was swift to be angry, let me be as swift in atoning for my error." And, as he turned to the lovely bride, he said with a smile:

"If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white steer, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

THE ENGLISHMAN WHO SAILED FOR THE DUTCH

BY FREDERICK WINTHROP HUTCHINSON

THIS is the story of the man who started New York, the greatest city in all America. It all happened three hundred years ago, at a time when Sir Walter Raleigh was still in prison, and when the little Red Princess of the Forest, way down in Virginia, was saving the life of Captain John Smith. And this is the way it happened:

In a little English village there lived a boy named Henry Hudson. This boy, like so many other English lads, loved the sea, and he always wanted to be a sailor. There were many games that Henry could play, but he was never really happy except when he was out on the ocean sailing his boat, and learning how to keep it safe in the wind and storm. He used to watch the rough fishermen as they steered their boats and cared for their sails in the rough weather, and soon there was nothing about a boat that the young Henry did not know just as well as a man.

Well, while Henry was still a boy, he went to sea to learn more about the great ocean. He did not run away secretly, but he went to the captain of a vessel and told him that he would

work as a sailor for a few years without any pay, so that he could learn all about boats. The captain looked the young Henry over from head to foot, and he thought to himself: "Here is a fine, strong lad. He will make a good sailor." So he said to Henry: "You stay with me until you are twenty-one, and I will teach you everything about a ship, and make a good sailor out of you."

So Henry Hudson stayed with the captain, and every day he learned more about the ways of the sea and how to handle a boat. He studied in books, too, and soon knew all about the seas of the world, and all the countries that any white man had ever visited. He was now a captain of a ship himself, and everybody was glad to sail on his boat, because they knew that Henry Hudson was a brave sailor, and was not afraid even in the roughest sea.

In those days there were great companies which sent out ships to all parts of the world to trade with the different nations. In England there was a company of this kind, called the Muscovy Company. Now, this company heard about the wise captain, Henry Hudson, and they wanted him to sail a ship for them and find out new countries, and sell English goods to the strange people he met in the new lands; so Hudson made several voyages for them. He sailed far north, and every day the weather got colder and colder; for, as everybody knows, if you go south it gets warmer, and if you go north it gets colder. Well, after a while it got so cold that the sailors almost froze. The ropes of the ships and even the sails were covered with ice, and in the sea the sailors saw great floating mountains of frozen snow. Now, these mountains are called icebergs, and they are very beautiful, especially when the sun shines upon them, and the white snow glistens, and the clear ice turns a wonderful shade of green.

But the icebergs, although very beautiful, are also very dangerous. They float around in the sea, and if they strike a ship, then that ship is broken to pieces the way a nut is crushed in a nut-cracker. So every day the voyage in the north became more dangerous, and some of Hudson's men wanted to go home; but their captain would not return. "I will not go back," he said, "until I have done what I was sent to do." And he kept on his voyage. So when Henry Hudson reached England, he had sailed further north than any man had sailed in all the world up to that time.

Now, when the people of Europe heard of how Hudson had sailed further north than anybody in all the world, they all wanted him to sail their ships. Holland, at this time, was a country of sailors, and here, too, was a company like the Muscovy Company, only it was called the Dutch East India Company. Well, the men who owned this company were always looking for brave captains; so, when they heard of Henry Hudson, they sent for him and said: "We are all Dutchmen, and you are an Englishman; but, as you are a brave and a wise sailor, we want you to sail our ships for us." And they gave him money, and sent him off in a ship called the Half Moon, with twenty sailors, some of them Englishmen and some Dutchmen; and thus it was that the bold Englishman, Henry Hudson, sailed for the Dutch.

Again Hudson sailed toward the north, but this time it was colder even than before, and the sea was so full of ice that his sailors grew afraid, even more afraid than his first sailors had been. You see the ice was really very, very dangerous. If a boat got shut in the ice, you could not move it, no matter how hard you tried; and if it got caught between two great icebergs, it was squeezed until its masts and sides were broken to pieces. So I am not surprised that the sailors grew frightened, for I should have been frightened if I were there, and I think you would have been frightened too. And they *were* frightened. They said they would throw Hudson overboard unless he steered south; so Hudson had to tell the pilot to turn the boat, and he sailed south along the coast of America.

Now, I have told you before how in those days all sailors believed in a short cut between the Atlantic Ocean and the Pacific Ocean; so it is not strange that Hudson believed in this short cut, too, and wanted to find it. Besides Captain Smith, who was a friend of Hudson, had told him that there was such a short cut. The name that was given to this short cut was the Northwest Passage, although nobody had ever seen it, and, in truth, there wasn't any to see. Well, as Hudson was sailing along the coast, he came to a great stream, which he thought must be the great Northwest Passage that all brave sailors were in search of; so he turned his boat and sailed up the river, which was really the Hudson River, the river that flows through the State of New York, and does not go anywhere near the Pacific Ocean. The water was clear and fresh, and the longer Hudson sailed, the shallower it became, until, after he had gone about a hundred miles, his boat could go no further, so he had to turn around once more and sail back. His men landed on the beautiful green banks of the river and rested from their hard journey.

HENRY HUDSON

FROM A DRAWING BY R. SHRADER

So it was that the Hudson River was found by Henry Hudson, and the great city of New York was founded by Dutchmen. You see, though Henry Hudson was born in England, he sailed for the Dutch, and that gave the Dutch the right to all the land he found. Well, they liked this river, these home-loving Dutchmen, and they liked, too, its beautiful harbor, so they sent out from Holland ships with people to build houses, and forts, and trading stores for the Indians. Here they also gave the Indians hatchets, and knives, and little glass beads of many colors, and got from the red men soft, beautiful furs; and soon there was a little village here, which the Dutch called New Amsterdam, after their own city of Amsterdam in Holland. For over fifty years they held this little city, and then the English came and took it from them, and called it New York. And this is its name to-day, the name of the greatest city in all America, the city built upon the land which Henry Hudson found.

Let us return to Henry Hudson. He soon saw that this beautiful stream was nothing but a river, and not a short cut to the Pacific at all. He was sorry, of course; but, anyway, he did a great deal. He got many furs from the Indians, and made the Red Men all his friends. You see, the Indians liked Hudson because he was good to them. He did not treat them cruelly, as the Spaniards had done, and he did not try to rob them, or murder them, or make slaves of them; and the Indians never forgot this kindness, and from that time on they were friendly to all the Dutch who came to that part of the country.

At first the Indians did not know what to say or do to Hudson and the white men. Like the other Indians of our stories, they had never seen a ship or a white man before. Some of them thought that the ship was a great fish or an animal, and still others believed that it was a strange, new house that floated on the water. As for Hudson, they thought he was the Manitou, or Great Spirit, who was the god of the Indians, and they worshiped him in a very queer way. Gathering in a great circle, they danced around him all their queer Indian dances, because, being a Great Spirit, they thought that their dancing would please him.

Then Henry Hudson gave the Indians axes, and shoes, and stockings, but the red men did not know what to do with the gifts. They thought the heads of the axes and the shoes must be ornaments to be worn about the neck; and the stockings they used to put tobacco in, and they hung them at their belts. Now, I think that shoes and stockings were very foolish gifts to make to the Indians, because everybody knows that they always wear moccasins; but the axes were a very sensible present. The Indians were pleased with these axes. They cut down trees and chopped wood for their fires, much more easily than before, when they had used their big hunting knives.

Well the Indians certainly did like Hudson, and Hudson liked the Indians; so one day the chief invited him in to dinner. It would not have been polite to refuse this invitation. You see, Hudson could not say that he had a "previous engagement," which is the way some people have of making excuses when they do not want to go anywhere. Anyway, Hudson really wanted to go. When he came to the wigwam, he found the chief seated on a mat on the ground. Hudson looked around for a chair; but, as there was none, he sat down on a mat too, and waited for what would come next. Then the food was served. It was in two big wooden bowls and of only one kind—a sort of stew, made up of pigeons and *dog* cooked together. Now, a dog isn't a very good thing to eat, at least we don't think it is; but the Indians thought this a very fine feast. Well, Hudson was polite, and he had such a good time at the dinner that the Indians were sorry when he sailed away.

I think that Henry Hudson wanted to come back again to the friendly Indians; but when he reached Europe, the English kept his vessel and made him stay in England. Hudson wanted to sail again for the Dutch, but his own people said: "No; you must sail for us. You must not find new lands for any country but England."

So the next year the brave Hudson sailed once more, and this time he sailed on an English ship. He took with him his own son, a young lad, and a man named Henry Green, and also a good many sailors.

Far north Hudson steered the little vessel, and soon he came to a great bay which no white man had ever seen before, and which was afterward called Hudson's Bay, because Hudson found it. Here it was very cold indeed, and every day it grew colder. The ice froze around the vessel, and for eight months the little ship could not move an inch. Food got scarce, and then, as always happens, the men were afraid of starving and longed to get home. As soon as the ice began to melt even a little, they begged Hudson to go back to England. "Do not stay in this cold land," they said, "where we shall surely freeze and starve to death." But Hudson would not do this. He believed that at last he was in the Northwest Passage, and would soon

find the Pacific Ocean. "Be brave," he said, "for this ship shall not return to England until I find out about this bay."

Perhaps these words of Hudson would have kept the men quiet if it had not been for the wicked Henry Green. Hudson had always been friendly to Green, but this wicked man was not grateful. Night and day he talked to the men until he got them to turn against their good captain. And they *did* turn against him in this way.

Hand and foot both Henry Hudson and his son were tied so tight that they could not get loose; and then, with seven sick men, they were put in a little boat and turned adrift in the great sea, while the wicked Henry Green and the other men sailed home to England. When they reached home, I am glad to say, these wicked men were all punished. They were put in prison, and a ship was sent to Hudson Bay to look for the brave Henry Hudson; but he was not found, and to this day no one knows what became of the little boat and of good Captain Hudson.

So I suppose that, left alone without food, he died there in the great frozen sea. But who knows? There were many simple Dutch people who lived near New York, in the Catskill Mountains, who never believed that Hudson was dead. Whenever it thundered in the hills, these old men used to say: "Henry Hudson and his men are playing ninepins in the mountains." For ninepins was a favorite game with all.

A LITTLE DUTCH BOY AND GIRL OF OLD NEW YORK*

BY BERTHA E. BUSH

"Oh, the Dutch companee
Is the best companee
That ever came across from the old countree!"

HEINRICH was shouting this refrain lustily in Dutch—he called it singing—when Anneke, his small neighbor, ran out to tell him some news.

Anneke was the prettiest little girl in all the colony of New Amsterdam. At least Heinrich thought so; though, being a boy, he would not have said so for anything. Her eyes were as blue as violets, and her cheeks were as pink as the wild rose petals. Even her tight little Dutch cap could not altogether conceal how pretty her flaxen hair was, for the unruly little curls stole out from it and surrounded her chubby face like a shining halo.

She did not know that it was pretty. She was told that it was very untidy, and she was always trying to make it lie back sleek and smooth like her cousin Frederica's. She looked a good deal like a little scarlet tulip as she stood there in her full red skirt, held out by a great number of petticoats, and her slim little green waist, only no tulip could be half so sweet.

Like a tulip swaying in the wind, she rocked to and fro in excitement. Even her voice trembled as she quavered forth breathlessly the greatest news that had ever come to the colony.

"Oh, Heinrich, the English ships are coming down on us! They have ever so many cannon, and they will batter our houses all to pieces!"

"Why, that can't be so!" cried Heinrich in astonishment. "You are only a girl, Anneke. You couldn't have understood. Our Governor had particular word that this great English fleet is sailing here only to settle certain matters in their own colonies. They will not fire their cannon at us."

"Oh, yes, they will," answered Anneke. She looked half frightened and half pleased at the excitement. "Governor Stuyvesant has had new word. As soon as he received it he issued orders that every man in New Amsterdam should go to work with the soldiers fortifying the city."

"Has he? Then I'm going." Heinrich did not stop for another word of explanation. He was off like a shot, though Anneke called after him, "Don't you go. You're not a man."

"I'm big enough to handle a spade," he called back to her. Straight to the water's edge he sped, where already men were beginning the digging. But he did not go because he was so anxious to help in the fortifying of the city; he went to be in the excitement of it. The grown men did not seem so very anxious to work, either. There was as much talking as plying of spades, and both were far from complimentary to the Dutch Governor, Peter Stuyvesant.

"The English have more liberties than we," they grumbled. "And when we asked our Gov-

* From "The Junior Instructor," published by F. A. Owen & Company, Dansville, N. Y.; used by permission of the publishers.

ernor, as respectfully as was possible, to give us some such liberties, he flew into a passion. He refused everything we asked for, and dismissed our delegates as if they had demanded something wrong. He didn't owe his authority to the people, he said, but it was given to him by God and the Dutch West India Company. But we believe that God is on the side of free rights; and the Dutch West India Company is not worth fighting for, since they refuse to give us what is for our best good. We'd rather surrender to the English, who will."

All along the line such grumblings were heard, and the spades moved slowly.

He was a good man, this fiery Governor, Peter Stuyvesant, and a brave one, but he did not believe in popular liberty, and he had not won his people's love. He really wanted their good, but he wanted it to be brought about just according to his own ideas. He had lost a leg fighting for his country, and so wore a wooden one trimmed with silver, and was called Old Silver-Leg.

Old Silver-Leg stumped up and down where the men were at work, doing his best to rouse them to resist the English, but he did not succeed very well. Before long the English fleet was anchored in the bay, and the English commander sent a letter offering the inhabitants of New Amsterdam all the rights of Englishmen if they would surrender, and declaring that if they did not, the English ships would reduce the city with their cannon.

Governor Stuyvesant was very angry. He tore the letter into pieces and ordered the people to arm themselves to resist. But the people did not want to fight. They filled the streets with hisses and groans for the Governor.

"I will never surrender the city. I will see it reduced to ruins first," he declared.

"It will be reduced to ruins indeed," the Dutch fathers declared, ruefully. "The English have over a hundred cannon, and ships full of soldiers. We have only twenty cannon and a hundred and fifty soldiers. Our houses will be battered to pieces, and we may all be killed. We do not want to fight the English. We want to surrender to them."

"I will never surrender," answered brave Old Silver-Leg.

Then the Dutch mothers called all their children to them, and scrubbed and washed and combed them until their round faces fairly shone with cleanliness. They would have done that no matter what was going to happen. Then they marched them—Heinrich, and Anneke, and Katrina, and Neltje, and Jakobus, and all the rest—to the Governor's house. An awed and scared little group, they stood before him, with the mothers just behind.

"See our children," cried the New Amsterdam mothers, with tears running down their cheeks. "They are in danger of being killed. We pray you for the sake of these little ones to surrender."

Little Anneke, with her round blue eyes and frightened chubby face, stood just in front of the Governor. He reached down his big knotted hand and absent-mindedly fingered one of the flaxen ringlets that had escaped from her cap as usual.

"I would rather be carried out dead," said the brave old soldier, who thought it the greatest disgrace in the world to haul down his country's flag.

Then the good dominie put his hand on the Governor's shoulder. It was noteworthy that neither he nor the children were afraid of Old Silver-Leg, in spite of his fiery rages. Dominie Megapolensis set forth that New Amsterdam was entirely "encompassed and hemmed in by enemies;" that they had not enough soldiers to make it possible to repel an attack, and that the whole city had united in signing a petition for surrender.

"I would rather be carried to my grave," said the Governor again. Then he looked down at Anneke and the other children.

"Better that I should suffer than they," he said; "I will surrender the city."

So at 8 o'clock the next Monday morning Old Silver-Leg stumped out of the fort at the head of his little band of soldiers and led them down to the wharf, where they took ship for Holland, for a part of the terms of surrender was that the Dutch soldiers should be carried back to their own country. Heinrich and Anneke, and all the other children of the colony, were there.

"Hurrah!" cried Heinrich, swinging his cap. But when he saw the old Governor's face the cheer died on his lips.

"Anneke," he whispered in awed tones, "old Silver-Leg's eyes are all red. He has been crying. I'll wager he hates this the worst of anything he ever did in his life."

"I hate it, too," whispered Anneke back. "I almost wish we had not asked him to surrender." She turned her eyes away from the marching soldiers, and they lighted on the flag flying over the fort, that new English flag with the cross of St. George where their own dear Dutch banner had always flown, and suddenly tears came to her eyes, too.

"We're English," she cried with a little catch in her voice. "Just think, Heinrich, we're not Dutch any more. We're English."

"The English have some fine new subjects," said a handsome young British officer, gallantly touching his cap as he caught the glance of a pretty Dutch maiden. "A thriftier, healthier, cleaner looking set of people I never saw."

After all, it made very little difference in the daily lives of the boys and girls, or their fathers and mothers, whether the colony belonged to Holland or to England. They still got up at the sound of the watchman's rattle, and the good housewives scrubbed, and scoured, and cooked, and baked until their houses were, perhaps, the cleanest, and their tables the most amply spread, of any in America.

Little Anneke and Heinrich and the rest of the children, wondrously washed and shining, trotted off to school at 8 o'clock every morning, including Saturdays. They had lessons in reading, and writing, and ciphering, and the catechism.

The schoolhouse was built of logs, and there was no temptation to the pupils to gaze out of the windows when they should be studying, for the windows were made of oiled paper. The seats were hewn logs or boards, each with four pegs put in for legs. Heinrich was rather sorry that their floor was such a fine one, all laid with the split logs called puncheons. In the school where his cousin went the floor was only dirt, which many feet ground into powder, and the pupils had lots of fun stirring up clouds of dust. To be sure, they were whipped for doing it, but that was nothing. Children expected whippings in school as much as they did lessons.

Some of the Colonial teachers were very harsh and cruel, but the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam put especially into the contract with their schoolmaster that he should "demean himself patient and friendly toward the children."

That did not mean at all that he should never whip his pupils, but he did a great deal less whipping than most of the teachers of the day. One of his punishments was to have all the children shout out together "Lazy!" to a pupil who missed his lessons or was tardy. For swearing on the school-ground he put a yoke around the swearer's neck. Neither Heinrich nor Anneke had ever had the other pupils shout out "Lazy" at them, and of course they had never had to wear the yoke.

There was only one thing the new English Governor did that made any difference to the children of what was once New Amsterdam, and that was when he ordered that the schools should be conducted in English.

"It is right and fair, of course, since we belong now to England," said the parents, a little sadly. But the children found it a hard rule to obey. They talked Dutch at home and in their play. The only time when they spoke English was in the schoolroom.

The master saw that they would never learn to speak it fluently that way, so he made a rule that no Dutch should be spoken on the school-grounds, but English only.

The rule was constantly broken. The boys and girls did not like it at all, and some of them did not try to obey. Whenever the master couldn't hear, they would talk Dutch defiantly. Others meant to obey, but forgot.

Some teachers would have whipped them all, but Anneke's and Heinrich's schoolmaster was patient and kindly by nature, as well as by contract. One day he brought into the schoolroom a round copper medal with a hole drilled in it and a string passed through.

"This is to help you to remember to talk English," he said. "The first pupil who talks Dutch must wear it around his neck until he catches somebody else breaking the rule. But the one who has it on when school is out shall be whipped."

At first it seemed like a game to them, and they rather enjoyed wearing it and passing it on. But when night came they found that it was not a joke. The one who wore the medal when school closed was feruled soundly. The master held that if he threatened a punishment and did not administer a good one he was failing in his duty. The number who wore the medal lessened, and before long Dutch was seldom heard on the school-ground.

Then there came a day when Little Neltje, the smallest scholar in school, burst out crying bitterly. In an instant Anneke, who was a real little mother to the smaller children, was by her side.

"What is the matter, Neltje? What are you crying for?" she asked tenderly in the little one's mother tongue.

"She talked Dutch! Anneke talked Dutch!" shouted a mean little scamp who had suffered many times himself for this reason, and was glad to see the good girl of the school get into trouble.

Anneke looked piteously at the master, and he looked just as regretfully at her. But his word had been passed, and there was nothing to do but to hang the unlucky bit of copper around her neck. Not a soul forgot himself

all the rest of the afternoon, and not a syllable of Dutch was spoken. A good many were wondering if the master would really punish Anneke, the best little girl in school, who had never broken a rule intentionally. An unusual silence came over the room as the hands of the master's big silver watch drew near to 4 o'clock. Would Anneke really get whipped, little Anneke who had never had a punishment with the rod in all her good little life?

In truth, the master was as unwilling to give the punishment as any one could be to receive it. He fidgeted about in the chair of office, which was made of a section of log with a board nailed on it for a back.

It was two minutes of 4 when Heinrich raised his hand. He had been doing some thinking.

"Please, master, is it time to let out school?" he said, in the plainest and clearest Dutch. They were the first words that came into his head. It did not matter what he said, if only Anneke could be saved from being whipped.

"Yes," snapped the master; and from the tone of his voice you would never have known how relieved he was. He sternly bade the reluctant Anneke give the medal to Heinrich, and as soon as school was out he proceeded to ferule the lad according to his word But, though he contrived to make the blows sound very terrible, they did not hurt much. Some way, Heinrich knew that the master really approved of what he had done. And it was with the utmost friendliness that the two bade each other good-night.

"I suppose you will go to the wharf to-night to see the ship come in from Holland. You had better hasten," said the master.

Most of the settlement was there, for it was still a great event when a ship came from the mother country. Anneke and Heinrich pressed to the front. The first passenger to come down the gangplank was a stout old gentleman with a wooden leg trimmed with silver.

"Mynheer Stuyvesant!" gasped Heinrich, "have you come back?"

LIFE IN OLD NEW YORK

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

In those good old days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife.

The front door was never opened, except for marriages, funerals, New Year's Day, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, which was curiously wrought—sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes in that of a lion's head—and daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was often worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation.

The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers, "like unto ducks."

The grand parlor was the sanctum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. No one was permitted to enter this sacred apartment except the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning. On these occasions they always took the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet.

After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand—which was curiously stroked with a broom into angles and curves and rhomboids—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new branch of evergreens in the fireplace, the windows were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room was kept carefully locked, until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions.

The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white—nay, even the very cat and dog—enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence,

NEW YORK ABOUT 1790

puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the good wife on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings.

The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a Negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth, for a long winter afternoon, a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, and bloody encounters among Indians.

In these happy days, fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse; that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company usually assembled at 3 o'clock, and went away about 6, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might reach home before dark.

The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company seated round the genial board, evinced their dexterity in launching their forks at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner that sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes.

Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat and called doughnuts or olykoeks, a delicious kind of cake, at present little known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic Delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fancies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle. To sweeten the beverage a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum; until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend, by a string from the ceiling,

a large lump directly over the tea table, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity prevailed—no flirting nor coquetting; no romping of young ladies; no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all.

On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say "Yah, Mynheer," or "Yah, Vroww," to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed. Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully leaping from the whale's mouth, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon.

CHAMPLAIN, EXPLORER OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

BY FREDERICK WINTHROP HUTCHINSON

About three hundred years ago there lived in France a man who wanted to find a new country. He loved France, its green fields and its cool forests, its rivers and quiet country roads, its cottages and its beautiful palaces; but what this man wanted was a New France; a country where Frenchmen could go and speak their own language and meet other Frenchmen.

This man's name was Samuel Champlain. Even as a little boy, when he played with other lads in the fields, he had this one plan—to find a new country for France. He knew that he could find this country in America, because America was so big; so he asked everybody he met to tell him what they knew about the great wild country beyond the sea.

He asked questions about the lakes of America, its rivers, its great forests and its wide plains. He asked questions about its gold and silver, its mines and fisheries, and the vegetables and fruits, and everything that grew there.

Now, in the little town in which Champlain grew up, there lived some fishermen who had been to America. They had not been in the southern lands, like Mexico, Florida and Peru, where the Spaniards had gone for gold. The Spaniards did not like the French, and they would not let a Frenchman live in the countries that belonged to them; so these bold fishermen of France sailed further north. They used to start in the first warm days of spring, in their little fishing boats, and sail all the way across the ocean to America. Here, in the quiet, silent waters, off the coasts of Maine and Newfoundland, they would fish all summer, and when the weather got cold, they would sail back with their fish to their little homes in France.

They were very brave men, I can tell you, these French fishermen. Sometimes one of them would get caught in a storm, and his little boat would go down to the bottom of the cold sea. Then a poor woman in France would sit by the window waiting for her husband to return—waiting, waiting, waiting. And sometimes these fishermen would land on the shore in America, or sail their boats up the rivers. They told Champlain of the wonderful sights they had seen; of the wide rivers rushing down from the north; of the deep quiet of the beautiful forests; of the tall spruce and pine trees; of the clean, cold waters of the little lakes. They told how the naked Indians went about in light canoes, made of the bark of trees; how these Indians would carry their canoes on their backs from river to river and from lake to lake. They told Champlain of the beautiful brown and white furs that the Indians had—furs so soft and warm that any lady in France, even the Queen herself, would be happy to wear them.

When Champlain had heard all these stories, he became more eager than ever to make a new France in America. This cold country of the lakes and forests did not have gold and silver mines; but, after all, thought Champlain, "gold and silver are not the only things in the world." The Frenchmen who would live in this New France could get fish from the rivers, beautiful woods from the forests, and soft, warm furs from

the Indians, ready to trade their wares, too.

Champlain dreamed of the time when all this country would be filled with Frenchmen, living in the beautiful new cities, and loving and obeying the King of France.

Now, Champlain was just the man to find a new country. He was very wise, and very, very brave. Of all the men who went to America, Spaniards and Frenchmen, Dutchmen and Englishmen, I do not think there was anyone braver than Champlain. When he was still very young, he had sailed in the French ships and had learned to be a good sailor and a plucky soldier. He had fought in many battles for his King, and no one could ever say that Samuel Champlain was a coward.

Then later, after he had left the army, Champlain went to the West Indies and to Mexico. Here he saw the lands that Columbus had found, the lands that Cortez had conquered, and he watched all that the Spaniards were doing in these soft, warm lands to the south.

But as I told you, the bold Champlain wished to find his new country, not in the warm lands to the south, but in the cold countries to the north. So, after a while, he joined a little band of Frenchmen who were going to the great country which is now called Canada. Now, these Frenchmen with whom Champlain went were good, kind men. They did not kill the Indians nor rob them, as, I am sorry to say, so many other white men did, but they loved the Indians. There was one man among them who was very, very kind. His name was Poutrincourt. He had been a great Lord in his own country, but he did not want to go back to his beautiful France. He lived peacefully and happily with the Indians, taught them new ways of farming and many other things of which they had never heard before. And the Indians loved the French Lord as they did their own father. Even the little Indian children used to come in and out of his house whenever they liked, and lie on the ground while he ate his dinner; and every now and then he threw them raisins and nuts, which they caught in their little brown hands.

Now, this life was very beautiful; but Champlain was not happy. He wanted this great country of America to belong to France, and he wanted to learn all about its rivers and lakes and forests, so that the other people who would come later would know the way to go and the best places to live in. Across great forests he went, looking at rivers and islands and lakes, till at last he reached the mighty St. Lawrence River, where another Frenchman had been a hundred years before. Here Champlain stayed for several months, and then he returned to France.

But the next year, which was 1608, Champlain came back again to the St. Lawrence River. He began now to build a city called Quebec, which was to be the great city of the new country; but even before his workmen were through putting up the first houses, there was trouble for good Champlain. Among the men whom he had brought with him from France was a very wicked fellow named Duval. I do not know why Champlain let him come along, but I suppose that at first he did not know how wicked Duval really was. You see, many of the soldiers who first went to America were very cruel and very wicked. Anyway, this Duval made a plan with three other men to go to Champlain's bed while he slept. Then all the four men were to take Champlain's neck in their hands and squeeze it till he could not breathe, and so strangle him to death. It would have gone hard with Champlain if one of the men had not told him of this wicked plot. When Champlain heard it, he arrested the four men. He then had the wicked Duval hanged, and the other three men he sent back to France to be punished.

But this was not the last of Champlain's troubles. A great sickness called scurvy broke out among the men who were with him. Of the twenty-eight men, twenty died, and only eight were left to bury the dead. Even these eight men were sick, and every day they came to Champlain and begged him to take them back to France. "Do you not remember," they said; "do you not remember how warm and sunny and beautiful it is at home; how the blue grapes hang in heavy bunches on the green vines; how the lovely women smile with joy, and the little children play about our knees and beg us for stories. Let us go back to our beautiful France and to our wives and children." But Champlain told them to be brave and patient; so they waited, and in the spring their courage was rewarded. More ships came with brave Frenchmen, and these ships were loaded down with food; so all the men with Champlain were again happy.

Champlain had learned that it was best to be kind to the Indians, and so it happened that all the Indians near Quebec were his friends. Now, one day Champlain heard of a great lake to the south, and he wanted to go there to find out all about it. So he asked the friendly Indians to take him; but they shook their heads. "We cannot go there in peace," they said, "because of the Five Nations." "Who are these Five Na-

CHAMPLAIN

FROM A DRAWING BY R. SHRADER

tions?" asked Champlain. Then the friendly Indians answered him quickly: "They are our enemies, these Five Nations. They are Indian tribes who kill us when they can, and whom we kill when we can. We are always at war. But," they told Champlain, "though we cannot go to the great lake in peace, we are going there in war. We are going to fight the Five Nations. Come with us, you and your men and your guns, and fight with us against these peoples."

So Champlain and two of his men went with the friendly Indians to fight the Five Nations. There were sixty Indians in all, and they traveled in light canoes, going down the rivers that emptied into the Great Lake. The Indians in front always held their bows in their hands, ready to shoot if they should see any of the warriors of the Five Nations, and those in the back canoes were always looking around for animals, so that they could shoot them and cook them, so that the little army would have enough food. Every night they sent a few canoes ahead to watch out for the enemy.

At last, one evening, as Champlain and his men were canoeing down the lake, they met the Indians of the Five Nations. There were two hundred Indians in this army; but the sixty friendly Indians were not afraid, because they had Champlain with them. "When the Five Nations see the guns of the Frenchmen," said the chiefs among themselves, "and hear them speak noise, and fire, and death, they will be so afraid that they will run away, and we will win the battle."

It was too late to fight that night, so both little armies waited until the sun rose on the lake the next morning. During all the long hours they stayed near each other, and in the darkness they each called the others cowards. They made a great noise, I can tell you.

Well, the fight began the next morning, and then the army of the Five Nations had a great surprise. The first thing they saw was a white man in gleaming armor, who held a gun in his hands, and had a gleaming sword in his belt. The Indians shot their arrows at this white man, but the arrows did not do any more harm than if they had been shot at a rock. Then Champlain aimed his gun and shot bullets, and two of the chiefs of the Five Nations fell down dead. Two other Frenchmen shot bullets and more chiefs fell dead. Now, the Five Nations had never seen men killed in this way before. They could not see the bullets that went so fast through the air, and they thought that the white men had killed their chiefs with a noise; so the army of the Five Nations grew very much afraid. One of the Indians began to run, then another, then another, and soon their whole army was running away. The Indians who were with Champlain ran after them, shooting them with their arrows, killing and catching very many. I think that both sides were very cruel, and it seems to me sometimes that Champlain, though he was a brave man and a very wise man, would have done better if he had kept out of all their quarrels; for, from that day, the Five Nations were always the enemies of the French, and would never let the French go to the south, where they wanted to go.

After this came busy years for the brave Samuel Champlain. He had found his new country for France, and every year he traveled over it and learned more about it. He traded with the Indians for their beautiful furs and sent them to France, where the fine ladies of the Court wore them in the winter. Champlain sent a young Frenchman to study the Indian languages, so that Champlain could talk to them in their own way, and he sent an Indian to France to learn to speak French.

But Champlain was too brave to stay always in Quebec, and so every now and then he would go on a great trip. Once he went north to find a great salt sea that a Frenchman had told him about. It was one of the hardest and most dangerous trips that a man ever took. There were great swamps, where Champlain sank to his waist; and deep forests, where the bushes and brushwood were so thick and dense that he had to cut his way with a great knife before taking a step. And all these hardships were useless; for there really wasn't any great salt sea; so, of course, they never found it.

Then Champlain went on a second long journey to the west. He traveled with the friendly Indians for many weeks, till at last they came upon the town of the Five Nations. You would have been surprised to see that town. It was not like other cities, with streets, and stores, and brick houses and electric cars. It was just a few plain, long, one-story houses, as big as theaters. In these houses were a lot of little rooms, and in each room a family of Indians. Around the town were four rows of stakes, like telegraph poles, and the Indians stood behind these poles when they shot their arrows.

This time the Indians who were with Champlain were beaten in the fight, because they would not do as the Frenchman told them. Even Champlain himself was shot twice in the leg, and the Indians had to carry him away in a

basket that they fastened to their backs. You see, they were friends of Champlain, and they did not want him to be caught and killed by the Indians of the Five Nations.

That was a hard winter for Champlain. The Indians who were friendly to him wanted him to stay with them, and when he asked for a guide, to show him the way back to his home in Quebec, they would not let him go. You see, Champlain did not know this country as well as the Indians did, and he was afraid of getting lost in the forest; but the Indians treated him well, and when the spring came around again they took him home to his city of Quebec.

After this, Champlain worked day and night to build up his new country. He tried very hard to make it pleasant for the people who lived in Quebec, and always tried to get more Frenchmen to come from France and live in the new country. Every year he took the long journey across the ocean and told everybody there of the wonderful land of America. Of all the things in the world, what Champlain most wanted was to make this new France even greater and more beautiful than the old France.

I think that if Champlain had not been a very patient man, he would have many a time given up Quebec and gone back to France to lead a peaceful, quiet life. Often things went very bad indeed. New people did not cross the ocean as fast as Champlain wanted them to, and those who did come grumbled and quarreled. Often, too, the food gave out, and the people got sick, and many starved. But Champlain, though he was now a pretty old man, would never give up. Once some English warships sailed into the harbor and asked Champlain to give up the city to them. The brave Frenchman had hardly any soldiers, but he said: "No, I will never give up my city of New France. As long as I have a man or a bullet left, I will never give up the city of Quebec." And after a while, the English captain became frightened because he thought that Champlain might have a big army, and so he sailed away; but the next year three more English vessels sailed up the harbor; and as this time Champlain had only sixteen half-starved men, he had to surrender. But England did not long keep the city. It was handed back to France, and Champlain was again sent out to Quebec as commander over the little town.

So Samuel Champlain, the boy who had dreamed of New France, now went back once more to that country; but his days were almost over. He became very ill, and, after lying in bed for more than two months, he died, an old man, at the age of sixty-eight years.

Many, many years later, there was a great war between France and England, and after the war was over the whole country of New France was given to England. The English changed the name of the country to Canada; but even now there are more than a million people living there who speak French, and who are the children of the children of the children for many generations of the men who lived with Champlain. And even now, after three hundred years, these Frenchmen, and other people in Canada, and people all over the world for that matter, revere the name of the great and good Champlain, and call him, as they used to call him so long ago, "The Father of New France."

THE FRIENDS OF THE INDIANS

BY FREDERICK WINTHROP HUTCHINSON

Many, many years ago, two Frenchmen, traveling through a new, wild forest country, came upon a cross that was all covered with flowers. There were no white men in all this country, and so the Frenchmen wondered who had put the cross there, and who had placed the flowers on it; but later they learned that the Indians in this part of the country had laid the flowers on the cross. Then the Frenchmen knew that these Indians were friends, because everywhere the French went they carried the cross, and taught the Indians, who loved them, to place flowers on it.

Now, these two Frenchmen were very good men. They treated the Indians kindly, and the Indians, who liked to be treated kindly, were also good to the Frenchmen. There is a very good lesson in all this. If you want people to be good to you, then you must always be kind to them.

Now, all the Frenchmen who came to America knew this, and from the first they were kind to the Indians. The Spaniards had been very harsh. They had killed the red men or made slaves of them, and sometimes the Indians had been cruelly beaten until they died. They had been tortured, too; hung up by their fingers and

toes; roasted over a hot fire; starved, and even chased with great, fierce blood-hounds. So I am not surprised that the Indians did not love the Spaniards.

Now, the English and Dutch who came to America were not quite so cruel as the Spaniards, but sometimes they, too, treated the Indians harshly. For a very little wrong they would shoot an Indian or burn down a whole Indian village. Besides, they were very proud, and thought that the red men were only savages, and they did not want to have anything to do with them; and this, I may tell you, is a very bad way to act and think, if you want people to like you and help you.

The Frenchmen who came to America acted much more wisely. They really loved the Indians, and often lived with them in their poor little villages. Some of the Frenchmen had been great Lords in their own country. They had had beautiful castles, with fine big rooms, and gold and silver and wonderful carpets. They had had many servants to wait on them, and everything in the world that they wanted. Yet these very men were not too proud to sleep on the ground in the hut of an Indian, or share with him a meal of corn and dried meat. They hunted with the Indians; they fished with them, they smoked their pipes with them, and Indians and Frenchmen sat around the roaring camp-fire and talked together, or looked up in silence at the bright little stars. Wherever the Frenchmen went, they put up little chapels, and here Frenchmen and Indians kneeled down side by side and prayed to the good God. The French priest would baptize the little red children, and when they grew old enough to understand, he would teach them about God and the Bible.

Some of the Indians became Christians, and hung flowers on the little crosses which the Frenchmen built all over the country. And so it was that when our two Frenchmen saw the flowers on the cross, they rejoiced and were glad, because they knew that even in this wild country, far away from all white men, they were with friends.

Now, these men were not only very good, but they were also very brave. One of them was named Louis Joliet. He had been sent by the King of France to find out some good way to the Pacific Ocean. The other was Father Marquette, a French priest, as brave a man as any soldier. This Father Marquette had lived with the Indians many, many years. He knew their languages and all their customs, and the Indians loved him and called him their friend.

Well, it was not an easy thing that these brave Frenchmen were trying to do. No white man had ever been in all this country before. It was much pleasanter staying in Quebec, the city which good Champlain, the Father of New France, had founded; but Joliet and good Father Marquette were not afraid of danger. They sailed up the St. Lawrence River into the Great Lakes, and then on and on and on, day after day, and day after day, until at last they reached Lake Michigan. I think this part of their journey must have been the most pleasant. The weather was warm, the Indians they met were friendly, and now and then they would come across some Frenchman who was living out in the wild country, trapping animals for their furs or trading with the Indians; and sometimes they would meet a good French priest, who had come this great way to teach the Indians about God.

Well, at last they left the last Frenchman and the last wooden cross, and started down a narrow but beautiful river that they believed flowed into the Mississippi. The little river was so choked with rice that grew wild along its banks that the boats found it hard to move. Here their guides left them, and then for a week they drifted slowly, slowly down the river, till at last, with cries of joy, they came to the Mississippi.

Now, this Mississippi River is the greatest river in America, and one of the greatest rivers in all the world. It was the same river that De Soto had found so many, many years before, when the Indians had told him that its name was the Father of Waters. Now, you see, whatever country owned the Mississippi River, the great river that flowed from little streams all the way down to where it emptied into the great, great sea, that country would own all the land along its banks, and so would be the greatest country in America. This was why Joliet and Father Marquette wanted to sail all the way down the river, so that all the land on its banks might belong to France. Besides, they thought that perhaps it flowed into the Pacific Ocean. You see, Joliet and Father Marquette had no good maps, and they did not know, as you and I know, that the Mississippi River flowed not west into the Pacific Ocean, but south into the Gulf of Mexico.

When the two brave Frenchmen reached the Mississippi River, they were a little afraid of the Indians who lived along its banks. Perhaps these Indians would be their enemies and would kill them; so they no longer left their canoes at night and slept on the banks about a roaring

camp-fire. They feared that the sharp eyes of unfriendly Indians might see the smoke, and that they might come and cut off their scalps while they slept; so they tied their canoes to the shore and they rolled themselves up in blankets, so as to be ready to wake in a minute and paddle away. They also made one of their men stay awake all night to watch for the red men; but for eight days there was not an Indian in sight.

On the ninth day they saw a path leading up from the river, and they knew that this path must go to an Indian village. Joliet and Father Marquette did not know whether these Indians were friendly or not; but they were both brave men. Maybe their hearts beat a little faster, as they thought that, perhaps, the Indians would kill them; but, anyway, they did not show any fear as they walked up the path to the village. Well, after all, the Indians were friendly. The chief came forward with hands raised above his head, which was always a sign of friendship with the Indians. Then other red men waved the long pipe of peace, which was the same as though they had said, "Let us be friends, oh, white men!" The two Frenchmen were invited to take dinner, and the chief told them stories about the Great River and about the other Indians that lived along its banks. And at last, when Joliet and Father Marquette said good-by, all the Indians went with them as far as the river, and the Indian chief gave them a present, which was better than gold, or silver, or diamonds, or rubies.

Now, I suppose you will want to know what was this present that was better than gold, or silver, or diamonds, or rubies. Well, I will tell you; it was a pipe. Not a stale old pipe, such as a man carries in his pocket, but the calumet, the pipe of peace. Wherever Joliet and Father Marquette went, all they had to do was to show this calumet, or pipe of peace, and every Indian knew that the great chief was the good friend of these white men; and many times this pipe saved the lives of the two brave Frenchmen.

Well, wherever they went, Joliet and Father Marquette showed the calumet of the great Indian chief, and then the other Indians were friendly, too. And these two Frenchmen were so good and brave that the Indians liked them for their own sakes; so down the river they sailed, past big forests and beautiful, rolling prairies, until one day they saw a wide, yellow river that flowed into the Mississippi. This was the Missouri, a great, yellow, roaring river, and if they had time, I think the two Frenchmen would have sailed up it; but they could not stop. So day after day they sailed on down, down, down the Mississippi. I think that they must have had a good time of it, seeing a new country all the while; but they did not go the whole way. When they had gone many hundreds of miles, they were told stories of some very cruel Indians who lived in the south. The friendly Indians said to them: "If you fall into the hands of these bad Indians, they will surely tie you to a pole and burn you alive, and if you escape, perhaps the Spaniards will catch you, and they are as wicked as the others."

So Joliet and Father Marquette talked it over for a long time, and at last they thought it would be wiser to go back. Slowly they sailed up the Mississippi River, and then across the country to the Great Lakes, and back the same way they had come. On the way home they saw graceful, white swans, with long, beautiful necks, swimming on the little silver lakes; and in the dark, green forests were cattle, and goats, and beautiful brown deer, with wonderful spreading horns. At last they reached Quebec, and all the people in the town wanted to hear of the great adventures and lucky escapes of Joliet and Father Marquette.

Now, there was a brave man named La Salle, who heard these stories from the mouth of Joliet This La Salle was a very great man in France. His family were nobles and were very rich, and young La Salle, whose first name was Robert, had been well brought up, and had been taught many things. He was so good that he even became a priest, and everybody said that Robert La Salle was a very good and a very wise man.

But Robert La Salle wanted to go to America, not only to find new lands, but also to find what so many others had tried to find, a new way to the Pacific Ocean. So he gave up being a priest and went to the great, new country of America.

La Salle was not only a wise man, but one who thought a great deal, and now he thought of a new plan. This plan was to build little French forts, very little but very strong, all the way along the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River; and at the mouth of the Mississippi he planned a great, great fort. He wanted to put French soldiers in these forts, so that the whole river and all the country around would belong to France. When this was done, Frenchmen could go everywhere to get furs, and soon little cities could be built, and there would be a great, strong, New France in America. So the dream of Champlain would come true.

Now, the first thing La Salle had to do was to sail down the great Mississippi and find the

FATHER MARQUETTE

best places for his little forts and trading posts; and this was not an easy thing to do. In those days it was a long and hard journey from Quebec to the mouth of the Great River, and La Salle tried many times before he succeeded. On the first trip his ship was wrecked in a great storm and nearly everything was lost. Then he had no food, and had to sail back miles and miles and miles to get bread and meat. Later, his money gave out, and he had to wait until he had sold enough furs to buy a new ship. And then, when his men tried to sail on the lakes, the wind blew against them, and many times they had to sleep on the icy ground, with nothing but the sky over them. Often and often they had no food at all but a few handfuls of corn.

But the worst trouble that La Salle had was with his men. They did not want to do much work, and they were always complaining because the journey was so hard and because they had nothing to eat. Now, they knew very well before they started that it would not be easy, and so I, for one, think that they ought not to have complained; but so it is with people. Some, like La Salle's men, will grumble and grumble over every little thing, while others will bear all sorts of hardship and never say a word.

Now, there were with La Salle two men who never complained. One was his faithful French friend, Tonti, and another faithful friend was an Indian. These two men, one a Frenchman and one an Indian, loved La Salle and did whatever he asked. The Indian knew the forest. He could find his way through the great, thick trees even in the dark; so La Salle took him as his guide. When everybody else was tired and cross, this good Indian was as brave and as patient as ever. This was because he loved La Salle, and because La Salle was always kind.

Well, all the time the troubles of La Salle grew worse and worse. Sometimes the little streams were filled with ice, so that the canoes had to be moved on sledges, and sometimes these brave men had to wade for miles in water up to their waists. Of course, the brambles and thorns tore their clothing to rags, and when it grew cold, their clothes froze as hard as ice. Then they had to stop and build a fire before they could go any further.

I am sure these were times when even the brave heart of La Salle almost broke, but not once did he give up. Again and again he tried, day after day, till at last, after years of disappointment, La Salle reached the mouth of the Mississippi River. His patience and perseverance were finally rewarded. It was in February, over two hundred years ago, that the Father of Waters and all the country nearby was given by La Salle to the King of France.

You can imagine the joy of La Salle when at last he reached the end of his long journey. He put up a cross on the banks of the river. Then he asked all his men to kneel down and pray. Then it was that he named the new country Louisiana, in honor of King Louis, and, in a loud voice, called out that from that time on all the land should belong to France.

And for many years the great country of the Mississippi *did* belong to France. But, later, much later, when the grandchildren of the men who had been with La Salle were all dead, a new country grew up in America—our country, the United States. And to us the French sold all this great country of the Mississippi. Yet the name of Louisiana is still the name of one of our States, and even to-day all Americans think of La Salle as a great and good man who did well for his country.

For all his good deeds La Salle was not rewarded as he should have been. Two years after he had found the mouth of the Mississippi River, he came back again with four ships and two hundred and eighty men. This time he wanted to build the city and fort that he had planned so many years before; but the captain of these vessels was a very stupid and a very jealous man. He took La Salle to the wrong place instead of to the mouth of the Mississippi, and when La Salle wanted him to sail again and try once more to find the mouth of the river, this evil man would not do so; so La Salle started by land. Now he had no map, and it was much further than he thought. Then, too, there were many hardships, and his men grumbled and grumbled, and would not do as he said. And at last two of the men, who were very wicked, hid behind trees, and when La Salle was walking to the camp, they shot him dead.

And that was the end of Robert La Salle, the man who found the mouth of the Mississippi, and who was one of the true, good, and great friends of the Indians.

PEARY, DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH POLE

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

From the beginning, the North has been to people of southern lands a region of fear. They have dreaded the realities of the polar lands and seas; but even more they have been appalled by the dangers and difficulties which their imaginations have built out of bricks of mis-knowledge upon a foundation of ignorance. Especially they feared the frost, the ice and snow.

The gales that in former ages brought nothing but dread and havoc to our savage ancestors paddling timidly from bay to haven along primeval coasts, had long since, without any abatement of their strength, but merely through the development of men's minds, been converted into welcome breezes that carried clipper ships safely and swiftly across the widest oceans. But it did not for a long time occur to anyone, even as an hypothesis, that the cold could be as friendly to the northern explorer as the gale had proved to those that sailed the ice-free seas. To finally demonstrate this was Peary's great work.

For centuries men had been going north in heroic mood. They went to brave the cold, to fight the ice and snow, to suffer in the cause of commerce, or adventure, or of science, and if need be, to die. There was much of heroism and of suffering. There was overmuch of tragedy. Some estimate that before Peary's day there had been seven hundred deaths among explorers proper, not counting whalers and other commercial adventurers. There are many ways of compiling such estimates and the number may be higher or less.

The battles of the explorers with winter darkness and with cold were, in the main, trench warfare. The combatants dug themselves in and waited for spring. Many died from scurvy and other disease; when short excursions were made

Copyright by Gerrit A. Beneker

DONALD B. MACMILLAN, ARCTIC EXPLORER

From a painting by Gerrit A. Beneker

This portrait shows the explorer holding the sextant presented to him by the people of Wiscasset, Maine. The background represents the scenery at Etah, where, on one of his trips, his boat was frozen in.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND COMMANDER PEARY ON THE "ROOSEVELT"

"Roosevelt turned and, placing his hand in Peary's, said, 'I believe in you, Peary, and I believe in your success.' We who were present cherished the auspicious prophecy."—HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN.

from the winter fortifications, frost bites, narrow escapes, even fatalities were not uncommon. As late as 1875 a great polar expedition (British—Sir George Nares) kept to winter quarters till April. Sir George is quoted as saying that any officer should be censured who requires of his men exposure to the hardships of Arctic travel earlier in the season than April. It was he, in 1876, who sent south the famous dispatch saying the Pole was unattainable. And unattainable it was, upon the premise that the cold was the explorer's great enemy. A pioneer was needed to turn winter into his good friend, as the sailors had done with the gale.

The man who did that was Peary. There were others who had contributed to the evolution of the method; but Peary was to the development of the use of cold in the service of the explorer what Watt was in the harnessing of steam, what the Wrights were in flying.

In 1886, ten years after Nares with his charge of cruelty against commanders who begin Arctic travel before April and his assertion of the unattainability of the Pole, Peary made his first journey in Greenland. He saw Eskimo children playing happily on snowbanks in midwinter, and realized that their comfort and enjoyment of life were not the result of racial adaptability but were mere matters of clothing. Some years later his own blond and blue-eyed daughter, the "Snow Baby," dressed in the same sort of clothes, tumbled around as happily as any Eskimo among the same snowdrifts. But long before that her father had learned from the Eskimo how to live and travel comfortably in winter, and had formulated the principle that journeys over the ice of the Polar Sea should begin in midwinter, and the party should be on the homeward journey, goal attained, at the season when the old-school explorers would have been just starting out.

Without conformity to that principle, the Pole was, as Nares had seen, unattainable by sledge journey from the most northerly known land. But with that principle in mind, its attainment became a matter merely of reasonable approach to perfection in technique. To the man of constructive imagination, the dispatch telling of the first flight under power of the Wrights at Kittyhawk, told also of the first Channel flight, the first flight across the Atlantic, and the first non-stop flight around the world. To the man of constructive imagination Peary's principle, "Within the limits of Arctic temperature ranges, at sea level, the colder the weather the better for sledge travel over the sea ice," contained the announcement of the attainment of the Pole, and of the attainment of those other points, more inaccessible than the Pole, which lie within a distance reachable by the Peary relay system—perhaps one or two hundred miles farther from the nearest land than is the Pole itself.

Peary's attainment of the Pole was the most sensational achievement possible in Arctic exploration, for two reasons: Because it had been the goal of heralded and tragic adventure more than any other spot; and because men in general are deficient in imagination. Had Peary died after he developed the "Peary System" of Arctic travel but before the Pole had been attained, then every competent judge would have conceded to him the larger part of the credit due for its attainment, even if the actual goal had been reached by another man following Peary's method. But the

Copyright by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C. *Photo from Paul Thompson, New York*

THREE FAMOUS ARCTIC EXPLORERS

Robert E. Peary Vilhjalmur Stefansson Adolphus W. Greely

crowd would not have had the wisdom to judge so shrewdly. And the verdict of the crowd makes history. It was fortunate for Peary's fame, though it was no essential element of his true greatness, that he tried once oftener than he missed, and did not fall victim to any interposing accident.

Heroic adventures in many fields, and perhaps especially in exploration, consist in the retrieving of desperate fortunes after some incompetence has made them desperate. Peary had no more chance of being a hero in that sense than has the ruler of a prosperous land in time of peace and amity. He took as much tragic glamour out of polar exploration as he took good judgment and adaptability into it. And that was a good deal.

Men sturdy of body and stout of soul are not uncommon. To be unafraid of physical danger

may be an admirable but it is not a rare virtue. Peary had a wonderful physique and a high courage; he has to his credit feats of strength and of bodily endurance. He has to his greater credit that his heart was steadfast under ill luck and temporary setback. But his greatest achievement was that he did more than anyone else to replace in northern exploration heroism and hardship by comfort and common sense. He has left it still possible for the Arctic explorer to be proud of success, but he has made it difficult for any one of us to be a hero without blushing.

AMUNDSEN, DISCOVERER OF THE SOUTH POLE*

BY HIMSELF

The plan of the third "Fram" expedition was two-fold: first, the attainment of the South Pole, and, second, the exploration of the North Polar regions. This evening I have the honor to report to you on the accomplishment of the first part of this plan.

I can only mention briefly here the expeditions which have worked in the region which we have selected for our starting point. As we wished to reach the South Pole our first problem was to go south as far as possible with our ship and there establish our station. Even so, the sled journeys would be long enough. I knew that the English expedition would again choose their old winter quarters in McMurdo Sound, South Victoria Land, as their starting point. From newspaper report, it was known that the Japanese had selected King Edward VII Land. In order to avoid these two expeditions we had to establish our station on the Great Ice Barrier, as far as possible from the starting points of the two other expeditions.

The Great Ice Barrier, also called the Ross Barrier, lies between South Victoria Land and King Edward VII Land and has an extent of about 515 miles. † The first to reach this mighty ice formation was Sir James Clark Ross in 1841. He did not dare approach the ice wall, 100 feet high, with his two sailing ships, the "Erebus" and the "Terror," whose progress southward was impeded by this mighty obstacle. He examined the ice wall from a distance, however, as far as possible. His observations showed that the Barrier is not a continuous, abrupt ice wall, but is interrupted by bays and small channels. On Ross's map a bay of considerable magnitude may be seen.

The next expedition was that of the "Southern Cross" in 1900. It is interesting to note that this party found the bay mentioned above at the same place where Ross had seen it in 1841, nearly sixty years before; that this expedition also was able to land a few miles to the east of the large bay in a small bay, named Balloon Bight, and from there to ascend the Ice Barrier, which heretofore had been considered an insurmountable obstacle to further advance toward the south.

In 1901 the "Discovery" steamed along the Barrier and confirmed in every respect what the "Southern Cross" had observed. Land was also discovered in the direction indicated by Ross, namely King Edward VII Land. Scott, too, landed in Balloon Bight, and, like his predecessors, saw the large bay to the west.

In 1908 Shackleton arrived there on the "Nimrod." He, too, followed along the edge of the Ice Barrier. He came to the conclusion that disturbances had taken place in the Ice Barrier. The shore line of Balloon Bight, he thought, had changed and merged with the large bay to the west. This large bay, which he thought to be of recent origin, he named Bay of Whales. He gave up his original plan of landing there, as the Ice Barrier appeared to him too dangerous for the establishment of winter quarters.

It was not difficult to determine that the bay shown on Ross's map and the so-called Bay of Whales are identical; it was only necessary to compare the two maps. Except for a few pieces that had broken off from the Barrier, the bay had remained the same for the last seventy years. It was therefore possible to assume that the bay did not owe its origin to chance and that it must be underlain by land, either in the form of sand banks or otherwise.

This bay we decided upon as our base of operations. It lies 400 miles from the English station in McMurdo Sound, and 115 miles from King Edward VII Land. We could therefore assume that we should be far enough from the English sphere of interest, and need not fear crossing the route of the English expedition. The reports concerning the Japanese station on King Edward VII Land were indefinite: we took it for granted, however, that a distance of 115 miles would suffice.

* Lecture delivered by Roald Amundsen before the Berlin Geographical Society.
† All values have been changed from the metric system to English equivalents.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

AMUNDSEN TAKING OBSERVATION AT THE SOUTH POLE, DECEMBER 14, 1911

This photograph was taken on the day the South Pole was reached, and the Norwegian flag is planted at the point determined upon as the exact South Pole

On August 9, 1910, we left Norway on the "Fram," the ship that had originally been built for Nansen. We had ninety-seven superb Eskimo dogs and provisions for two years. The first harbor we reached was Madeira. There the last preparations were made for our voyage to the Ross Barrier—truly not an insignificant distance which we had to cover, namely, 16,000 nautical miles from Norway to the Bay of Whales. We had estimated that this trip would require five months. The "Fram," which has justly been called the staunchest polar ship in the world, on this voyage, across practically all of the oceans, proved herself to be extremely seaworthy. Thus we traversed without a single mishap the regions of the northeast and of the southeast trades, the stormy seas of the "roaring forties," the fogs of the fifties, the ice-filled sixties and reached our field of work at the Ice Barrier on January 14, 1911. Everything had gone splendidly.

The ice in the Bay of Whales had just broken up, and we were able to advance considerably farther south than any of our predecessors had done. We found a quiet little nook behind a projecting ice cape; from here we could transfer our equipment to the Barrier with comparative safety. Another great advantage was that the Barrier at this place descended very gradually to the sea ice, so that we had the best possible surface for our sleds. Our first undertaking was to ascend the Barrier, in order to get a general survey, and to determine a suitable place for the erection of the house which we had brought with us.

In a small valley, hardly two and a half miles from the ship's anchorage, we therefore selected a place for our winter quarters. It was protected from the wind on all sides. On the next day we began unloading the ship. We had brought with us material for house building as well as equipment and provisions for nine men for several years. We divided into two groups, the ship's group and the land group. The first was composed of the commander of the ship, Captain Nilsen, and the nine men who were to stay on board to take the "Fram" out of the ice and to Buenos Aires. The other group consisted of the men who were to occupy the winter quarters and march on to the south. The ship's group had to unload every

thing from the ship upon the ice. There the land group took charge of the cargo and brought it to the building site. At first we were rather unaccustomed to work, as we had had little exercise on the long sea voyage. But before long we were all "broken in," and then the transfer to the site of our home "Framheim" went on rapidly; the house grew daily.

When all the material had been landed our skilled carpenters, Olav Bjaaland and Jorgen Stubberud, began building the house. It was a ready-made house which we had brought with us; nothing had to be done but to put together the various numbered parts. In order that the house might brave all storms, its bottom rested in an excavation four feet beneath the surface. On January 28, fourteen days after our arrival, the house was completed, and all provisions had been landed. A gigantic task had been performed; everything seemed to point toward a propitious future. But no time was to be lost; we had to make use of every minute.

The land group had in the meantime been divided into two parties, one of which saw to it that the provisions and equipment still lacking were taken out of the ship. The other party was to prepare for an excursion, toward the south, which had in view the exploration of the immediate environs, and the establishment of a depot.

On February 10 the latter group marched south. There were four of us with eighteen dogs and three sleds packed with provisions. That morning of our start is still vividly in my memory. The weather was calm, the sky hardly overcast. Before us lay the large, unlimited snow plain, behind us the Bay of Whales with its projecting ice capes and at its entrance our dear ship, the "Fram." On board the flag was hoisted; it was the last greeting from our comrades of the ship. No one knew whether and when we should see each other again. In all probability our comrades would no longer be there when we returned; a year would probably elapse before we could meet again. One more glance backward, one more parting greeting, and then—forward.

Our first advance on the Barrier was full of excitement and suspense. So many questions presented themselves: What will be the nature of the region we have to cross? How will the sleds behave? Will our equipment meet the requirements of the situation? Have we the proper hauling power? If we were to accomplish our object, everything had to be of the best. Our equipment was substantially different from that of our English competitors. We placed our whole trust on Eskimo dogs and skis, while the English, as a result of their own experience, had abandoned dogs as well as skis, but, on the other hand, were well equipped with motor sleds and ponies.

We advanced rapidly on the smooth, white snow plain. On February 14 we reached 80° S. We had thus covered 99 miles. We established a depot here, mainly of 1,300 pounds of provisions which we intended to use on our main advance to the south in the spring. The return journey occupied two days; on the first we covered forty miles and on the second fifty-seven miles. When we reached our station the "Fram" had already left. The bay was lonely and deserted; only seals and penguins were in possession of the place.

This first excursion to the south, although brief, was of great importance to us. We now knew definitely that our equipment and our pulling power were eminently suited to the demands upon them. In their selection no mistake had been made. It was now for us to make use of everything to the best advantage.

Our sojourn at the station was only a short one. On February 22 we were ready again to carry supplies to a more southern depot. We intended to push this depot as far south as possible. On this occasion our expedition consisted of eight men, seven sleds, and forty-two dogs. Only the cook remained at "Framheim."

On February 27 we passed the depot which we had established at 80° S.; we found everything in the best of order. On March 4 we reached the eighty-first parallel and deposited there 1,150 pounds of provisions. Three men returned from here to the station while the five others continued toward the south and reached the eighty-second parallel on March 8, depositing there 1,375 pounds of provisions. We then returned, and on March 22 were again at home. Before the winter began we made another excursion to the depot in 80° S., and added to our supplies there 2,400 pounds of fresh salt meat, and 440 pounds of other provisions. On April 11, we returned from this excursion; this ended all of our work connected with the establishment of depots. Up to that date we had carried out 6,700 pounds of provisions, and had distributed these in three repositories.

The part of the Barrier over which we had gone heretofore has an average height of 165 feet and looked like a flat plain which continued with slight undulations without any marked features that could have served for orientation. It has heretofore been the opinion that on such an endless plain no provisions can be cached without risking their loss. If we were, however, to have the slightest chance of reaching our goal we had to establish depots, and that to as great an extent as possible. This question was discussed among us, and we decided to establish signs across our

route, and not along it, as has been generally done heretofore. We therefore set up a row of signs at right angles to our route, that is in an east-west direction from our depots. Two of these signs were placed on opposite sides of each of the three depots, at a distance of 5.6 miles (9 kilometers) from them; and between the signs and the depot two flags were erected for every kilometer. In addition, all flags were marked so that we might know the direction and distance of the depot to which it referred. This provision proved entirely trustworthy; we were able to find our depots even in a dense fog. Our compasses and pedometers were tested at the station; we knew that we could rely upon them.

By our excursions to the depots we had gained a great deal. We had not only carried a large amount of provisions toward the south, but we had also gained valuable experience. That was worth more, and was to be of value to us on our final advance to the pole.

The lowest temperature we had observed on these depot excursions was —50° Centigrade. The fact that it was still summer when we recorded this temperature warned us to see that our equipment was in good condition. We also realized that our heavy sleds were too unwieldy, and that they could easily be made much lighter. This criticism was equally applicable to the greater part of our equipment.

Several days before the disappearance of the sun were devoted to hunting seal. The total weight of the seals killed mounted to 132,000 pounds. We therefore had ample provisions for ourselves, as well as for our 115 dogs.

Our next problem was to supply a protective roof for our dogs. We had brought with us ten large tents in which sixteen men could easily find room. They were set up on the Ice Barrier; the snow was then dug out to a depth of six and a half feet inside the tents, so that each dog hut was nearly twenty feet high. The diameter of a dog hut on the ground was sixteen feet. We made these huts spacious so that they might be as airy as possible, and thus avert the frost which is so injurious to dogs. Our purpose was entirely attained, for even in the severest weather no dogs were frozen. The tents were always warm and comfortable. Twelve dogs were housed in each, and every man had to take care of his own pack.

After we had seen to the wants of the dogs, we could then think of ourselves. As early as April the house was entirely covered by snow. In this newly drifted snow, passageways were dug connecting directly with the dog huts. Ample room was thus at our disposal without the need on our part of furnishing building material. We had workshops, a blacksmith shop, a room for sewing, one for packing, a storage room for coal, wood and oil, a room for regular baths and one for steam baths. The winter might be as cold and stormy as it would; it could do us no harm.

On April 21 the sun disappeared, and the longest night began which had ever been experienced by man in the Antarctic. We did not need to fear the long night for we were well equipped with provisions for years, and had a comfortable, well-ventilated, well-situated and protected house. In addition we had our splendid bathroom where we could take a bath every week.

After these arrangements had been completed we began preparations for the main advance in the following spring. We had to improve our equipment, and make it lighter. We discarded all our sleds, for they were too heavy and unwieldy for the smooth surface of the Ice Barrier. Our sleds weighed 165 pounds each. Bjaaland, our ski and sled maker, took the sleds in hand, and when spring arrived he had entirely made over our sledge equipment. These sleds weighed only one-third as much as the old ones. In the same way it was possible to reduce the weight of all other items of our equipment. Packing the provisions for the sledge journey was of the greatest importance. Captain Johansen attended to this work during the winter. Each of the 42,000 loaves of hard bread had to be handled separately before it could be assigned to its proper place. In this way the winter passed quickly and agreeably. All of us were occupied all the time. Our house was warm, dry, light, and airy, and we all enjoyed the best of health. We had no physician, and needed none.

Meteorological observations were taken continuously. The results were surprising. We had thought that we should have disagreeable, stormy weather, but this was not the case. During the whole year of our sojourn at the station we experienced only two moderate storms. The rest of the time light breezes prevailed, mainly from an easterly direction. Atmospheric pressure was as a rule very low, but remained constant. The temperature sank considerably, and I deem it probable that the mean annual temperature which we recorded, —26° Centigrade, is the lowest mean temperature which has ever been observed. During five months of the year we recorded temperautres below —50° Centigrade. On August 23 the lowest temperature was recorded, —59°. The *aurora australis,* corresponding to the northern lights of the Arctic, was observed frequently and in all directions and forms. This phenomenon changed very rapidly, but, except in certain cases, was not very intensive.

On August 24 the sun reappeared. The winter had ended. Several days earlier we had put everything in the best of order, and when the sun rose over the Barrier we were ready to start. The dogs were in fine condition.

From now on we observed the temperature daily with great interest, for as long as the mercury remained below —50° a start was not to be thought of. In the first days of September all signs indicated that the mercury would rise. We therefore resolved to start as soon as possible. On September 8 the temperature was —30°. We started immediately, but this march was to be short. On the next day the temperature began to sink rapidly, and several days later the thermometer registered —55° Centigrade. We human beings could probably have kept on the march for some time under such a temperature, for we were protected against the cold by our clothing; but the dogs could not have long withstood this degree of cold. We were therefore glad when we reached the eightieth parallel. We deposited there our provisions and equipment in the depot which we had previously erected, and returned to "Framheim."

The weather now became very changeable for a time—the transitional period from winter to summer; we never knew what weather the next day would bring. Frostbites from our last march forced us to wait until we defintely knew that spring had really come. On September 24 we saw at last positive evidence that spring had arrived; the seals began to clamber up on the ice. This sign was hailed with rejoicing—not a whit less the seal meat which Bjaaland brought on the same day. The dogs, too, enjoyed the arrival of spring. They were ravenous for fresh seal meat. On September 29 another unrefutable sign of spring appeared in the arrival of a flock of Antarctic petrels. They flew around our house inquisitively to the joy of all, not only of ourselves, but also of the dogs. The latter were wild with joy and excitement, and ran after the birds in hope of getting a delicate morsel. Foolish dogs! Their chase ended with a wild fight among themselves.

On October 20 the weather had at last become so stable that we could start. We had, meanwhile, changed our original plan, which was that we should all advance southward together. We realized that we could travel with perfect safety in two groups and thus accomplish much more. We arranged that three men should go to the east to explore King Edward VII Land; the remaining five men were to carry out the main plan, the advance on the South Pole.

October 20 was a beautiful day. Clear, mild weather prevailed. The temperature was 1° Centigrade above zero. Our sleds were light, and we could advance rapidly. We did not need to hurry our dogs for they were eager enough themselves. We numbered five men and fifty-two dogs with four sleds. Together with the provisions which we had left in the three depots at the eightieth, the eighty-first and the eighty-second parallels we had sufficient sustenance for 120 days.

Two days after our departure we nearly met with a serious accident. Bjaaland's sled fell into one of the numerous crevasses. At the critical moment we were fortunately able to come to Bjaaland's aid; had we been a moment later the sled with its thirteen dogs would have disappeared in the seemingly bottomless pit.

On the fourth day we reached our depot at 80°. S. We remained there two days and gave our dogs as much seal meat as they would eat.

Between the eightieth and the eighty-first parallel the Barrier ice along our route was even, with the exception of a few low undulations; dangerous hidden places were not to be found. The region between the eighty-first and the eighty-second parallel was of a totally different character. During the first nineteen miles we were in a veritable labyrinth of crevasses, very dangerous to cross. At many places yawning abysses were visible because large pieces of the surface had broken off; the surface therefore presented a very unsafe appearance. We crossed this region four times in all. On the three first times, such a dense fog prevailed that we could only recognize objects a few feet away. Only on the fourth occasion did we have clear weather. Then we were able to see the great difficulties to which we had been exposed.

On November 5, we reached the depot at the eighty-second parallel, and found everything in order. For the last time our dogs were able to have a good rest and eat their fill; and they did so thoroughly during their two days' rest.

Beginning at the eightieth parallel, we constructed snow cairns which should serve as sign-posts on our return. In all we erected 150 such sign-posts, each of which required sixty snow blocks. About 9,000 snow blocks had therefore to be cut out for this purpose. These cairns did not disappoint us, for they enabled us to return by exactly the same route we had previously followed.

South of the eighty-second parallel, the Barrier was, if possible, still more even than farther north; we therefore advanced quite rapidly. At every unit parallel, which we crossed on our advance toward the south, we established a depot. We thereby doubtlessly exposed ourselves to a

certain risk, for there was no time to set up sign-posts around the depots. We therefore had to rely on snow cairns. On the other hand, our sleds became lighter, so that it was never hard for the dogs to pull them.

When we reached the eighty-third parallel we saw land in a southwesterly direction. This could only be South Victoria Land, probably a continuation of the mountain range which runs in a south-easterly direction, and which is shown on Shackleton's map. From now on the landscape changed more and more from day to day: one mountain after another loomed up, one always higher than the other. Their average elevation was 10,000 to 16,000 feet. Their crest-line was always sharp; the peaks were like needles. I have never seen a more beautiful, wild and imposing landscape. Here a peak would appear with somber and cold outlines, its head buried in the clouds; there one could see snow fields and glaciers thrown together in hopeless confusion. On November 11 we saw land to the south and could soon determine that a mountain range, whose position is about 86° S., and 163° W., crosses South Victoria Land, in an easterly and north-easterly direction. This mountain range is materially lower than the mighty mountains of the rest of South Victoria Land. Peaks of an elevation of 1,800 to 4,000 feet were the highest. We could see this mountain chain as far as the eighty-fourth parallel, where it disappeared below the horizon.

On November 17 we reached the place where the Ice Barrier ends and the land begins. We had proceeded directly south from our winter quarters to this point. We were now in 85° 7′ S. and 165° W. The place where we left the Barrier for the land offered no special difficulties. A few extended undulating reaches of ice had to be crossed which were interrupted by crevasses here and there. Nothing could impede our advance. It was our plan to go due south from "Framheim," and not to deviate from this direction unless we should be forced to by obstacles which nature might place in our path. If our plan succeeded it would be our privilege to explore completely unknown regions, and thereby to accomplish valuable geographic work.

The immediate ascent due south into the mountainous region led us between the high peaks of South Victoria Land. To all intents and purposes, no great difficulties awaited us here. To be sure, we should probably have found a less steep ascent if we had gone over to the newly discovered mountain range just mentioned. But as we maintained the principle that direct advance due south was the shortest way to our goal, we had to bear the consequences.

At this place we established our principal depot and left provisions for thirty days. On four sleds we took provisions with us for sixty days. And now we began the ascent to the plateau. The first part of the way led us over snow-covered mountain slopes, which at times were quite steep, but not so much so as to prevent any of us from hauling up his own sled. Farther up, we found several glaciers, which were not very broad, but were very steep. Indeed, they were so steep that we had to harness twenty dogs in front of each sled. Later the glaciers became more frequent, and they lay on slopes so steep that it was very hard to ascend them on our skis. On the first night we camped at a spot which lay 2,100 feet above sea level. On the second day we continued to climb up the mountains, mainly over several small glaciers. Our next camp for the night was at an altitude of 4,100 feet above the sea.

On the third day we made the disagreeable discovery that we should have to descend 2,100 feet, as between us and the higher mountains to the south lay a great glacier which crossed our path from east to west. This could not be helped. The expedition therefore descended with the greatest possible speed, and in an incredibly short time we were down on the glacier, which was named Axel Heiberg Glacier. Our camp of this night lay at about 3,100 feet above sea level. On the following day the longest ascent began; we were forced to follow Axel Heiberg Glacier. At several places ice blocks were heaped up so that its surface was hummocky and cleft by crevasses. We had therefore to make detours to avoid the wide crevasses which, below, expanded into large basins. These latter, to be sure, were filled with snow; the glacier had evidently long ago ceased to move. The greatest care was necessary in our advance, for we had no inkling as to how thick or how thin the cover of snow might be. Our camp for this night was pitched in an extremely picturesque situation at an elevation of about 5,250 feet above sea level. The glacier was here hemmed in by two mountains which were named "Fridtjof Nansen" and "Don Pedro Christophersen," both 16,000 feet high.

Farther down toward the west, at the end of the glacier, "Ole Engelstad Mountain" rises to an elevation of about 13,000 feet. At this relatively narrow place the glacier was very hummocky, and rent by many deep crevasses, so that we often feared that we could not advance farther. On the following day, we reached a slightly inclined plateau which we assumed to be the same which Shackleton describes. Our dogs accomplished a feat on this day, which is so remarkable that it should be mentioned here. After having already

done heavy work on the preceding days, they covered nineteen miles on this day, and overcame a difference in altitude of 5,700 feet. On the following night we camped at a place which lay 10,800 feet above sea level. The time had now come when we were forced to kill some of our dogs. Twenty-four of our faithful comrades had to die. The place where this happened was named the "Slaughter House." On account of bad weather we had to stay here for four days. During this stay both we and the dogs had nothing except dog meat to eat. When we could at last start again on November 26, the meat of ten dogs only remained. This we deposited at our camp; fresh meat would furnish a welcome change on our return. During the following days we had stormy weather and thick snow flurries, so that we could see nothing of the surrounding country. We observed, however, that we were descending rapidly. For a moment, when the weather improved for a short time, we saw high mountains directly to the east. During the heavy snow squall on November 28 we passed two peculiarly shaped mountains lying in a north-south direction; they were the only ones that we could see on our right hand. These "Helland-Hansen Mountains" were entirely covered by snow and had an altitude of 9,200 feet. Later they served as an excellent landmark for us.

On the next day the clouds parted and the sun burst forth. It seemed to us as if we had been transferred to a totally new country. In the direction of our advance rose a large glacier, and to the east of it lay a mountain range running from southeast to northwest. Toward the west, impenetrable fog lay over the glacier and obscured even our immediate surroundings. A measurement by hypsometer gave 8,200 feet for the point lying at the foot of this, the "Devil's Glacier." We had therefore descended 2,600 feet since leaving the "Slaughter House." This was not an agreeable discovery, as we, no doubt, would have to ascend as much again, if not more. We left provisions here for six days and continued our march.

From the camp of that night we had a superb view of the eastern mountain range. Belonging to it we saw a mountain of more wonderful form than I had ever seen before. The altitude of the mountain was 12,300 feet; its peaks round-about were covered by a glacier. It looked as if Nature, in a fit of anger, had dropped sharp cornered ice blocks on the mountain. This mountain was christened "Helmer-Hansen Mountain," and became our best point of reference. There we saw also the "Oscar Wisting Mountains," the "Olav Bjaaland Mountains," the "Sverre Hassel Mountains," which, dark and red, glittered in the rays of the midnight sun and reflected a white and blue light. In the distance the mountains seen before loomed up romantically; they looked very high when one saw them through the thick clouds and masses of fog which passed over them from time to time, and occasionally allowed us to catch glimpses of their mighty peaks and their broken glaciers. For the first time we saw the "Thorvald Nilsen Mountain," which has a height of 16,400 feet.

It took us three days to climb the "Devil's Glacier." On the first of December we had left behind us this glacier, with its crevasses and bottomless pits, and were now at an elevation of 9,350 feet above sea level. In front of us lay an inclined block-covered ice plateau which, in the fog and snow, had the appearance of a frozen lake. Traveling over this "Devil's Ball Room," as we called the plateau, was not particularly pleasant. Southeasterly storms and snow flurries occurred daily, during which we could see absolutely nothing. The floor on which we were walking was hollow beneath us; it sounded as if we were going over empty barrels. We crossed this disagreeable and uncanny region as quickly as was compatible with the great care we had to exercise, for during the whole time we were thinking of the unwelcome possibility of sinking through.

On December 6 we reached our highest point—according to hypsometric measurement 11,024 feet above sea level. From there on the interior plateau remained entirely level and of the same elevation. In 88° 23′ S. we had reached the place which corresponded to Shackleton's southernmost advance. We camped in 88° 25′ S., and established there our last—the tenth—depot, in which we left 220 pounds of provisions. Our way now gradually led downward. The surface was in excellent condition, entirely level, without a single hill or undulation or other obstacle. Our sleds forged ahead to perfection; the weather was beautiful; we daily covered seventeen miles. Nothing prevented us from increasing our daily distance. But we had time enough and ample provisions; we thought it wiser, also, to spare our dogs and not to work them harder than necessary. Without a mishap we reached the eighty-ninth parallel on December 11. It seemed as if we had come into a region where good weather constantly prevails. The surest sign of continued calm weather was the absolutely level surface. We could push a tent pole seven feet deep into the snow without meeting with any resistance. This proved clearly enough that the snow had fallen in equable weather; calm must have prevailed or a slight

breeze may have blown at the most. Had the weather been variable—calms alternating with storms—snow strata of different density would have formed, a condition which we would immediately have noticed when driving in our tent poles.

Our dead reckoning had heretofore always given the same results as our astronomical observations. During the last eight days of our march we had continuous sunshine. Every day we stopped at noon in order to measure the meridian altitude and every evening we made an observation for azimuth. On December 13 the meridian altitude gave 89° 37′, dead reckoning, 89° 38′. In latitude 88° 25′ we had been able to make our last good observation of azimuth. Subsequently this method of observation became valueless. As these last observations gave practically the same result and the difference was almost a constant one we used the observation made in 88° 25′ as a basis. We calculated that we should reach our goal on December 14.

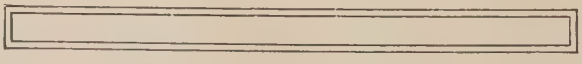
December 14 dawned. It seemed to me as if we slept a shorter time, as if we ate breakfast in greater haste and as if we started earlier on this morning than on the preceding days. As heretofore, we had clear weather, beautiful sunshine and only a very light breeze. We advanced well. Not much was said. I think that each one of us was occupied with his own thoughts. Probably only one thought dominated us all, a thought which caused us to look eagerly toward the south and to scan the horizon of this unlimited plateau. Were we the first, or———?

The distance calculated was covered. Our goal had been reached. Quietly, in absolute silence, the mighty plateau lay stretched out before us. No man had ever yet seen it, no man had ever yet stood on it. In no direction was a sign to be seen. It was indeed a solemn moment when, each of us grasping the flagpole with one hand, we all hoisted the flag of our country on the geographical South Pole, on "King Haakon VII Plateau."

During the night, as our watches showed it to be, three of our men went around the camp in a circle ten geographical miles (11.6 statute miles) in diameter and erected cairns, while the other two men remained in the tent and made hourly astronomical observations of the sun. These gave 89° 55′ S. We might well have been satisfied with this result, but we had time to spare and the weather was fine. Why should we not try to make our observations at the Pole itself? On December 16, therefore, we transported our tent the remaining 5¾ miles to the south and camped there. We arranged everything as comfortably as possible, in order to make a round of observations during the twenty-four hours. The altitude was measured every hour by four men with the sextant and artificial horizon. These observations will be worked out at the University of Christiania. This tent camp served as the center of a circle which we drew with a radius of 5 1/6 miles [on the circumference of which] cairns were erected. A small tent which we had brought with us in order to designate the South Pole was put up here and the Norwegian flag with the pennant of the "Fram" was hoisted above it. This Norwegian home received the name of "Polheim." According to the observed weather conditions, this tent may remain there for a long time. In it we left a letter addressed to His Majesty, King Haakon VII, in which we reported what we had done. The next person to come there will take the letter with him, and see to its delivery. In addition, we left there several pieces of clothing, a sextant, an artificial horizon, and a hypsometer.

On December 17 we were ready to return. On our journey to the Pole we had covered 863 miles, according to the measurements of the odometer; our mean daily marches were therefore 15 miles. When we left the Pole we had three sleds, and seventeen dogs. We now experienced the great satisfaction of being able to increase our daily rations, a measure which previous expeditions had not been able to carry out, as they were all forced to reduce their rations, and that at an early date. For the dogs, too, the rations were increased, and from time to time they received one of their comrades as additional food. The fresh meat revived the dogs, and undoubtedly contributed to the good results of the expedition.

One last glance, one last adieu, we sent back to "Polheim." Then we resumed our journey. We still see the flag; it still waves to us. Gradually it diminishes in size and finally entirely disappears from our sight. A last greeting to the Little Norway lying at the South Pole!



PERSEUS

ADAPTED BY MARY MACGREGOR

PERSEUS AND HIS MOTHER

Once upon a time there were two Princes who were twins. They lived in a pleasant vale far away in Hellas (Greece). They had fruitful meadows and vineyards, sheep and oxen, great herds of horses, and all that men could need to make them blest. And yet they were wretched, because they were jealous of each other.

From the moment they were born they began to quarrel, and when they grew up each tried to take away the other's share of the kingdom and keep all for himself.

And there came a prophet to one of the hard-hearted Princes and said, "Because you have risen up against your own family, your own family shall rise up against you. Because you have sinned against your kindred, by your kindred shall you be punished. Your daughter Danæ shall bear a son, and by that son's hands you shall die. So the gods have said, and it shall surely come to pass."

At that the hard-hearted Prince was very much afraid, but he did not mend his ways. For when he became King, he shut up his fair daughter Danæ in a cavern underground, lined with brass, that no one might come near her. So he fancied himself more cunning than the gods.

Now it came to pass that in time Danæ bore a son, so beautiful a babe that any but the King would have had pity on it. But he had no pity, for he took Danæ and her babe down to the seashore and put them into a great chest and thrust them out to sea, that the winds and the waves might carry them whithersoever they would.

And away and out to sea before the northwest wind floated the mother and her babe, while all who watched them wept, save that cruel King.

So they floated on and on, and the chest danced up and down upon the billows, and the babe slept in its mother's arms. But the poor mother could not sleep, but watched and wept, and she sang to her babe as they floated.

Now they are past the last blue headland and in the open sea. There is nothing round them but waves, and the sky and the wind. But the waves are gentle and the sky is clear, and the breeze is tender and low.

So a night passed and a day, and a long day it was to Danæ, and another night and day beside, till Danæ was faint with hunger and weeping, and yet no land appeared.

And all the while the babe slept quietly, and at last poor Danæ drooped her head and fell asleep likewise, with her cheek against her babe's.

After a while she was awakened suddenly, for the chest was jarring and grinding, and the air was full of sound. She looked up, and over her head were mighty cliffs, and around her rocks and breakers and flying flakes of foam.

She clasped her hands together and shrieked aloud for help. And when she cried, help met her, for now there came over the rocks a tall and stately man, and looked down wondering upon poor Danæ, tossing about in the chest among the waves.

He wore a rough cloak, and on his head a broad hat to shade his face, and in his hand he carried a trident, which is a three-pronged fork for spearing fish, and over his shoulder was a casting net.

But Danæ could see that he was no common man by his height and his walk, and his flowing golden hair and beard, and by the two servants who came behind him carrying baskets for his fish.

She had hardly time to look at him, before he had laid aside his trident and leapt down the rocks, and thrown his casting net so surely over

Danæ and the chest, that he drew it and her and the babe safe upon a ledge of rock.

Then the fisherman took Danæ by the hand and lifted her out of the chest and said, "O beautiful damsel, what strange chance has brought you to this island in so frail a ship? Who are you, and whence? Surely you are some king's daughter, and this boy belongs to the gods." And as he spoke he pointed to the babe, for his face shone like the morning star.

But Danæ only held down her head and sobbed out, "Tell me to what land I have come, and among what men I have fallen."

And he said, "Polydectes is King of this isle, and he is my brother. Men call me Dictys the Netter, because I catch the fish of the shore."

Then Danæ fell down at his feet and embraced his knees and cried, "O Sir, have pity upon a stranger, whom cruel doom has driven to your land, and let me live in your house as a servant. But treat me honorably, for I was once a king's daughter, and this my boy is of no common race. I will not be a charge to you, or eat the bread of idleness, for I am more skillful in weaving and embroidery than all the maidens of my land."

And she was going on, but Dictys stopped her and raised her up and said, "My daughter, I am old, and my hairs are growing gray, while I have no children to make my home cheerful. Come with me, then, and you shall be a daughter to me and to my wife, and this babe shall be our grandchild."

So Danæ was comforted and went home with Dictys, the good fisherman, and was a daughter to him and to his wife, till fifteen years were past.

HOW PERSEUS VOWED A RASH VOW

Fifteen years were past and gone, and the babe was now grown to be a tall lad and a sailor.

His mother called him Perseus, but all the people in the isle called him the King of the Immortals.

For though he was but fifteen, Perseus was taller by a head than any man in the island. And he was brave and truthful, and gentle and courteous, for good old Dictys had trained him well, and well it was for Perseus that he had done so. For now Danæ and her son fell into great danger, and Perseus had need of all his strength to defend his mother and himself.

Polydectes, the King of the island, was not a good man like his brother Dictys, but he was greedy and cunning and cruel.

And when he saw fair Danæ he wanted to marry her. But she would not, for she did not love him, and cared for no one but her boy.

At last Polydectes became furious, and while Perseus was away at sea, he took poor Danæ away from Dictys, saying, "If you will not be my wife, you shall be my slave."

So Danæ was made a slave, and had to fetch water from the well, and grind in the mill.

But Perseus was far away over the seas, little thinking that his mother was in great grief and sorrow.

Now one day, while the ship was lading, Perseus wandered into a pleasant wood to get out of the sun, and sat down on the turf and fell asleep. And as he slept a strange dream came to him, the strangest dream he had ever had in his life.

There came a lady to him through the wood, taller than he, or any mortal man, but beautiful exceedingly, with great gray eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. On her head was a helmet, and in her hand a spear. And over her shoulder, above her long, blue robes, hung a goat-skin, which bore up a mighty shield of brass, polished like a mirror.

She stood and looked at him with her clear gray eyes. And Perseus dropped his eyes, trembling and blushing, as the wonderful lady spoke. "Perseus, you must do an errand for me.' '

"Who are you, lady? And how do you know my name?"

Then the strange lady, whose name was Athene, laughed, and held up her brazen shield, and cried, "See here, Perseus, dare you face such a monster as this and slay it, that I may place its head upon this shield?"

And in the mirror of the shield there appeared a face, and as Perseus looked on it his blood ran cold. It was the face of a beautiful woman, but her cheeks were pale, and her lips were thin. Instead of hair, vipers wreathed about her temples and shot out their forked tongues, and she had claws of brass.

Perseus looked awhile and then said, "If there is anything so fierce and ugly on earth, it were a noble deed to kill it. Where can I find the monster?"

Then the strange lady smiled again and said, "You are too young, for this is Medusa the Gorgon. Return to your home, and when you have done the work that awaits you there, you may be worthy to go in search of the monster."

Perseus would have spoken, but the strange lady vanished, and he awoke, and behold it was a dream.

So he returned home, and the first thing he heard was that his mother was a slave in the house of Polydectes.

Grinding his teeth with rage, he went out, and away to the King's palace, and through the men's

rooms and the women's rooms, and so through all the house, till he found his mother sitting on the floor turning the stone hand-mill, and weeping as she turned it.

And he lifted her up and kissed her, and bade her follow him forth. But before they could pass out of the room Polydectes came in.

When Perseus saw the King, he flew upon him and cried, "Tyrant! is this thy mercy to strangers and widows? Thou shalt die." And because he had no sword he caught up the stone hand-mill, and lifted it to dash out Polydectes' brains.

But his mother clung to him, shrieking, and good Dictys too entreated him to remember that the cruel King was his brother.

Then Perseus lowered his hand, and Polydectes, who had been trembling all this while like a coward, let Perseus and his mother pass.

So Perseus took his mother to the temple of Athene, and there the priestess made her one of the temple sweepers. And there they knew that she would be safe, for not even Polydectes would dare to drag her out of the temple. And there Perseus and the good Dictys and his wife came to visit her every day.

As for Polydectes, not being able to get Danæ by force, he cast about how he might get her by cunning. He was sure he could never get back Danæ as long as Perseus was in the island, so he made a plot to get rid of him. First he pretended to have forgiven Perseus, and to have forgotten Danæ, so that for a while all went smoothly. Next he proclaimed a great feast and invited to it all the chiefs and the young men of the island, and among them Perseus, that they might all do him homage as their King, and eat of his banquet in his hall.

On the appointed day they all came, and as the custom was then, each guest brought with him a present for the King. One brought a horse, another a shawl, or a ring, or a sword, and some brought baskets of grapes, but Perseus brought nothing, for he had nothing to bring, being only a poor sailor lad.

He was ashamed, however, to go into the King's presence without a gift. So he stood at the door, sorrowfully watching the rich men go in, and his face grew very red as they pointed at him and smiled and whispered, "And what has Perseus to give?"

Perseus blushed and stammered, while all the proud men round laughed and mocked, till the lad grew mad with shame, and hardly knowing what he said, cried out:

"A present! See if I do not bring a nobler one than all of yours together!"

"Hear the boaster! What is the present to be?" cried they all, laughing louder than ever.

Then Perseus remembered his strange dream, and he cried aloud, "The head of Medusa the Gorgon!"

He was half afraid after he had said the words, for all laughed louder than ever, and Polydectes loudest of all, while he said:

"You have promised to bring me the Gorgon's head. Then never appear again in this island without it. Go!"

Perseus saw that he had fallen into a trap, but he went out without a word.

Down the cliffs he went, and looked across the broad blue sea, and wondered if his dream were true.

"Athene, was my dream true? Shall I slay the Gorgon?" he prayed. "Rashly and angrily I promised, but wisely and patiently will I perform."

But there was no answer nor sign, not even a cloud in the sky.

Three times Perseus called, weeping, "Rashly and angrily I promised, but wisely and patiently will I perform."

ATHENE COMES TO AID PERSEUS

Then he saw afar off a small white cloud, as bright as silver. And as it touched the cliffs, it broke and parted, and within it appeared Athene, and beside her a young man, whose eyes were like sparks of fire.

And they came swiftly towards Perseus, and he fell down and worshiped, for he knew they were more than mortal.

But Athene spoke gently to him and bade him have no fear. "Perseus," she said, "you have braved Polydectes, and done manfully. Dare you brave Medusa the Gorgon?"

Perseus answered, "Try me, for since you spoke to me, new courage has come into my soul."

And Athene said, "Perseus, this deed requires a seven years' journey, in which you cannot turn back nor escape. If your heart fails, you must die, and no man will ever find your bones."

And Perseus said, "Tell me, O fair and wise Athene, how I can do but this one thing, and then, if need be, die."

Then Athene smiled and said, "Be patient and listen. You must go northward till you find the Three Gray Sisters, who have but one eye and one tooth amongst them. Ask them the way to the daughters of the Evening Star, for they will tell you the way to the Gorgon, that you may slay her. But beware! for her eyes are so terrible that whosoever looks on them is turned to stone."

"How am I to escape her eyes?" said Perseus; "will she not freeze me too?"

"You shall take this polished shield," said Athene, "and look, not at her herself, but at her image in the shield, so you may strike her safely. And when you have struck off her head, wrap it, with your face turned away, in the folds of the goat-skin on which the shield hangs. So you bring it safely back to me and win yourself renown and a place among heroes."

Then said Perseus, "I will go, though I die in going. But how shall I cross the seas without a ship? And who will show me the way? And how shall I slay her, if her scales be iron and brass?"

But the young man who was with Athene spoke, "These sandals of mine will bear you across the seas, and over hill and dale like a bird, as they bear me all day long. The sandals themselves will guide you on the road, for they are divine and cannot stray, and this sword itself will kill her, for it is divine and needs no second stroke. Arise and gird them on, and go forth." So Perseus arose, and girded on the sandals and the sword.

PERSEUS AND THE THREE GRAY SISTERS

And Athene cried, "Now leap from the cliff and be gone!"

Then Perseus looked down the cliff and shuddered, but he was ashamed to show his dread, and he leaped into the empty air.

And behold! instead of falling, he floated, and stood, and ran along the sky.

HOW PERSEUS SLEW THE GORGON

So Perseus started on his journey, going dry-shod over land and sea, and his heart was high and joyful, for the sandals bore him each day a seven days' journey.

And at last by the shore of a freezing sea, beneath the cold winter moon, he found the Three Gray Sisters. There was no living thing around them, not a fly, not a moss upon the rocks.

They passed their one eye each to the other, but for all that they could not see, and they passed the one tooth from one to the other, but for all that they could not eat, and they sat in the full glare of the moon, but they were none the warmer for her beams.

And Perseus said, "Tell me, O Venerable Mothers, the path to the daughters of the Evening Star."

They heard his voice, and then one cried, "Give me the eye that I may see him," and another, "Give me the tooth that I may bite him," but they had no answer for his question.

Then Perseus stepped close to them, and watched as they passed the eye from hand to hand. And as they groped about, he held out his own hand gently, till one of them put the eye into it, fancying that it was the hand of her sister.

At that Perseus sprang back and laughed and cried, "Cruel old women, I have your eye, and I will throw it into the sea, unless you tell me the path to the daughters of the Evening Star and swear to me that you tell me right."

Then they wept and chattered and scolded, but all in vain. They were forced to tell the truth, though when they told it, Perseus could hardly make out the way. But he gave them back the eye and leaped away to the southward, leaving the snow and ice behind.

At last he heard sweet voices singing, and he guessed that he was come to the garden of the daughters of the Evening Star.

When they saw him they trembled and said, "Are you come to rob our garden and carry off our golden fruit?"

But Perseus answered, "I want none of your golden fruit. Tell me the way which leads to the Gorgon that I may go on my way and slay her."

So Danae Was Comforted and Went Home With Dictys

IN THE GARDEN OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EVENING STAR

"Not yet, not yet, fair boy," they answered, "come dance with us around the trees in the garden."

"I cannot dance with you, fair maidens, so tell me the way to the Gorgon, lest I wander and perish in the waves."

Then they sighed and wept, and answered, "The Gorgon! She will freeze you into stone."

But Perseus said, "The gods have lent me weapons, and will give me wisdom to use them."

Then the fair maidens told him that the Gorgon lived on an island far away, but that whoever went near the island must wear the hat of darkness, so that he could not himself be seen. And one of the fair maidens held in her hand the magic hat.

While all the maidens kissed Perseus and wept over him, he was only impatient to be gone. So at last they put the magic hat upon his head, and he vanished out of their sight.

And Perseus went on boldly, past many an ugly sight, till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings and saw the glitter of their brazen claws. Then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile with himself and remembered Athene's words. Then he rose into the air, and held the shield above his head and looked up into it, that he might see all that was below him.

And he saw three Gorgons sleeping, as huge as elephants. He knew that they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him, and yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were those brazen claws.

Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly in her sleep. Her long neck gleamed so white in the mirror that Perseus had not the heart to strike. But as he looked, from among her tresses the vipers' heads awoke and peeped up, with their bright, dry eyes, and showed their fangs and hissed. And Medusa as she tossed showed her brazen claws, and Perseus saw that for all her beauty she was as ugly as the others.

Then he came down and stepped to her boldly, and looked steadfastly on his mirror, and struck with his sword stoutly once, and he did not need to strike again.

He wrapped the head in the goat-skin, turning away his eyes, and sprang into the air aloft, faster than he ever sprang before.

And well his brave sandals bore him through cloud and sunshine across the shoreless sea, till he came again to the gardens of the fair maidens.

Then he asked them, "By what road shall I go homeward again?"

And they wept and cried, "Go home no more, but stay and play with us, the lonely maidens."

But Perseus refused and leapt down the mountain, and went on like a sea-gull, away and out to sea.

HOW PERSEUS MET ANDROMEDA

So Perseus flitted onward to the northeast, over many a league of sea, till he came to the rolling sandhills of the desert.

Over the sands he went, he never knew how far nor how long, hoping all day to see the blue, sparkling Mediterranean, that he might fly across it to his home.

But now came down a mighty wind, and swept him back southward toward the desert. All day long he strove against it, but even the sandals could not prevail. And when morning came there was nothing to be seen, save the same old hateful waste of sand.

As last the gale fell, and he tried to go northward again, but again down came the sandstorms

and swept him back into the desert; and then all was calm and cloudless as before.

Then he cried to Athene, "Shall I never see my mother more, and the blue ripple of the sea and the sunny hills of Hellas?"

So he prayed, and after he had prayed there was a great silence.

And Perseus stood still awhile and waited, and said, "Surely I am not here but by the will of the gods, for Athene will not lie. Were not these sandals to lead me in the right road?"

Then suddenly his ears were opened and he heard the sound of running water. And Perseus laughed for joy, and leapt down the cliff and drank of the cool water, and ate of the dates, and slept on the turf, and leapt up and went forward again, but not toward the north this time.

For he said, "Surely Athene hath sent me hither, and will not have me go homeward yet. What if there be another noble deed to be done before I see the sunny hills of Hellas?"

So Perseus flew along the shore above the sea, and at the dawn of a day he looked towards the cliffs. At the water's edge, under a black rock, he saw a white image stand.

"This," thought he, "must surely be the statue of some sea-god. I will go near and see."

And he came near, but when he came it was no statue he found, but a maiden of flesh and blood, for he could see her tresses streaming in the breeze. And as he came closer still, he could see how she shrank and shivered when the waves sprinkled her with cold salt spray.

Her arms were spread above her head and fastened to the rock with chains of brass, and her head drooped either with sleep or weariness or grief. But now and then she looked up and wailed, and called her mother.

Yet she did not see Perseus. for the cap of darkness was on his head.

In his heart pity and indignation, Perseus drew near and looked upon the maid. Her cheeks were darker than his, and her hair was blue-black, like a hyacinth.

Perseus thought, "I have never seen so beautiful a maiden, no, not in all our isles. Surely she is a king's daughter. She is too fair, at least, to have done any wrong. I will speak to her," and, lifting the magic hat from his head, he flashed into her sight. She shrieked with terror, but Perseus cried, "Do not fear me, fair one. What cruel men have bound you? But first I will set you free."

And he tore at the fetters, but they were too strong for him, while the maiden cried, "Touch me not. I am a victim for the sea-gods. They will slay you if you dare to set me free."

"Let them try," said Perseus, and drawing his sword he cut through the brass as if it had been flax.

"Now," he said, "you belong to me, and not to these sea-gods, whosoever they may be."

But she only called the more on her mother. Then he clasped her in his arms, and cried, "Where are these sea-gods, cruel and unjust, who doom fair maids to death? Let them measure their strength against mine. But tell me, maiden, who you are, and what dark fate brought you here."

And she answered, weeping, "I am the daughter of a King, and my mother is the Queen with the beautiful tresses, and they call me Andromeda. I stand here to atone for my mother's sin, for she boasted of me once that I was fairer than the Queen of the Fishes. So she in her wrath sent the sea-floods and wasted all the land. And now I must be devoured by a sea-monster to atone for a sin which I never committed."

But Perseus laughed and said, "A sea-monster! I have fought with worse than he."

Andromeda looked up at him, and new hope was kindled in her heart, so proud and fair did he stand, with one hand round her, and in the other the glittering sword.

But still she sighed and said, "Why will you die, young as you are? Go you your way, I must go mine."

Perseus cried, "Not so: I slew the Gorgon by the help of the gods, and not without them do I come hither to slay this monster, with that same Gorgon's head. Yet hide your eyes when I leave you, lest the sight of it freeze you too to stone."

But the maiden answered nothing, for she could not believe his words.

Then suddenly looking up, she pointed to the sea and shrieked, "There he comes with the sunrise as they said. I must die now. Oh go!" And she tried to thrust him away.

And Perseus said, "I go, yet promise me one thing ere I go—that if I slay this beast you will be my wife and come back with me to my kingdom, for I am a King's son. Promise me, and seal it with a kiss."

Then she lifted up her face and kissed him, and Perseus laughed for joy and flew upward, while Andromeda crouched trembling on the rock.

On came the great sea-monster lazily breasting the ripple and stopping at times by creek or headland. His great sides were fringed with clustering shells and seaweeds, and the water gurgled in and out of his wide jaws as he rolled along. At last he saw Andromeda and shot forward to take his prey.

THE MONSTER COMES FOR HIS VICTIM

Then down from the height of the air fell Perseus like a shooting star, down to the crests of the waves, while Andromeda hid her face as he shouted, and then there was silence for a while.

When at last she looked up trembling, Andromeda saw Perseus springing towards her, and instead of the monster, a long black rock, with the sea rippling quietly round it.

Who then so proud as Perseus, as he leapt back to the rock and lifted his fair Andromeda in his arms and flew with her to the cliff-top, as a falcon carries a dove! Who so proud as Perseus, and who so joyful as the people of the land!

And the King and the Queen came, and all the people came with songs and dances to receive Andromeda back again, as one alive from the dead.

Then the King said to Perseus, "Hero of the Hellens, stay here with me and be my son-in-law, and I will give you the half of my kingdom."

"I will be your son-in-law," said Perseus, "but of your kingdom will I have none, for I long after the pleasant land of Greece, and my mother who waits for me at home."

Then said the King, "You must not take my daughter away at once, for she is to us as one alive from the dead. Stay with us here a year, and after that you shall return with honor."

And Perseus consented, but before he went to the palace he bade the people bring stones and wood and build an altar to Athene, and there he offered bullocks and rams. Then they made a great wedding feast, which lasted seven whole days.

But on the eighth night Perseus dreamed a dream. He saw standing beside him Athene as he had seen her seven long years before, and she stood and called him by name, and said, "Perseus, you have played the man, and see, you have your reward. Now give me the sword and the sandals, and the hat of darkness, that I may give them back to those to whom they belong. But the Gorgon's head you shall keep a while, for you will need it in your land of Hellas."

And Perseus rose to give her the sword and the cap, and the sandals, but he woke and his dream vanished away. Yet it was not altogether a dream, for the goat-skin with the head was in its place, but the sword and the cap and the sandals were gone, and Perseus never saw them more.

HOW PERSEUS CAME HOME AGAIN

When a year was ended, Perseus rowed away in a noble galley, and in it he put Andromeda and all her dowry of jewels and rich shawls and spices from the East, and great was the weeping when they rowed away.

And when Perseus reached the land of Hellas

he left his galley on the beach, and went up as of old. He embraced his mother and Dictys, and they wept over each other, for it was seven years and more since they had parted.

Then Perseus went out and up to the hall of Polydectes, and underneath the goat-skin he bore the Gorgon's head.

When he came to the hall, Polydectes sat at the table, and all his nobles on either side, feasting on fish and goats' flesh, and drinking blood-red wine.

Perseus stood upon the threshold and called to the King by name. But none of the guests knew the stranger, for he was changed by his long journey. He had gone out a boy, and he was come home a hero.

But Polydectes the Wicked, knew him, and scornfully he called, "Ah, foundling! have you found it more easy to promise than to fulfill?"

"Those whom the gods help fulfill their promises," said Perseus, as he drew back the goat-skin and held aloft the Gorgon's head, saying, "Behold!"

Pale grew Polydectes and his guests as they looked upon that dreadful face. They tried to rise from their seats, but from their seats they never rose, but stiffened, each man where he sat, into a ring of cold gray stones.

Then Perseus turned and left them, and went down to his galley in the bay. He gave the kingdom to good Dictys, and sailed away with his mother and his bride. And Perseus rowed westward till he came to his old home, and there he found that his grandfather had fled.

The heart of Perseus yearned after his grandfather, and he said, "Surely he will love me now that I am come home with honor. I will go and find him and bring him back, and we will reign together in peace."

So Perseus sailed away, and at last he came to the land where his grandfather dwelt, and all the people were in the fields, and there was feasting and all kinds of games.

Then Perseus did not tell his name, but went up to the games unknown, for he said, "If I carry away the prize in the games, my grandfather's heart will be softened towards me."

And when the games began, Perseus was the best of all at running and leaping, and wrestling and throwing. And he won four crowns and took them.

Then he said to himself, "There is a fifth crown to be won. I will win that also, and lay them all upon the knees of my grandfather."

So he took the stones and hurled them five fathoms beyond all the rest. And the people shouted, "There has never been such a hurler in this land!"

Again Perseus put out all his strength and hurled. But a gust of wind came from the sea and carried the quoit aside, far beyond all the rest. And it fell on the foot of his grandfather, and he swooned away with the pain.

Perseus shrieked and ran up to him, but when they lifted the old man up, he was dead. Then Perseus rent his clothes and cast dust on his head, and wept a long while for his grandfather.

At last he rose and called to all people aloud and said, "The gods are true: what they have ordained must be; I am Perseus the grandson of this dead man." Then he told them how a prophet had said that he should kill his grandfather.

So they made great mourning for the old King, and burnt him on a right rich pile.

And Perseus went to the temple and was purified from the guilt of his death, because he had done it unknowingly.

Then he went home and reigned well with Andromeda, and they had four sons and three daughters.

And when they died, the ancients say that Athene took them up to the sky. All night long Perseus and Andromeda shine as a beacon for wandering sailors, but all day long they feast with the gods, on the still blue peaks in the home of the Immortals.

THE WANDERINGS OF ODYSSEUS

FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER

"Sing us the song of the hero, steadfast, skilful and strong,
Taker of Troy's high towers, who wandered for ten years long
Over the perilous waters, through unknown cities of men,
Leading his comrades onward, seeking his home again.
Sing us the song of the Wanderer, sing us the wonderful song!"

THE story of Odysseus (pronounced "Odissoos"), whom the Romans called Ulysses, is one of the greatest stories of the world. It tells about the craftiest of the warriors who commanded at the Siege of Troy. Farthest of all the chieftains was he to come to the war, and most adventurous of theirs was his return. Well may we say, as we listen to this version, told as far as possible in the words of Homer himself, what King Alcinous said when he heard it from the hero's own lips: "Behold, the night is of great length, and the time for sleep is not yet; tell me therefore of these wondrous deeds. I could abide even till the bright dawn, so long as thou couldst endure to rehearse me these woes of thine in the hall."

When you read Homer, W. E. Henley says, "you have a vision of marble columns and stately cities, of men august in single-heartedness and strength and women comely and simple and superb as goddesses; and with a music of leaves and winds and waters, of plunging ships and clanging armors, of girls at song and kindly gods discoursing. And Odysseus the ready-at-need goes forth on his wanderings; into the cave of Polypheme, into the land of giants, into the very regions of the dead; to hear among the olive trees the voice of Circe, the sweet witch, singing her magic songs as she fares to and fro before her golden loom; to rest and pine in the islet of Calypso, the kind sea-goddess; to meet with Nausicaa, loveliest of mortal maids; to reach his Ithaca, to do battle with the Wooers, and age in peace and honor by the side of the wise Penelope."

Odysseus was the one who devised the plan whereby the Trojans had permitted the wooden horse, full of soldiers, which the Greeks had made, to enter their city and thus open it to capture. The Greeks had won the wrath of the gods by their cruelty after the victory, and this wrath Odysseus, who was one of the last to set sail, felt to the full. Twelve ships he had as he began his return, with

fifty men each, only the half that were left of those with whom he had sailed first from his home in far-off Ithaca.

While he was away the nobles of Ithaca had filled his house with disorder and violence, each wooing his wife, the fair Penelope, in marriage. Finally, his son Telemachus, now growing to manhood, decided to sail away to find his father and save his home and mother. In the meantime the goddess Athene had won the consent of heaven to the rescue of the hero, who had been made prisoner on her island by the beautiful witch, Calypso. The messenger of the gods, Hermes, was sent to order her to let him go.

HOW ODYSSEUS CAME TO THE LAND OF THE SEA-KINGS

So Telemachus, son of Odysseus, went aboard his ship and the sailors loosed the ropes and sat down upon the benches. And gray-eyed Athene sent them a fresh west wind, singing over the wine-dark sea. So all night long and through the dawn the ship cleft her way.

Then Hermes bound his golden sandals to his feet and leaped down from the sky to the sea and flew over the waves like a cormorant to the far-off island. He went up to the lofty cave and found Calypso alone within, singing sweetly as she wove at her loom with a golden shuttle. A great fire was burning on the hearth and the scent of the seaweed was wafted through the island. Around the cave was a grove of stately trees whereon birds came to roost at night, sea-mews who are busy in the waves. And over the mouth of the cave a vine was growing, thick with clusters of grapes; and there were four springs beside it, from which four clear streams ran through meadows of sweet balm-gentle and violet. It was all so beautiful that even a god might wait and wonder.

He entered and Calypso sat him on a shining seat and gave him ambrosia and nectar, the food of the Immortals, and said, "Tell me your errand, Hermes, for it is long since you have fared this way." So he told her how Zeus had taken pity on the wandering Odysseus, and now bade her send him on his way. The goddess trembled when she heard this message, and said, "You are jealous of my friend and guest. I saved him when he was left alone clinging to the wreck of his ship, but if it is the will of Zeus I will not hinder his departure."

So Hermes departed and Calypso went out to seek Odysseus.

"Unhappy man," she said, "do not sorrow any more. Come, build a raft and make it strong enough for the sea, and I will give you bread and wine and water for your journey and a fair wind to follow you and bring you safely home, for such is the will of the gods who are wiser and stronger than I."

So they went back to the cave and feasted and talked until evening.

At last Calypso said, "Odysseus, if you knew what suffering you have in store before you see the wife you love, you would remain with me, and be immortal. I am a goddess, and am I less beautiful or less noble than your mortal wife?"

And he replied, "Goddess and queen, Penelope cannot compare with you in form or stature. She also will grow old and die, yet, day and night in her sight all my desires end, and I would endure another shipwreck and untold sorrows to be at home again. I can bear these as I have borne the rest."

When morning came, Calypso clad her in a great shining robe, light of woof and gracious, and about her waist she cast a golden girdle. She gave him a bronze ax and hatchet, and soon Odysseus felled a score of trees and made the timbers straight and smooth and joined them together and put in his ship a mast and a rudder. Then he stored it well with food and water and wine that the goddess gave him and at length set sail with a joyful heart.

For seventeen days and nights he never slept, but steered straight on watching the Pleiades and keeping on his left hand those great stars that men call the Bear, and on the eighteenth day he sighted the wooded hills of the Sea-King's Land, like a shadow upon the misty waters.

But Poseidon, the God of Ocean, saw Odysseus from afar and he was angry. "So!" he cried, "the gods have changed their plans while I was from Olympus!" Then, grasping his trident, he gathered the clouds, and roused the winds and brought down night from heaven.

A huge wave fell upon Odysseus and swept him from his raft and he was overwhelmed by

the surging waters. His garments weighed him down, but at last he rose and clutched at his raft and dragged himself upon it.

He would have perished at last had not one of the sea nymphs, Ino, the slender-footed, who had once been a woman, taken pity on him in his need. She rose from the gulfs in the form of a sea-bird and sat upon the raft. "Fasten my magic veil beneath your breast," she cried, "and swim to land, but as soon as you have touched the shore loose it, and throw it far back into the sea, and as you throw it, turn away."

Then he stripped off the garments which Calypso had given him, and wound the sea-nymph's veil beneath his breast, and plunged into the sea. And the bird dived past his sight into the fathomless abyss of ocean. When the bright-haired dawn was in the sky the wind fell, and from the top of a rising wave he saw the coast. The sight made him as glad as children are who see their father well again after a long sickness, but when he was near enough to hear the thunder of the breakers and saw that there was no harbor and only cliffs and jagged reefs, his heart sank within him. But he saved himself by swimming along the shore outside the breakers until he found the mouth of a river, free from rocks and sheltered from the wind.

He fell senseless on the shore, and there for a time he lay in a swoon. But when at last he came to himself, he loosed the magic veil and threw it back into the water. And a great wave came and bore it out to sea where Ino rose, and caught it in her white hands, but Odysseus sank down among the rushes by the river-bank and kissed the kindly earth. Dead weary he was. It seemed that the sea had soaked through his heart.

HOW ODYSSEUS MET THE PRINCESS NAUSICAA

So the stout-hearted Odysseus slept, worn out with his toil.

But meanwhile Athena went up to the City of the Sea-Kings unto the palace of their ruler, King Alcinous, and into a beautiful chamber where lay asleep his daughter, the young Princess Nausicaa. She was fair as the Immortals; on each side of the threshold slept two maidens, lovely as the Graces, and the glittering doors were shut. The goddess appeared to Nausicaa in a dream in the likeness of one of her dear companions.

"How heedless you are, Nausicaa!" said the goddess. "Your marriage day is coming soon, when you ought to have beautiful garments for yourself and for your maidens. Let us take the clothes down to the river and wash them early to-morrow morning, for the princes among your people are already suitors for your hand. Ask the king, your father, to give you a pair of mules and a cart, for the river is a long way off."

Then Athena went back to Olympus, the peaceful home of the gods. There, so men say, no

HOMER AND HIS GUIDE

winds blow and no rain falls and the snow never comes near, but the sky is calm and cloudless and all the air is full of light.

When the young dawn appeared on her glorious throne in the sky the Princess awoke, full of wonder at her dream. She greeted her mother, who was sitting by the hearth spinning the sea-blue yarn, and she met her father at the door on his way to the counsel of his lords. Nausicaa ran up to him and said, "Father, there is much fine linen lying soiled in the house. You must have clean robes to wear when you sit at the council among the chiefs and your fine sons always want fresh linen for the dances, and I must think of it all. Will you not lend me a pair of mules and a cart, and I will take it all down to

the river and wash it." She was too shy to speak about her marriage, but her father understood, and answered, "You may have the mules, my child, and anything you wish."

So the Princess filled the cart with the garments and her mother gave her a goatskin full of wine and olive-oil in a golden flask. Then Nausicaa climbed upon the cart with her maidens and she took the whip and the reins and they clattered off through the city.

When they came to the flowing river they unyoked the mules and let them feed on the sweet clover. They lifted out the clothes and trod them in the dark water. When they had finished they spread them out on the beach to dry in the sun. Then they bathed and anointed themselves and took their meal beside the river, and afterward they threw aside their veils and played ball, white-armed Nausicaa beginning the pastime with a song.

At last it was time to go home and they harnessed the mules and folded up the clothes. Just then the Princess threw the ball to one of the girls, but it missed her and dropped into the river, and they all cried out as they saw it fall. The cry woke Odysseus and he sprang up in wonder.

"Where am I?" he asked himself. "Are these the voices of Immortals or of nymphs of the meadows? I will go and see."

But when Odysseus came out from his shelter, all rough and naked as he was, they were terrified when they saw him covered with salt seabrine. They ran away to the end of the curving beach; only the daughter of Alcinous stood where she was and waited for him without trembling. Odysseus considered whether he should clasp the knees of the lovely maiden in supplication, or stand apart. At length he spoke gently to her. "Maiden," he said, "surely you must be Artemis the Huntress, if you are one of the Immortals. Whoever you are, I need your help. Princess, I have been wandering over the dark sea for twenty days and nights, tossed to and fro by wave and storm. In kindness, in mercy, show me the way to the city, and give me clothing—perhaps some wrapping that you have used for the linen. And may the gods grant you your heart's desire, a worthy husband and love and gentleness in your household."

And Nausicaa answered the stranger, "You seem to me brave and wise, and since you have asked me for help, you shall have everything you need. This is the land of the Sea-Kings and I am the daughter of their ruler, the great-hearted Alcinous." Then she called to her maidens, "Come back to me, girls. This man is no enemy, but a shipwrecked wanderer, and we must treat him kindly."

So they took Odysseus to a sheltered place and gave him clothing and soft olive-oil in a golden flask. And he washed away the salt sea-brine from his limbs and anointed himself and put on the garments, and his long curls fell clustering about his shoulders, and Athene gave him grace and stateliness.

Then the Princess whispered to her maidens: "At first I thought him ill-favored, but now he looks like one of the Immortals. Ah, that such a hero would stay with us, and be my husband. Go now, give him food and drink."

But when Nausicaa led the way to the city, she spoke prudently to Odysseus. "As we go through the meadows, follow close behind me, but when we draw near the city, wait until we are home again, lest the insolent among our folk should say: 'Who is the tall king-like stranger with Nausicaa; has she found a foreign husband for herself and scorned the noble sea-kings who make suit to her?'"

When Odysseus entered the palace he wondered, for the whole house shone, the walls being of bronze, and the doors of gold. Inside were rows of seats spread with fine coverlets, where the sea-kings sat at banquet. Before the gates were pear-trees and pomegranates and olives and bright apples and sweet figs. There were fruitful vineyards and flower-beds on either hand that were always in blossom.

Odysseus crossed the threshold and walked through the hall to the place where the King and Queen were sitting. Then he knelt down before the King and made supplication.

As Odysseus sat like a suppliant on the hearth, at last one old lord, wiser and readier than the rest, spoke out: "Surely it is not seemly, O Alcinous, that a guest should sit among the ashes. Lead him, I pray you, to a seat of honor and let him have food and drink."

So Alcinous took Odysseus by the hand and put him by his side in his own son's place, and the servants washed his hands and spread the table with good things.

Then said Odysseus: "I am no Immortal, Alcinous, but the most afflicted of mortal men, and I can tell a long tale of the sufferings that the gods have given me to bear. But now let me forget my troubles and in the morning make haste to send me on my way, for all I now desire is to see my people and my home again."

"Sir," replied Alcinous, "when the morrow comes, however far you may wish to go, you shall have men who will row you quickly over

SHE AND HER MAIDENS BROUGHT HIM FOOD AND WINE

the sea, for we have the best sailors and the most wonderful ships in the world."

Meanwhile the Queen had bidden her maidens make a bed in the great hall with soft purple blankets, whither they led Odysseus, torch in hand, and he lay down gladly and fell asleep.

HOW ODYSSEUS ESCAPED FROM THE CYCLOPS

The next day Odysseus contended with the sea-kings in their games and his skill and swiftness were the amazement of them all. And when evening was come, he came again to the hall where the kings were sitting at banquet, and Alcinous said, "Hide your secret no longer. Tell us your name and your country."

Then Odysseus answered, "I am that Odysseus the fame of whose wisdom has gone through the world. My home is the Isle of Ithaca, a rugged land but a good nurse for heroes, and now I will tell you the tale of my wanderings and of my sufferings on my way home from Troy.

"From the first, we had trouble by sea and land. As soon as we had rounded the Cape of Malea, the north winds smote us. Nine days we drifted before the gale, but on the tenth, we came to the land of the lotus-eaters who live on flowers. The lotus-eaters were kind to us and gave us lotus to taste. It is sweet as honey, but all who take it forget their country and long to stay there and to eat it forever, but I forced my men back to the ships, and we put to sea.

"Then we sailed on sadly till we came to the land of the Cyclops. They are a savage and lawless race who dwell alone in caves, and each one cares for no one else. I led my crew up to the shore of their island to see what the Cyclops were like. We came to a high cave. It was there that one of the Cyclops penned his flocks at night. A strange monster he was; he had only one eye in the middle of his forehead. He looked more like a mountain peak than a man.

"Twelve of us went up to the giant's cave. The Cyclops was still away at the pasture. Within were folds crowded with lambs and kids, and piles of wicker baskets loaded with cheeses. So we lit a fire, ate some of the cheeses, and waited.

"At nightfall the Cyclops came home with his herds, carrying a bundle of fagots. He flung them down on the floor and drove in his sheep. Then he lifted up an enormous stone, so heavy that twenty horses could not draw it, and set it against the mouth of the cave. When he lit his fire, he caught sight of us and shouted. We told him that we were Greeks, homeward bound, and we besought him to treat us as guests, but the giant seized two of my comrades and dashed their heads on the ground and tore them limb from limb and devoured them as if they were wild beasts. Then he lay down at full length among his flocks and fell asleep. In my rage I thought to draw my sword and strike him dead, but I remembered if I killed him none of us could roll away the enormous stone.

"The next morning the giant seized two more of us for a meal, and then lifting away the stone and putting it back, he went off to the mountains whistling to his herd.

"I was left to scheme for our revenge. The giant had placed his great club in the cave to dry. It was of olive-wood. I cut off a fathom's length and we sharpened it to a point and hid it away from sight.

"In the evening he came back again with his flocks, and after he had milked the ewes he seized two more of us for his meal. Then I filled a wooden bowl with the wine which we had brought, and gave it to the Cyclops, supplicating his mercy. Three times I poured it out, and when the wine began to cloud his thoughts I said to him softly, 'Cyclops, now I will tell you my name and you must give me the gift you promised. Noman is my name.'

"But the Cyclops only answered, 'I will eat Noman last, that shall be his gift.'

"With that he rolled over on his back and lay there fast asleep. Then I thrust the stake into the fire and four of my men took hold of it with me and we drove it into the monster's eye. The giant gave a terrible cry, so that the whole cliff rang, and he pulled down the stone from the door and shouted to the other Cyclops who lived near him on the windy mountain-peaks.

"'What ails Polyphemus?' they responded. 'Has some one driven off your flocks and tried to murder you?'

"And the Cyclops answered, 'Oh, my friends, Noman is murdering me.'

"Then they replied, 'If no man has hurt you, why do you call for help? Pray to our father, Poseidon.'

"While the giant was groping his way, moaning in his agony, I considered how we might escape. The rams were big and strong and their fleece was thick with wool as dark as violet. I bound them together in threes, and under each one, in the middle, I fastened a man so that he was protected on either side. When the morning broke and it was time for the sheep to go out to the pasture, their master felt along the backs of

the rams as they passed before him, but he had not the wit to guess that men were bound underneath.

"So when we had slipped down, we hastened to our ships and we took our places on the benches and struck our oars into the gray sea-foam. I shouted to the Cyclops as we swept out of ear-shot, and his anger burst forth, and he tore off the top of a mountain and hurled it down at us.

"'Cyclops, if anyone asks who blinded you, tell them it was not Noman, it was Odysseus who dwells in Ithaca.' Then Polyphemus groaned and said, 'Alas, the old oracle is fulfilled; a prophet told me long ago that Odysseus would take my sight, but I had always looked for a great and valiant hero and now it is a puny nobody who had deceived me.' Then the giant called upon Poseidon, the blue-haired god of the sea, and the sea-god heard him, but for that time we escaped. And we rode out over the waste of the gray sea, glad as men saved from death, albeit that we had lost our dear companions.

HOW ODYSSEUS WAS HELD IN THE HOUSE OF CIRCE

"At last we came to the island where lives Circe, the bright-haired daughter of the sun.

"I went up to the top of a craggy hill, and there I saw the whole island beneath me, and in the midst of the forest below I could see smoke coming up from the house of Circe.

"Then I divided my company into two bands, and we cast lots, and the lot fell on Eurylochus, the captain of the second band.

"While we waited for them, Eurylochus and his company went up to the house of Circe. They could hear her singing with a sweet voice inside, and they could see her as she worked at a wonderful loom, weaving a texture subtle and glorious, such as only the immortal goddesses can fashion.

"So they called out to her and she came and opened the shining doors and bade them welcome, and in their folly they obeyed. Only Eurylochus stayed outside, for he feared some mischief.

"She led them in and seated them on couches, and prepared for them a drink of wine and yellow honey, but into it she mixed deadly drugs. Now when they had drunk, suddenly she struck them with a wand and they were changed to swine. She shut them up in her sty, and threw before them beech-nuts and acorns, the fit food for swine.

"Eurylochus hastened back to me, perplexed and affrighted. He could tell me only of a palace and a woman singing at her work, and gates guarded by lions. His companions were vanished. Then I slung about my shoulder my bow and took my silver-studded sword and ordered him to lead the way, although he fell at my knees and entreated me not to go.

"So I went up into the enchanted valley, and as I drew near the house of the sorceress, the god Hermes met me and gave me warning. And he said: 'Take this magic herb in your hand.' It was a small plant with a black root and a milk-white flower, and the gods call it Moly. It is sovereign against enchantments. And Hermes continued: 'When she has mixed you a drink, she will afterward strike you with her wand. Then you must draw your sword and rush upon her as though to kill her, but before you refrain, make her swear a solemn oath by the blessed gods that she will do you no harm.' So I went into the house of Circe and I did as the god had directed me, and I made Circe swear me an oath as I commanded.

"Now in the house of Circe there are four maid-servants. They are the daughters of her sylvan springs and consecrated woods and of the lonely rivers that flow toward the sea. They prepared for me a feast and a bath to take away the weariness from my limbs and the hurt from my heart. But I had no taste for food and my thoughts were far away. So when I had explained to Circe my sorrow, she took her wand and went through the hall and opened the doors of the sty and drove out these that looked like swine. She went among them and sprinkled them with another charm and they became men again, even comelier than before.

"Then I brought all my companions up to the house of Circe, although they were afraid, and we sat together at the banquet. So there we lived together in all comfort until a whole year had passed. But at the year's end, my comrades called me apart, and bade me remember our native country.

"The goddess would fain have detained me in the island as her husband, making new delights for me every day. Also she told me of the terrors that were before me, for I must visit the House of Death and there seek counsel.

"When I heard this, my heart sank, and I no longer wished to look upon the sun. 'Who will be my pilot, Circe, upon such a voyage? No ship has ever touched that shore.'

"The goddess told me that I would need no pilot, and she directed me fully upon my way.

"So we talked through the night, and when

A READING FROM HOMER

From A Painting By Laurenz Alma-Tadema

morning came I aroused my comrades and said to them, 'Awake! and let us go upon our journey.'"

HOW ODYSSEUS PASSED BY THE SIRENS AND SCYLLA

Odysseus told Alcinous how he had gone down to the House of Death, and what had been revealed to him there as to his future, and how he had said farewell in that shadowy home to the old heroes, his companions of the war against Troy. He returned also to Circe, who told him how he must escape from the Sirens.

"Thus," said Odysseus to the King, "the night passed away, and when morning came I went down to my ship; and Circe of the braided tresses sent a friendly breeze to help us. So we sat at ease while the ship sped on, and then I said to my crew: 'Comrades, you must hear of the counsel which Circe gave me. She bade us beware of the Sirens and their magic song and the flowering meadow where they sit. I, alone, may listen, but you must bind me to the mast so that I cannot move; and if I beg you to set me free, bind me tighter than before.'

"So the good ship ran on to the Sirens' Island, and as the wind dropped there was a calm, my crew hauled down the sails and took out the oars and I made plugs of wax and stopped their ears with them, and they bound me hand and foot to the mast.

"When we came within earshot of the shore, the Sirens caught sight of our ship and began their magic song.

"I heard the wonderful music and my heart was entranced, and I made frantic signs to my comrades to set me free. But they, of course unhearing, only bent hard to their oars, while two of them stood up, and bound me tighter than before. And still the Sirens sang, but so we drifted by, and when we had at last left the Sirens behind us and could no longer hear their song, then my comrades took out the wax from their ears and unbound me.

"Hardly were we clear of the island before we saw breakers ahead of us and heard the thunder of the surf. I had not told them of the perils of Scylla, for I knew that there was no means by which we could fight her. Circe had counseled me that I must not arm myself against Scylla, but I put on my harness and stood at the prow to get the first sight of the monster. But I could see nothing, though I strained my eyes, searching the face of the shadowy cliff.

"While we looked and trembled as the whirlpool seethed in its pool, and the spray dashed high over the cliff, suddenly Scylla darted down and snatched six of my crew, and devoured them at the very mouth of her den, while they cried to us and stretched out their hands in vain. That was the saddest sight I saw in all my wanderings over the sea.

"But the rest of us sailed away and left the strait behind; and then we came in sight of the Sun-God's beautiful island. Even while we were still some way off I could hear the lowing of his cattle and the bleating of his flocks, and I remembered the warning that Circe had given me, that we ought not to land lest we be tempted to kill the cattle of the Sun-God.

"But my men were weary in spirit, and Eurylochus said angrily, 'Have you no pity, Odysseus? We are wearied to death and yet you would drive us out again to wander all night over the dim waters. Darkness is here already, and surely we may as well sleep on the beach to-night, and to-morrow we can set sail once more.'

"But after midnight a storm arose, and it blew without ceasing a whole month long. And at last we had eaten everything in the ship, and we tried to catch fish and birds for ourselves and almost died of hunger. Then one day, when I was apart from my comrades, Eurylochus gave evil counsel to them: 'Come,' he said, 'let us choose the best of the herd and sacrifice to the gods. When we reach home again we can build a stately temple to the Sun, and fill it full of votive offerings.'

"Thus he persuaded them, and they killed the cattle and made a burnt offering. But even as the fire was burning, the flesh moved and groaned upon the altar and the long-robed shepherd-nymph went up to the heavens with the news to her father, the great Sun-God.

"On the seventh day the storm sank and we hoisted our white sails again and stood out to sea. As soon as we were out of land a black cloud gathered overhead, darkening all the waves below. Thunder pealed on every side, the lightening struck the boat and sent her reeling, and my men were washed overboard. At length I lashed myself to the mast and drifted before the gale. Nine days I drifted thus, and on the tenth I came to the island where lives Calypso, the bright-haired goddess, who took me to her home and cared for me. But I told you of that yesterday, and what need is there to speak of it again? I have no love for a twice-told tale."

ODYSSEUS REACHES ITHACA

So they learned from the mouth of the hero the sorrows that this much-suffering man had

borne, and his telling made life seem so sweet and passionate that all who heard felt it flow from them with his story.

Then Odysseus said, "Alcinous, fare you well, and may Heaven grant you a happy home and every blessing." And to Queen Arete he said, "May I but find my wife safe and sound at home. And, lady, may you live happily with your husband and children and this people until old age comes to you and death, which must come to all."

And as he went out of the hall, Nausicaa stood in her beauty beside the door, and she looked at him with sadness and said: "Farewell, stranger. Remember me sometimes, even when you are at home again in your own native land, for I was the first to help you."

And Odysseus said: "Princess, I will think of you there, and you will always be like a goddess to me, for it was you who gave me back my life. May the gods give you a princely husband and from you two spring blessings to this state."

Then Odysseus went down to his ship, and the rowers took their places on the benches. The wonderful ship leaped forward, and the great dark waves roared round the stern. As she sped on, the man who had suffered so much and was as wise as the gods, lay peacefully asleep, and forgot his sufferings.

But when the bright star rose that tells of the approach of day, the ship drew near the Island of Ithaca. There is a harbor there between two steep headlands, and at the head of it there is an olive-tree, and beneath a shadowy cave where the water-fairies come and tend their bees and weave their sea-blue garments on hanging looms. There the mariners landed him softly, not willing to wake him.

When the godly Odysseus awoke, he did not know that he had reached his native land. Then the goddess Athene met him and told him that this was his own country. And she said that she would turn him into the guise of a wretched old beggar and that he must stay with Eumanes, who tended his swine, until his son Telemachus returned from Sparta.

So Athene changed him into the shape of a beggar man, and she put on him filthy rags and gave to his hand a staff and placed a wallet on his shoulders fastened by a rope.

She departed and Odysseus went to the house of Eumanes, the swine-herd. When Odysseus came near, the dogs ran upon him and he would have suffered harm had not the swineherd run forth and driven them away. He brought the old man in and gave him a seat with a great goatskin over it.

And Odysseus said, "Zeus and the other gods repay thee for this kindness."

Eumanes told him how the suitors of the queen were devouring the substance of Odysseus. The false beggar asked him about the King, but Eumanes said, "We hear nothing true about him. Whenever any vagabond comes to this island

TELEMACHUS AND ULYSSES

our Queen must see him and ask him many things, weeping all the while. Odysseus, I know, is dead, and either the fowls of the air have devoured him or the fishes of the sea."

When Eumanes asked the stranger who he was, Odysseus invented a long story of marvelous adventure.

In the meantime, Athene had gone to Telemachus in Sparta and warned him to immediately return to his home, because the suitors were devouring his father's substance and because Penelope, his mother, was being much pressed to marry one of them.

So Telemachus returned to Ithaca and came to the dwelling of the swineherd. And Odysseus heard the steps of a man, and since the dogs barked not, he said: "Here comes some comrade

or friend." Eumanes greeted him as a son greets his father.

"Who is this stranger?" asked Telemachus of the swineherd.

Then the swineherd told him the story as he had heard it, and said, "I will give the stranger food and clothing, but let us not permit him to go among the suitors, so violent are they."

When Eumanes had gone away, Athene came to Odysseus in secret and told him to hide nothing from his son. "Plan with him how he may slay the suitors, for, behold, I am with you."

So she made his garments white and fair again and his body lusty and strong, and when Telemachus looked upon him, he thought he was a god, but Odysseus answered, "I am no god, but only thy father whom thou hast so long desired to see." So they threw their arms about each other and both wept together for a while. Then Odysseus asked him how many were the suitors, and whether they two could fight them alone.

"I know," said Telemachus, "that thou art a great warrior and a wise one, but this we cannot do, for these men are over a hundred in number."

Then said Odysseus, "Go home and mingle with the suitors, and I will come as a beggar. Protect me not, even if they treat me shamefully. Only heed this: take all the arms from the house and hide them, but keep two swords and two spears and two shields, for thee and for me. Only let no one know of my coming back, not even the Queen herself."

ODYSSEUS COMES HOME

The next day Telemachus went to the palace and greeted the old nurse Euryclea and his mother, Penelope, but to them he told naught of what had happened.

Odysseus and Eumanes followed him, and at the door of the Court lay the old dog Argus, whom in the old days Odysseus had reared with his own hand. When he was strong, men used him in the chase, but now he lay on a dung-hill; and vermin swarmed upon him. He knew his master, and though he could not come near him, he wagged his tail and drooped his ears. And as Odysseus spoke to him a word of pity, wiping away a tear, the old dog Argus died. Twenty years had he waited ere he saw his master.

After this the two entered the hall and Telemachus, when he saw them, took bread and meat and bade that they be carried to the beggar. Also he told him that he might go round among the suitors, asking alms. So he went, stretching out his hand as though he were wont to beg, and some gave, having compassion upon him, but most of them laughed him to scorn, and of these Antinous was the most shameless.

That evening the suitors, having departed to their dwellings, Telemachus took the arms from the hall. And when the Queen with her maidens came into the hall to make it ready for the morrow Penelope asked the beggar of his family and his country. The false beggar comforted her, saying that Odysseus was still in the land of the Thespatians, only he had lost his ship, yet nevertheless he would speedily return.

Penelope bade her servants make ready a bed for the stranger, and also that one of them should bathe him. Wherefore the Queen bade Euryclea, the old housekeeper, to do this. "For," said she, "perchance such even now are the feet and hands of Odysseus himself, for men quickly age with evil fortune."

But when she had prepared the bath for his feet, Odysseus sat by the fire as far in the shadow as he might, lest the old woman should see a scar that was upon his leg and know him thereby. By this scar at length his old nurse did know that it was Odysseus himself and she cried out, "Odysseus! O my child, to think that I knew thee not!"

And she looked toward the Queen as meaning to tell her. But Odysseus laid his hand on her throat. "Wouldst thou kill me? None must know till I shall be ready to take vengeance."

After this Penelope slept, but Odysseus watched in the hall.

The next day Penelope went to fetch the great bow of Odysseus from its peg. Sitting down, she laid it on her knees and wept over it, and then brought it to where the suitors sat feasting in the hall.

"Lo! Here is a proof of your skill!" she cried. "Here is the bow of the great Odysseus. Whoso shall bend it and shoot an arrow most easily, him will I follow, leaving this house which I shall remember only in my dreams." For the suitors had vexed her for her choice, and this was the promise that she had made.

By the grace of Athene never had Penelope appeared so comely as that day, and the suitors were in excitement, beholding so much beauty proposed as the price of so great manhood. And they cried out, that if the heroes who sailed for Colchis to capture the golden fleece had seen her, earth's richer prize, they would not have made their voyage, but would have vowed their valors and their lives to her, for she was at all parts faultless.

Telemachus set up the mark and the suitors

THE BARD

Phemius Chanting in the House of Ulysses

FROM THE PAINTING BY D. U. N. MAILLART

in turn tried the bow, but they could not draw it. Last of all, Eurymachus took the bow and warmed it at the fire and then he essayed to draw it, but could not. "Alas!" he cried, "that we are so much weaker than the great Odysseus. This is indeed shame to tell."

Then Odysseus in the guise of the old beggar handled the great bow, but the suitors scorned him. When he had found it to be without flaw, juts as a minstrel fastens a string upon his harp, so he strung the bow without effort, and he tried its tone, and the tone was sweet as the voice of a swallow. Then he took an arrow from the quiver and laid the notch upon the string and drew it, sitting, and the arrow passed through the mark and stood in the wall beyond. Then he said to Telemachus, "There is yet a feast to be held before the sun go down."

So he nodded the sign to Telemachus. The young man sprang to his side, armed with spear and helmet and shield. Then said Odysseus, "Let me try at yet another mark." And he aimed an arrow at Antinous. The man was just raising a cup to his lips, thinking little of death, but the arrow passed through his neck, and he dropped the cup and spurned the table from him.

Then said Eurymachus to his comrades, "This man will never stay his hand; let us win the door and raise a cry in the city."

And he rushed toward the hero with his knife in his hand, but as he rushed, Odysseus smote him on the breast with an arrow and he fell forward. Then Odysseus and Telemachus and Eumanes and two goat-herds sprang upon the suitors. So they slew them all except Phemius the minstrel and Medon the herald.

After they had cleansed the hall, Odysseus told Euryclea, his nurse, to go to Penelope and tell her that her husband was indeed returned.

"Awake, Penelope, dear child!" she cried, "that thou mayst see with thine own eyes that which thou desirest day by day. For Odysseus hath come and hath slain the proud suitors that devoured his house and oppressed his child."

So the Queen went, doubting, and sat down in the twilight by the wall, and Odysseus sat by a pillar with downcast eyes, waiting for his wife to speak to him. But she was sore perplexed, for now she seemed to know him and now she knew him not.

Then Odysseus bathed and anointed himself and put on a splendid mantle and Athene made him statelier than before. When he came back to the hall, he sat down opposite Penelope and said, "Strange wife, the gods have given you a harder heart than any woman living. No other wife would sit like this, when her husband had come home to her at last after twenty years of wandering and grief."

Then Penelope spoke at last: "My lord, I am not proud or heartless. I am utterly bewildered. Go, nurse, and bring out the good bedstead from the chamber that my husband built and spread it for him."

She said this to try him, but he could bear it no longer and he cried out, "Wife, you cut me to the heart. How could anyone move my bedstead? There was a stout olive-tree growing in the inner court and I built my chamber around it. I smoothed the trunk and shaped it into a bedpost and built the bedstead there."

Then Penelope could doubt no longer, and her heart was melted when she saw that it was her husband indeed; and she ran to him weeping and threw her arms around his neck and cried: "Be not angry with me, Odysseus, that I did not know you at first as I know you now. I have always feared that some other might come and deceive me, but now you tell me what no one else could know and I believe you and give my heart to you."

So Odysseus held in his arms the wife he loved and wept for joy; and she clung to him as a tired swimmer clings to his own land which he has reached at last after deadly storm and wreck, and her white arms could never loose their hold.

Then Odysseus told her of the message that had come to him when he had gone down to the House of the Dead. There was one more long journey that he must take. "Then," he said, "I shall have rest at last and my people shall be happy. And death will come to me at length from the sea, the gentlest of all, when my strength is gone, at the end of a calm old age."

So they talked together while the old nurse was preparing their bed by the light of the blazing torches, and when all was ready she came and led them to their chamber, torch in hand, as she had led them twenty years before. There they now lay down together, and Telemachus stayed the feet of the women from dancing in the courts of the palace; they gat them to rest through the shadowy halls, and the whole house was still.

THE ARGONAUTS

ADAPTED BY MARY MACGREGOR

I

HOW THE CENTAUR TRAINED THE HEROES

Now I have a tale to tell of heroes who sailed away into a distant land, to win themselves renown forever in the adventures of the Golden Fleece.

And what was the Golden Fleece?

It was the fleece of the wondrous ram who bore a boy called Phrixus and a girl called Helle across the sea; and the old Greeks said that it hung nailed to a beech-tree in the War-god's wood.

For when a famine came upon the land, their cruel stepmother wished to kill Phrixus and Helle, that her own children might reign.

She said Phrixus and Helle must be sacrificed on an altar, to turn away the anger of the gods, who sent the famine.

So the poor children were brought to the altar, and the priest stood ready with his knife, when out of the clouds came the Golden Ram, and took them on his back and vanished.

And the ram carried the two children far away, over land and sea, till at a narrow strait Helle fell off into the sea, and those narrow straits are called "Hellespont" after her, and they bear that name until this day.

Then the ram flew on with Phrixus to the northeast, across the sea which we call the Black Sea, and at last he stopped at Colchis, on the steep sea-coast.

And Phrixus married the King's daughter there, and offered the ram in sacrifice, and then it was that the ram's fleece was nailed to a beech in the wood of the War-god.

After a while Phrixus died, but his spirit had no rest, for he was buried far from his native land and the pleasant hills of Hellas.

So he came in dreams to the heroes of his country, and called sadly by their beds, "Come and set my spirit free, that I may go home to my fathers and to my kinsfolk."

And they asked, "How shall we set your spirit free?"

"You must sail over the sea to Colchis, and bring home the Golden Fleece. Then my spirit will come back with it, and I shall sleep with my fathers and have rest."

He came thus, and called to them often, but when they woke they looked at each other and said, "Who dare sail to Colchis or bring home the Golden Fleece?"

And in all the country none was brave enough to try, for the man and the time were not come.

Now Phrixus had a cousin called Æson, who was King in Iolcos by the sea. And a fierce and lawless stepbrother drove Æson out of Iolcos by the sea, and took the kingdom to himself and ruled over it.

When Æson was driven out, he went sadly away out of the town, leading his little son by the hand. And he said to himself, "I must hide the child in the mountains, or my stepbrother will surely kill him because he is the heir."

So he went up from the sea, across the valley, through the vineyards and the olive groves, and across the river, toward Pelion, the ancient mountain, whose brows are white with snow.

He went up and up into the mountain, over marsh, and crag, and down, till the boy was tired and footsore, and Æson had to bear him in his arms till he came to the mouth of a lonely cave, at the foot of a mighty cliff.

Above the cliff the snow-wreaths hung, dripping and cracking in the sun. But at its foot, around the cave's mouth, grew all fair flowers and herbs, as if in a garden. There they grew gaily in the sunshine and in the spray of the torrent from above, while from the cave came the sound of music, and a man's voice singing to the harp.

Then Æson put down the lad, and whispered, "Fear not, but go in, and whomsoever you shall find, lay your hands upon his knees and say, 'In the name of Zeus, the father of gods and men, I am your guest from this day forth.'"

So the lad went in without trembling, for he too was a hero's son, but when he was within, he stopped in wonder to listen to that magic song.

And there he saw the singer, lying upon bear-skins and fragrant boughs, Cheiron the ancient Centaur, the wisest of all beneath the sky.

Down to the waist he was a man, but below he was a noble horse. His white hair rolled down over his broad shoulders, and his white beard over his broad, brown chest. His eyes were wise and mild, and his forehead like a mountain-wall. In his hands he held a harp of gold, and he struck it with a golden key. And as he struck, he sang till his eyes glittered and filled all the cave with light.

As he sang the boy listened wide-eyed, and forgot his errand in the song. At the last old Cheiron was silent, and called the lad with a soft voice.

And the lad ran trembling to him, and would have laid his hands upon his knees.

But Cheiron smiled, and drew the lad to him, and laid his hand upon his golden locks, and said, "Are you afraid of my horse's hoofs, fair boy, or will you be my pupil from this day?"

"I would gladly have horse's hoofs like you, if I could sing such songs as yours," said the lad.

And Cheiron laughed and said, "Sit here till sundown, when your playfellows will come home, and you shall learn like them to be a king, worthy to rule over gallant men."

Then he turned to Æson, who had followed his son into the cave, and said, "Go back in peace. This boy shall not cross the river again till he has become a glory to you and to your house."

And Æson wept over his son and went away, but the boy did not weep, so full was his fancy of that strange cave, and the Centaur and his song, and the playfellows whom he was to see.

Then Cheiron put the lyre into his hands, and taught him how to play it, till the sun sank low behind the cliff, and a shout was heard outside.

And then in came the sons of the heroes, and great Cheiron leapt up joyfully, and his hoofs made the cave resound as the lads shouted, "Come out, Father Cheiron, and see our game!"

One cried, "I have killed two deer," and another, "I took a wild cat among the crags," and another shouted, "I have dragged a wild goat by its horns," and another carried under each arm a bear-cub. And Cheiron praised them all, each as he deserved.

Then the lads brought in wood and split it, and lighted a blazing fire. Others skinned the deer and quartered them, and set them to roast before the flames.

While the venison was cooking, they bathed in the snow-torrent and washed away the dust.

And then all ate till they could eat no more, for they had tasted nothing since the dawn, and drank of the clear spring water, for wine is not fit for growing lads.

When the remnants of the meal were put away, they all lay down upon the skins and leaves about the fire, and each took the lyre in turn, and sang and played with all his heart.

After a while they all went out to a plot of grass at the cave's mouth, and there they boxed and ran and wrestled and laughed till the stones fell from the cliffs.

Then Cheiron took his lyre, and all the lads joined hands, and as he played they danced to his measure, in and out and round and round.

There they danced hand in hand, till the night fell over land and sea, while the black glen shone with the gleam of their golden hair.

And the lad danced with them, delighted, and then slept a wholesome sleep, upon fragrant leaves of bay and myrtle and flowers of thyme.

He rose at the dawn and bathed in the torrent, and became a schoolfellow to the heroes' sons, and forgot Iolcos by the sea, and his father and all his former life.

But he grew strong and brave and cunning, upon the pleasant down of Pelion, in the keen, hungry mountain air.

And he learned to wrestle, to box and to hunt, and to play upon the harp. Next he learned to ride, for old Cheiron used to mount him on his back. He learned too the virtue of all herbs, and how to cure all wounds, and Cheiron called him Jason the Healer, and that is his name until this day.

II

HOW JASON LOST HIS SANDAL

And ten years came and went, and Jason was grown to be a mighty man.

Now it happened one day that Jason stood on the mountain, and looked north and south and east and west. And Cheiron stood by him and watched him, for he knew that the time was come.

When Jason looked south, he saw a pleasant land, with white-walled towns and farms nestling along the shore of a land-locked bay, while the smoke rose blue among the trees, and he knew it for Iolcos by the sea.

Then he sighed and asked, "Is it true what the heroes tell me—that I am heir of that fair land?"

"And what good would it be to you, Jason, if you were heir of that fair land?"

"I would take it and keep it."

"A strong man has taken it and kept it long. Are you stronger than your uncle Pelias the Terrible?"

"I can try my strength with his," said Jason.

But Cheiron sighed and said, "You have many a danger to go through before you rule in Iolcos by the sea, many a danger and many a woe, and strange troubles in strange lands, such as man never saw before."

"The happier I," said Jason, "to see what man never saw before!"

Cheiron sighed and said, "Will you go to Iolcos by the sea? Then promise me two things before

you go! Speak harshly to no soul whom you may meet, and stand by the word which you shall speak."

Jason promised. Then he leapt down the mountain, to take his fortune like a man.

He went down through the thickets and across the downs of thyme, till he came to the vineyard walls, and the olives in the glen. And among the olives roared the river, foaming with a summer flood.

And on the bank of the river sat a woman, all wrinkled, gray and old. Her head shook with old age, and her hands shook on her knees.

When she saw Jason, she spoke, whining, "Who will carry me across the flood?"

But Jason, heeding her not, went towards the waters. Yet he thought twice before he leapt, so loud roared the torrent all brown from the mountain rains.

The old woman whined again, "I am weak and old, fair youth. For Hera's sake, the Queen of the Immortals, carry me over the torrent."

Jason was going to answer her scornfully, when Cheiron's words, "Speak harshly to no soul whom you may meet," came to his mind.

So he said, "For Hera's sake, the Queen of the Immortals, I will carry you over the torrent, unless we both are drowned midway."

Then the old dame leapt upon his back as nimbly as a goat. Jason staggered in, wondering, and the first step was up to his knees.

The first step was up to his knees, and the second step was up to his waist. The stones rolled about his feet, and his feet slipped about the stones. So he went on, staggering and panting, while the old woman cried upon his back, "Fool, you have wet my mantle! Do you mock at poor old souls like me?"

Jason had half a mind to drop her and let her get through the torrent alone, but Cheiron's words were in his mind, and he said only, "Patience, mother, the best horse may stumble some day."

At last he staggered to the shore and set her down upon the bank. He lay himself panting awhile, and then leapt up to go upon his journey, but he first cast one look at the old woman, for he thought, "She should thank me once at least."

And as he looked, she grew fairer than all women and taller than all men on earth.

Her garments shone like the summer sea, and her jewels like the stars of heaven. And she looked down on him with great, soft eyes, with great eyes, mild and awful, which filled all the glen with light. Jason fell upon his knees and hid his face between his hands.

And she spoke: "I am Hera, the Queen of Olympus. As thou hast done to me, so will I do to thee. Call on me in the hour of need, and try if the Immortals can forget!"

When Jason looked up, she rose from off the earth, like a pillar of tall, white cloud, and floated away across the mountain peaks, towards Olympus, the holy hill.

Then a great fear fell on Jason, but after a while he grew light of heart. He blessed old Cheiron and said, "Surely the Centaur is a prophet and knew what would come to pass when he bade me speak harshly to no soul whom I might meet."

Then he went down towards Iolcos, and as he walked he found that he had lost one of his sandals in the flood.

And as he went through the streets the people came out to look at him, so tall and fair he was. But some of the elders whispered together, and at last one of them stopped Jason and called to him, "Fair lad, who are you and whence come you, and what is your errand in the town?"

"My name, good father, is Jason, and I come from Pelion up above. My errand is to Pelias your King. Tell me, then, where his palace is."

But the old man said, "I will tell you, lest you rush upon your ruin unawares. The oracle has said that a man wearing one sandal should take the kingdom from Pelias and keep it for himself. Therefore beware how you go up to his palace, for he is fiercest and most cunning of all kings."

Jason laughed a great laugh in his pride. "Good news, good father, both for you and me. For that very end, to take his kingdom, I came into the town."

Then he strode on toward the palace of Pelias, his uncle, while all the people wondered at the stranger. And he stood in the doorway and cried, "Come out, come out, Pelias the Valiant, and fight for your kingdom like a man."

Pelias came out, wondering. "Who are you, bold youth?" he cried.

"I am Jason, the son of Æson, the heir of all the land."

Then Pelias lifted up his hands and eyes and wept, or seemed to weep, and blessed the gods who had brought his nephew to him, never to leave him more. "For," said he, "I have but three daughters, and no son to be my heir. You shall marry whichsoever of my daughters you shall choose. But come, come in and feast."

So he drew Jason in and spoke to him so lovingly, and feasted him so well, that Jason's anger passed.

When supper was ended his three cousins came into the hall, and Jason thought he would like well to have one of them for his wife.

But soon he looked at Pelias, and when he saw that he still wept, he said, "Why do you look so sad, my uncle?"

Then Pelias sighed heavily again and again, like a man who had to tell some dreadful story, and was afraid to begin.

At last he said, "For seven long years and more have I never known a quiet night, and no more will he who comes after me, till the Golden Fleece be brought home."

Then he told Jason the story of Phrixus and of the Golden Fleece, and told him what was a lie, that Phrixus' spirit tormented him day and night. And his daughters came and told the same tale, and wept and said, "Oh, who will bring home the Golden Fleece, that the spirit of Phrixus may rest, and that we may rest also, for he never lets us sleep in peace?"

Jason sat awhile, sad and silent, for he had often heard of that Golden Fleece, but he looked on it as a thing hopeless and impossible for any mortal man to win.

When Pelias saw him silent he began to talk of other things. "One thing there is," said Pelias, "on which I need your advice, for, though you are young, I see in you a wisdom beyond your years. There is one neighbor of mine whom I dread more than all men on earth. I am stronger than he now and can command him, but I know that if he stay among us, he will work my ruin in the end. Can you give me a plan, Jason, by which I can ride myself of that man?"

After a while, Jason answered half-laughing, "Were I you, I would send him to fetch that same Golden Fleece, for if he once set forth after it, you would never be troubled with him more."

At that a little smile came across the lips of Pelias, and a flash of wicked joy into his eyes. Jason saw it and started, and he remembered the warning of the old man, and his own one sandal and the oracle, and he saw that he was taken in a trap.

But Pelias only answered gently, "My son, he shall be sent forthwith."

"You mean me!" cried Jason, starting up, "because I came here with one sandal," and he lifted his fist angrily, while Pelias stood up to him like a wolf at bay. Whether of the two was the stronger and the fiercer it would be hard to tell.

But after a moment Pelias spoke gently, "Why so rash, my son? I have not harmed you. You will go, and that gladly, for you have a hero's heart within you, and the love of glory."

Jason knew that he was entrapped, but he cried aloud, "You have well spoken, cunning uncle of mine, I love glory. I will go and fetch the Golden Fleece. Promise me but this in return, and keep your word as I keep mine. Treat my father lovingly while I am gone, for the sake of the all-seeing Zeus, and give me up the kingdom for my own on the day that I bring back the Golden Fleece."

Then Pelias looked at him and almost loved him, in the midst of all his hate, and he said, "I promise, and I will perform. It will be no shame to give up my kingdom to the man who wins that fleece."

So they both went and lay down to sleep. But Jason could not sleep for thinking how he was to win the Golden Fleece. Sometimes Phrixus seemed to call him in a thin voice, faint and low, as if it came from far across the sea. Sometimes he seemed to see the eyes of Hera, and to hear her words again, "Call on me in the hour of need, and see if the Immortals can forget."

On the morrow Jason went to Pelias and said, "Give me a lamb, that I may sacrifice to Hera." And as he stood by the altar Hera sent a thought into his mind. And he went back to Pelias and said, "If you are indeed in earnest, give me two heralds that they may go round to all the Princes, who were pupils of the Centaur with me. Then together we will fit out a ship, and take what shall befall."

At that Pelias praised his wisdom and hastened to send the heralds out, for he said in his heart, "Let all the Princes go with Jason, and, like him, never return, so shall I be lord of the land and the greatest king in Hellas."

III

HOW THEY BUILT THE SHIP ARGO

So the heralds went out and cried to all the heroes, "Who dare come to the adventures of the Golden Fleece?"

And Hera stirred the hearts of all the Princes, and they came from their valleys to the yellow sand of Iolcos by the sea.

All the city came out to meet them, and the men were never tired with looking at their heights and their beauty and the glitter of their arms.

But the women sighed over them and whispered, "Alas, they are all going to their death!"

Then the heroes felled the mountain pines and shaped them with the axe, and Argus, the famed shipbuilder, taught them to build a galley, the first long ship which ever sailed the seas. They named her Argo, after Argus, the shipbuilder, and worked at her all day long.

But Jason went away into a far-off land, till he

Albertine Randall Wheelan
THE ARGO IN QVEST
JASON
OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

found Orpheus, the prince of minstrels, where he dwelt in his cave.

And he asked him, "Will you leave your mountains, Orpheus, my playfellow in old times, and sail with the heroes to bring home the Golden Fleece? And will you charm for us all men and all monsters with your magic harp and song?"

Then Orpheus sighed, "Have I not had enough of toil and of weary wandering far and wide, since I lived in Cheiron's cave, above Iolcos by the sea? And now must I go out again, to the ends of all the earth, far away into the misty darkness? But a friend's demand must be obeyed."

So Orpheus rose up sighing, and took his harp. He led Jason to the holy oak, and he bade him cut down a bough and sacrifice to Hera. And they took the bough and came to Iolcos, and nailed it to the prow of the ship.

And at last the ship was finished, and they tried to launch her down the beach; but she was too heavy for them to move her, and her keel sank deep into the sand.

Then all the heroes looked at each other blushing, but Jason spoke and said, "Let us ask the magic bough; perhaps it can help us in our need."

And a voice came from the bough, and Jason heard the words it said, and bade Orpheus play upon the harp, while the heroes waited round, holding the pine-trunk rollers to help the Argo toward the sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp and began his magic song. And the good ship Argo heard him and longed to be away and out at sea, till she stirred in every timber, and heaved from stem to stern, and leapt up from the sand upon the rollers, and plunged onward like a gallant horse till she rushed into the whispering sea.

And they stored her well with food and water, and settled themselves each man to his oar, keeping time to the harp of Orpheus.

Then away across the bay they rowed southward, while the people lined the cliffs. But the women wept while the men shouted at the starting of that gallant crew.

IV

HOW THE ARGONAUTS WON THE GOLDEN FLEECE

The heroes rowed across the bay, and while they waited there for a southwest wind, they chose themselves a captain from their crew. And some called for the strongest and hugest to be their captain, but more called for Jason, because he was the wisest of them all.

So Jason was chosen captain, and each hero vowed to stand by him faithfully in the adventure of the Golden Fleece.

They sailed onward and northward to Pelion. And their hearts yearned for the dear old mountain, as they thought of the days gone by, of the sports of their boyhood, and their hunting, and their lessons in the cave beneath the cliff. Then at last they said, "Let us land here and climb the dear old hill once more. We are going on a fearful journey. Who knows if we shall see Pelion again? Let us go up to Cheiron, our master, and ask his blessing ere we start."

So the helmsman steered them to the shore, under the crags of Pelion, and they went up through the dark pine forests toward the Centaur's cave.

Then, as Cheiron saw them, he leapt up and welcomed them every one, and set a feast of venison before them. And after supper all the heroes clapped their hands and called on Orpheus to sing, but he refused, and said, "How can I, who am the younger, sing before our ancient host?"

So they called on Cheiron to sing. And he sang of heroes who fought with fists and teeth, and how they tore up the pine trees in their fury, and hurled great crags of stone, while the mountains thundered with the battle, and the land was wasted far and wide.

And the heroes praised his song right heartily, for some of them had helped in that great fight.

Then Orpheus took the lyre and sang of the making of the wondrous world. And as he sang, his voice rose from the cave above the crags, and through the tree-tops. The trees bowed their heads when they heard it, and the forest beasts crept close to listen, and the birds forsook their nests and hovered near. And old Cheiron clapped his hands together and beat his hoofs upon the ground, for wonder at that magic song.

Now the heroes came down to the ship, and Cheiron came down with them, weeping, and kissed them one by one, and promised to them great renown.

And the heroes wept when they left him, till their great hearts could weep no more, for he was kind and just, and wiser than all beasts and men.

Then Cheiron went up to a cliff and prayed for them, that they might come home safe and well, while the heroes rowed away and watched him standing on his cliff above the sea, with his great hands raised toward heaven, and his white locks waving in the wind. They strained their eyes to watch him to the last, for they felt that they should look on him no more.

So they rowed on over the long swell of the sea eastward, and out into the open sea which we now call the Black Sea.

All feared that dreadful sea, and its rocks and fogs and bitter storms, and the heroes trembled for all their courage, as they came into that wild Black Sea, and saw it stretching out before them, without a shore, as far as eye could see.

Then Orpheus spoke and warned them that they must come now to the wandering blue rocks.

Soon they saw them, and their blue peaks shone like spires and castles of gray glass, while an ice-cold wind blew from them and chilled all the heroes' hearts.

As they neared them, they could see the rocks heaving, as they rolled upon the long sea-waves, crashing and grinding together, till the roar went up to heaven.

The heroes' hearts sank within them, and they lay upon their oars in fear, but Orpheus called to the helmsman, "Between the blue rocks we must pass, so look for an opening, and be brave, for Hera is with us."

The cunning helmsman stood silent, clenching his teeth, till he saw a heron come flying mast-high toward the rocks, and hover awhile before them, as if looking for a passage through. Then he cried, "Hera has sent us a pilot; let us follow the bird."

The heron flapped to and fro a moment till he saw a hidden gap, and into it he rushed like an arrow, while the heroes watched what would befall.

And the blue rocks dashed together as the bird fled swiftly through, but they struck but one feather from his tail, and then rebounded at the shock.

Then the helmsman cheered the heroes, and they shouted, while the oars bent beneath their strokes as they rushed between those toppling ice-crags. But ere the rocks could meet again they had passed them, and were safe out in the open sea.

After that they sailed on wearily along the coast, past many a mighty river's mouth, and past many a barbarous tribe. And at day dawn they looked eastward, till, shining above the tree-tops, they saw the golden roofs of King Aietes, the Child of the Sun.

Then out spoke the helmsman, "We are come to our goal at last, for there are the roofs of Aietes, and the woods where all poisons grow. But who can tell us where among them is hid the Golden Fleece?"

But Jason cheered the heroes, for his heart was high and bold, and he said, "I will go alone to Aietes, and win him with soft words. Better so than to go altogether and to come to blows at once." But the heroes would not stay behind, so they rowed boldly up the stream.

And a dream came to Aietes and filled his heart with fear. Then he leapt up and bade his servants bring his chariot, that he might go down to the river-side, and appease the nymphs and the heroes whose spirits haunt the bank.

So he went down in his golden chariot, and his daughters by his side, Medeia, the fair witch-maiden, and Chalciope, who had been Phrixus' wife, and behind him a crowd of servants and soldiers, for he was a rich and mighty prince.

And as he drove down by the reedy river, he saw the Argo sliding up beneath the bank, and many a hero in her, like Immortals for beauty and strength. But Jason was the noblest of all, for Hera, who loved him, gave him beauty and height and terrible manhood.

When they came near together and looked into each other's eyes, the heroes were awed before Aietes as he shone in his chariot like his father, the glorious Sun. For his robes were of rich gold tissue, and the rays of his diadem flashed fire. And in his hand he bore a jeweled scepter, which glittered like the stars.

Sternly Aietes looked at the heroes, and sternly he spoke and loud, "Who are you, and what want you here that you come to our shore? Know this is my kingdom and these are my people who serve me. Never yet grew they tired in battle, and well they know how to face a foe."

And the heroes sat silent awhile before the face of that ancient King. But Hera, the awful goddess, put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer to the King.

"We are no lawless men. We come, not to plunder or carry away slaves from your land, but we have come on a quest to bring home the Golden Fleece. And these too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men, for some are the sons of Immortals, and some of heroes far renowned. We, too, never tire in battle, and know well how to give blows and to take. Yet we wish to be guests at your table; it will be better so for both."

Then Aietes' rage rushed up like a whirlwind, and his eyes flashed fire as he heard; but he crushed his anger down in his heart and spoke mildly:

"If you will fight, then many a man must die. But if you will be ruled by me you will find it better far to choose the best man among you, and let him fulfill the labors which I demand. Then I will give him the Golden Fleece for a prize and a glory to you all."

So he said, and then turned his horses and drove back in silence to the town.

The heroes sat dumb with sorrow, for there was no facing the thousands of King Aietes' men and the fearful chance of war.

But Chalciope, the widow of Phrixus, went weeping to the town, for she remembered her husband and all the pleasures of her youth while she watched the fair face of his kinsmen and their long locks of golden hair.

And she whispered to Medeia, her sister, "Why should all these brave men die? Why does not my father give up the fleece, that my husband's spirit may have rest?"

Medeia's heart pitied the heroes, and Jason most of all, and she answered, "Our father is stern and terrible, and who can win the Golden Fleece?"

But Chalciope said, "These men are not like our men; there is nothing which they cannot dare nor do."

The Medeia thought of Jason and his brave counterance, and said, "If there was one among them who knew no fear, I could show him how to win the fleece."

So in the dusk of the evening they went down to the river-side, Chalciope and Medeia the witch-maiden, and with them a lad. And the lad crept forward, among the beds of reeds, till he came to where Jason kept ward on shore, leaning upon his lance, full of thought.

And the lad said, "Chalciope waits for you, to talk about the Golden Fleece."

Then Jason went boldly with the boy and found the two Princesses. When Chalciope saw him, she wept and took his hands and cried, "O cousin of my beloved Phrixus, go home before you die!"

"It would be base to go home now, fair Princess, and to have sailed all these seas in vain."

Then both the Princesses besought him, but Jason said, "It is too late to return!"

"But you know not,' said Medeia, "what he must do who would win the fleece. He must tame the two brazen-footed bulls, which breathe devouring flame, and with them he must plow ere nightfall four acres in a field. He must sow the acres with serpents' teeth, of which each tooth springs up into an armed man. Then he must fight with all these warriors. And little will it profit him to conquer them, for the fleece is guarded by a serpent more huge than any mountain pine. Over his body you must step if you would reach the Golden Fleece."

Then Jason laughed bitterly: "Unjustly is that fleece kept here, and by an unjust and lawless King, and unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt it ere another sun be set."

Medeia trembled and said, "No mortal man can reach that fleece unless I guide him through."

But Jason cried, "No wall so high but it may be climbed at last, and no wood so thick but it may be crawled through. No serpent so wary but he may be charmed, and I may yet win the Golden Fleece, if a wise waiden help bold men."

And he looked at Medeia with his glittering eye, till she blushed and trembled and said, "Who can face the fire of the bulls' breath and fight ten thousand armed men?"

"He whom you help," said Jason, flattering her, "for your fame is spread over all the earth."

And Medeia said slowly, "Why should you die? I have an ointment here. I made it from the magic ice-flower. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you the strength of seven, and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword shall harm you. Anoint your helmet with it, before you sow the serpents' teeth, and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among them, and every man of them shall perish."

Then Jason fell on his knees before her, and thanked her and kissed her hands, and she gave him the vase of ointment, and fled trembling through the reeds.

And Jason told his comrades what had happened, and showed them the box of ointment.

So at sunrise Jason went and bathed and anointed himself from head to foot, and his shield and his helmet and his weapons. And when the sun had risen, Jason sent two of his heroes to tell Aietes that he was ready for the fight.

Up among the marble walls they went, and beneath the roofs of gold, and stood in the hall of Aietes, while he grew pale with rage.

"Fulfill your promise to us, Child of the blazing Sun," the heroes cried to King Aietes. "Give us the serpents' teeth, and let loose the fiery bulls, for we have found a champion among us, who can win the Golden Fleece!"

Aietes grew more pale with rage, for he had fancied that they had fled away by night, but he could not break his promise, so he gave them the serpents' teeth. Then he called his chariot and his horses, and sent heralds through all the town, and all the people went out with him to the dreadful War-god's field.

There Aietes sat upon his throne, with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands clothed from head to foot in steel chain mail. And the people and women crowded to every window and bank and wall, while the

JASON
SNATCHED OFF HIS HELMET
AND HURLED IT

heroes stood together, a mere handful in the midst of that great host.

Chalciope was there, and Medeia, wrapped closely in her veil; but Aietes did not know that she was muttering cunning spells between her lips.

Then Jason cried, "Fulfill your promise, and let your fiery bulls come forth!"

Aietes bade open the gates, and the magic bulls leapt out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason, but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept round him, but it singed not a hair on his head. And the bulls stopped short and trembled when Medeia began her spell.

Then Jason sprang upon the nearest, and seized him by the horns, and up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell groveling on his knees. For the heart of the bull died within him, beneath the steadfast eye of that dark witch-maiden and the magic whisper of her lips.

So both the bulls were tamed and yoked, and Jason bound them to the plow and goaded them onward with his lance, till he had plowed the sacred field. And all the heroes shouted, but Aietes bit his lips with rage, for half of Jason's work was done.

Then Jason took the serpents' teeth and sowed them, and waited what would befall.

And Medeia looked at him and at his helmet, lest he should forget the lesson she had taught him.

Now every furrow heaved and bubbled, and out of every clod arose a man. Out of the earth they arose by thousands, each clad from head to foot in steel, and drew their swords and rushed on Jason where he stood in the midst alone.

The heroes grew pale with fear for him, but Aietes laughed an angry laugh.

Then Jason snatched off his helmet and hurled it into the thickest of the throng. And hate and fear and suspicion came upon them, and one cried to his fellows, "Thou didst strike me," and another, "Thou art Jason, thou shalt die," and each turned his hand against the rest, and they fought and were never weary, till they all lay dead upon the ground.

And the magic furrows opened, and the kind earth took them home again, and Jason's work was done.

Then the heroes rose and shouted, and Jason cried to the King, "Lead me to the Golden Fleece this moment before the sun goes down."

But Aietes thought, "Who is this, who is proof against all magic? He may kill the serpent yet!" So he delayed, and sat taking counsel with his princes. Afterwards he bade a herald cry, "To-morrow we will meet these heroes and speak about the Golden Fleece!"

Then he turned and looked at Medeia. "This is your doing, false witch-maid," he said; "you have helped these yellow-haired strangers."

Medeia shrank and trembled, and her face grew pale with fear, and Aietes knew that she was guilty, and he whispered, "If they win the fleece, you die."

Now the heroes went marching toward their ship, growling, like lions cheated of their prey. "Let us go together to the grove and take the fleece by force," they said. But Jason held them back, while he praised them for brave heroes, for he hoped for Medeia's help.

And after a time she came trembling, and wept a long while before she spoke. At last she said, "I must die, for my father has found out that I have helped you."

But all the heroes cried, "If you die we die with you, for without you we cannot win the fleece, and home we will never go without it."

"You need not die," said Jason to the witch-maiden. "Flee home with us across the sea. Show us but how to win the fleece, and come with us and you shall be my queen, and rule over the rich princes in Iolcos by the sea."

And all the heroes pressed round and vowed to her that she should be their queen.

Medeia wept and hid her face in her hands. "Must I leave my home and my people?" she sobbed. "But the lot is cast: I will show you how to win the Golden Fleece. Bring up your ship to the woodside, and moor her there against the bank. And let Jason come up at midnight and one brave comrade with him, and meet me beneath the wall."

Then all the heroes cried together, "I will go —and I—and I!"

But Medeia calmed them and said, "Orpheus shall go with Jason, and take his magic harp."

And Orpheus laughed for joy and clapped his hands, because the choice had fallen on him.

So at midnight they went up the bank and found Medeia, and she brought them to a thicket beside the War-god's gate.

And the base of the gate fell down and the brazen doors flew wide, and Medeia and the heroes ran forward, and hurried through the poison wood, guided by the gleam of the Golden Fleece, until they saw it hanging on one vast tree in the midst.

Jason would have sprung to seize it, but Medeia held him back and pointed to the tree-foot, where a mighty serpent lay, coiled in and out among the roots.

When the serpent saw them coming he lifted up his head and watched them with his small, bright eyes, and flashed his forked tongue.

But Medeia called gently to him, and he stretched out his long, spotted neck, and licked her hand. Then she made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song.

And as he sung, the forest grew calm, and the leaves on every tree hung still, and the serpent's head sank down and his coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child.

Jason leapt forward warily and stept across that mighty snake, and tore the fleece from off the tree-trunk. Then the witch-maiden, with Jason and Orpheus, turned and rushed down to the bank where the Argo lay.

There was silence for a moment, when Jason held the Golden Fleece on high. Then he cried, "Go now, good Argo, swift and steady, if ever you would see Pelion more."

And she went, as the heroes drove her, grim and silent all, with muffled oars. On and on, beneath the dewy darkness, they fled swiftly down the swirling stream, on and on till they heard the merry music of the surge.

Into the surge they rushed, and the Argo leapt the breakers like a horse, till the heroes stopped, all panting, each man upon his oar, as she slid into the broad sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp and sang a song of praise, till the heroes' hearts rose high again, and they rowed on, stoutly and steadfastly, away into the darkness of the West.

V

HOW THE ARGONAUTS REACHED HOME

So the heroes fled away in haste, but Aietes manned his fleet and followed them.

Then Meideia, the dark witch-maiden, laid a cruel plot, for she killed her young brother who had come with her, and cast him into the sea, and said, "Ere my father can take up his body and bury it, he must wait long and be left far behind."

And all the heroes shuddered, and looked one at the other in shame. When Aietes came to the place he stopped a long while and bewailed his son, and took him up and went home.

So the heroes escaped for a time, but Zeus saw that evil deed, and out of the heavens he sent a storm and swept the Argo far from her course. And at last she struck on a shoal, and the waves rolled over her and through her, and the heroes lost all hope of life.

Then out spoke the magic bough, which stood upon the Argo's prow, "For your guilt, you must sail a weary way to where Circe, Medeia's sister, dwells among the islands of the West; she shall cleanse you of your guilt."

Whither they went I cannot tell, nor how they came to Circe's isle, but at last they reached the fairy island of the West.

And Jason bid them land, and as they went ashore they met Circe coming down toward the ship, and they trembled when they saw her, for her hair and face and robes shone flame.

Then Circe cried to Medeia, "Ah, wretched girl, have you forgotten your sins that you come hither, where the flowers bloom all the year round? Where is your aged father, and the brother whom you killed? I will send you food and wine, but your ship must not stay here, for she is black with your wickedness."

And the heroes prayed, but in vain, and cried, "Cleanse us from our guilt!" but she sent them away and said, "Go eastward, that you may be cleansed, and after that you may go home."

Slowly and wearily they sailed on, till one summer's eve they came to a flowery island, and as they neared it they heard sweet songs.

Medeia started when she heard, and cried, "Beware, O heroes, for here are the rocks of the Sirens. You must pass close by them, but those who listen to that song are lost."

Then Orpheus spoke, he, the king of all minstrels, "Let them match their song against mine;" so he caught up his lyre and began his magic song.

Now they could see the Sirens. Three fair maidens, sitting on the beach, beneath a rock red in the setting sun.

Slowly they sung and sleepily, and as the heroes listened the oars fell from their hands, and their heads dropped, and they closed their heavy eyes, and all their toil seemed foolishness, and they thought of their renown no more.

Then Medeia clapped her hands together and cried, "Sing louder, Orpheus, sing louder."

And Orpheus sang till his voice drowned the song of the Sirens, and the heroes caught their oars again and cried, "We will be men, and we will dare and suffer to the last."

And as Orpheus sang, they dashed their oars into the sea and kept time to his music as they fled fast away, and the Sirens' voices died behind them, in the hissing of the foam.

But when the Sirens saw that they were conquered, they shrieked for envy and rage and leapt into the sea, and were changed into rocks.

Then, as the Argonauts rowed on, they came to a fearful whirlpool, and they could neither go back

nor forward, for the waves caught them and spun them round and round. While they struggled in the whirlpool, they saw near them on the other side of the strait a rock stand in the water—a rock smooth and slippery, and half way up a misty cave.

When Orpheus saw the rock he groaned. "Little will it help us," he cried, "to escape the jaws of the whirlpool. For in that cave lives a sea-hag, and from her cave she fishes for all things that pass by, and never ship's crew boasted that they came safe past her rock."

Then out of the depths came Thetis, the silver-footed bride of one of the heroes. She came with all her nymphs around her, and they played liked snow-white dolphins, diving in from wave to wave before the ship, and in her wake and beside her, as dolphins play. And they caught the ship and guided her, and passed her on from hand to hand, and tossed her through the billows, as maidens do the ball.

And when the sea-hag stooped to seize the ship, they struck her, and she shrank back into her cave affrighted, and the Argo leapt safe past her, while a fair breeze rose behind.

Then Thetis and her nymphs sank down to their coral caves beneath the sea, and their gardens of green and purple, where flowers bloom all the year round, while the heroes went on rejoicing, yet dreading what might come next.

They rowed away for many a weary day till their water was spent and their food eaten, but at last they saw a long, steep island.

"We will land here," they cried, "and fill our water casks upon the shore."

But when they came nearer to the island they saw a wondrous sight. For on the cliffs stood a giant, taller than any mountain pine.

When he saw the Argo and her crew he came toward them, more swiftly than the swiftest horse, and he shouted to them, "You are pirates, you are robbers! If you land you shall die the death."

Then the heroes lay on their oars in fear, but Medeia spoke: "I know this giant. If strangers land he leaps into his furnace, which flames there among the hills, and when he is red-hot he rushes on them, and burns them in his brazen hands. But he has but one vein in all his body filled with liquid fire, and this vein is closed with a nail. I will find out where the nail is placed, and when I have got it into my hands you shall water your ship in peace."

So they took the witch-maiden and left her alone on the shore. And she stood there all alone in her beauty till the giant strode back red-hot from head to heel.

When he saw the maiden he stopped. And she looked boldly up into his face and sang a magic song, and she held up a flash of crystal and said, "I am Medeia, the witch-maiden. My sister Circe gave me this and said, 'Go, reward Talus, the faithful giant, for his fame is gone out into all lands.' So come and I will pour this into your veins, that you may live for ever young."

And he listened to her false words, that simple Talus, and came near.

But Medeia said, "Dip yourself in the sea first and cool yourself, lest you burn my tender hands. Then show me the nail in your vein, and in that will I pour the liquid from the crystal flask."

Then that simple Talus dipped himself in the sea, and came and knelt before Medeia and showed the secret nail.

And she drew the nail out gently, but she poured nothing in, and instead the liquid fire streamed forth.

Talus tried to leap up, crying, "You have betrayed me, false witch-maiden."

But she lifted up her hands before him and sang, till he sank beneath her spell.

And as he sank, the earth groaned beneath his weight and the liquid fire ran from his heel, like a stream of lava, to the sea.

Then Medeia laughed and called to the heroes, "Come and water your ship in peace."

So they came and found the giant lying dead, and they fell down and kissed Medeia's feet, and watered their ship, and took sheep and oxen, and so left that inhospitable shore.

At the next island they went ashore and offered sacrifices, and Orpheus purged them from their guilt.

And at last, after many weary days and nights, all worn and tired, the heroes saw once more Pelion and Iolcos by the sea.

They ran the ship ashore, but they had no strength left to haul her up the beach, and they crawled out on the pebbles and wept, till they could weep no more.

For the houses and the trees were all altered, and all the faces they saw were strange, so that their joy was swallowed up in sorrow.

The people crowded round and asked them, "Who are you, that you sit weeping here?'

"We are the sons of your princes, who sailed in search of the Golden Fleece, and we have brought it home. Give us news of our fathers and mothers, if any of them be left alive on earth."

Then there was shouting and laughing and

weeping, and all the kings came to the shore, and they led away the heroes to their homes, and bewailed the valiant dead.

And Jason went up with Medeia to the palace of his uncle Pelias. And when he came in, Pelias and Æson, Jason's father, sat by the fire, two old men, whose heads shook together as they tried to warm themselves before the fire.

Jason fell down at his father's knee and wept and said, "I am your son Jason, and I have brought home the Golden Fleece and a Princess of the Sun's race for my bride."

Then his father clung to him like a child, and wept, and would not let him go, and cried, "Promise never to leave me till I die."

And Jason turned to his uncle Pelias, "Now give me up the kingdom and fulfill your promise, as I have fulfilled mine. And his uncle gave him his kingdom.

So Jason stayed at Iolcos by the sea.

THESEUS

ADAPTED BY MARY MACGREGOR

I

HOW THESEUS LIFTED THE STONE

Once upon a time there was a Princess called Aithra. She had one fair son named Theseus, the bravest lad in all the land. And Aithra never smiled but when she looked at him, for her husband had forgotten her, and lived far away.

Aithra used to go up to the temple of the gods, and sit there all day, looking out across the bay, over the purple peaks of the mountains to the Attic shore beyond.

When Theseus was full fifteen years old, she took him up with her to the temple, and into the thickets which grew in the temple yard. She led him to a tall plane tree, and there she sighed and said, "Theseus, my son, go into that thicket and you will find at the plane tree foot a great flat stone. Lift it, and bring me what lies underneath."

Then Theseus pushed his way in through the thick bushes, and searching among their roots he found a great flat stone, all overgrown with ivy and moss.

He tried to lift it, but he could not. And he tried till the sweat ran down his brow from the heat, and the tears from his eyes for shame, but all was of no avail. And at last he came back to his mother and said, "I have found the stone, but I cannot lift it, nor do I think that any man could, in all the land."

Then she sighed and said, "The day may come when you will be a stronger man than lives in all the land." And she took him by the hand and went into the temple and prayed, and came down again with Theseus to her home.

And when a full year was past, she led Theseus up again to the temple and bade him lift the stone, but he could not.

Then she sighed again and said the same words again, and went down and came again next year. But Theseus could not lift the stone then, nor the year after.

He longed to ask his mother the meaning of that stone, and what might be underneath it, but her face was so sad that he had not the heart to ask.

So he said to himself, "The day shall surely come when I will lift that stone."

And in order to grow strong he spent all his days in wrestling and boxing, and hunting the boar and the bull and the deer among rocks, till upon all the mountains there was no hunter so swift as Theseus, and all the people said, "Surely the gods are with the lad!"

When his eighteenth year was past, Aithra led him up again to the temple and said, "Theseus, lift the stone this day, or never know who you are."

And Theseus went into the thicket and stood over the stone and tugged at it, and it moved.

Then he said, "If I break my heart in my body it shall come up." And he tugged at it once more, and lifted it, and rolled it over with a shout.

When he looked beneath it, on the ground lay a sword of bronze, with a hilt of glistening gold, and beside it a pair of golden sandals.

Theseus caught them up and burst through the bushes and leapt to his mother, holding them high above his head.

But when she saw them she wept long in silence, hiding her fair face in her shawl. And Theseus stood by her and wept also, he knew not why.

When she was tired of weeping Aithra lifted

THESEUS LIFTS THE STONE

up her head and laid her finger on her lips, and said, "Hide them in your cloak, Theseus, my son, and come with me where we can look down upon the sea."

They went outside the sacred wall and looked down over the bright, blue sea, and Aithra said, "Do you see the land at our feet?"

And Theseus said, "Yes, this is where I was born and bred."

And she asked, "Do you see the land beyond?"

And the lad answered, "Yes, that is Attica, where the Athenian people live!"

"That is a fair land and large, Theseus, my son, and it looks towards the sunny south. There the hills are sweet with thyme, and the meadows with violet, and the nightingales sing all day in the thickets. There are twelve towns well peopled, the homes of an ancient race. What would you do, Theseus, if you were king of such a land?"

Theseus stood astonished, as he looked across the broad, bright sea and saw the fair Attic shore. His heart grew great within him, and he said, "If I were king of such a land, I would rule it wisely and well, in wisdom and in might."

And Aithra smiled and said, "Take, then, the sword and the sandals and go to thy father Ægeus, King of Athens, and say to him, 'The stone is lifted!' Then show him the sword and the sandals, and take what the gods shall send."

But Theseus wept, "Shall I leave you, O my mother?"

She answered, "Weep not for me." Then she kissed Theseus and wept over him, and went into the temple, and Theseus saw her no more.

II

HOW THESEUS SLEW THE CLUB-BEARER AND THE PINE-BENDER

So Theseus stood there alone, with his mind full of many hopes. And first he thought of going down to the harbor and hiring a swift ship and sailing across the bay to Athens. But even that seemed too slow for him, and he longed for wings to fly across the sea and find his father.

After a while his heart began to fail him, and he sighed and said within himself, "What if my father have other sons around him, whom he loves? What if he will not receive me? He has forgotten me ever since I was born. Why should he welcome me now?"

Then he thought a long while sadly, but at last he cried aloud, "Yes, I will make him love me. I will win honor, and do such deeds that Ægeus shall be proud of me though he had fifty other sons."

"I will go by land and into the mountains, and so round to Athens. Perhaps there I may hear of brave adventures, and do something which shall win my father's love."

So Theseus went by land and away into the

mountains, with his father's sword upon his thigh. And he went up into the gloomy glens, up and up, till the lowland grew blue beneath his feet, and the clouds drove damp about his head. But he went up and up, ever toiling on through bog and brake, till he came to a pile of stones.

On the stones a man was sitting wrapped in a cloak of bear-skin. When he saw Theseus, he rose, and laughed till the glens rattled.

"Who art thou, fair fly, who hast walked into the spider's web?"

Theseus walked on steadily, and made no answer, but he thought, "Is this some robber? Has an adventure come to me already?"

But the strange man laughed louder than ever and said, "Bold fly, know thou not these glens are the web from which no fly ever finds his way out again, and I am the spider who eats the flies? Come hither and let me feast upon you. It is of no use to run away, for these glens in the mountain make so cunning a web, that through it no man can find his way home."

Still Theseus came steadily on, and he asked, "And what is your name, bold spider, and where are your spider's fangs?"

The strange man laughed again. "Men call me the Club-bearer, and here is my spider's fang," and he lifted off from the stones at his side a mighty club of bronze. "With this I pound all proud flies," he said. "So give me up that gay sword of yours, and your mantle, and your golden sandals, lest I pound you and by ill-luck you die!"

But Theseus wrapped his mantle round his left arm quickly, in hard folds, and drew his sword, and rushed upon the Club-bearer, and the Club-bearer rushed on him.

Thrice he struck at Theseus and made him bend under the blows like a sapling. And thrice Theseus sprang upright after the blow, and he stabbed at the Club-bearer with his sword, but the loose folds of the bear-skin saved him.

Then Theseus grew angry and closed with him, and caught him by the throat, and they fell and rolled over together. But when Theseus rose up from the ground the Club-bearer lay still at his feet.

So Theseus took the strange man's club and his bear-skin and went upon his journey down the glens, till he came to a broad, green valley, and he saw flocks and herds sleeping beneath the trees. And by the side of a pleasant fountain were nymphs and shepherds dancing, but no one piped to them as they danced.

When they saw Theseus they shrieked, and the shepherds ran off and drove away their flocks, while the nymphs dived into the fountain and vanished.

Theseus wondered and laughed, "What strange fancies have folks here, who run away from strangers, and have no music when they dance." But he was tired and dusty and thirsty, so he thought no more of them, but drank and bathed in the clear pool, and then lay down in the shade under a plane tree, while the water sang him to sleep as it trickled down from stone to stone.

And when he woke he heard a whispering, and saw the nymphs peeping at him across the fountain from the dark mouth of a cave, where they sat on green cushions of moss. One said, "Surely he is not the Club-bearer," and another, "He looks no robber, but a fair and gentle youth."

Then Theseus smiled and called them. "Fair nymphs, I am not the Club-bearer. He sleeps among the kites and crows, but I have brought away his bear-skin and his club."

They leapt across the pool, and came to him, and called the shepherds back. And Theseus told them how he had slain the Club-bearer, and the shepherds kissed his feet and sang, "Now we shall feed our flocks in peace, and not be afraid to have music when we dance. For the cruel Club-bearer has met his match, and he will listen for our pipes no more."

Then the shepherds brought him kids' flesh and wine, and the nymphs brought him honey from the rocks.

And Theseus ate and drank with them, and they begged him to stay, but he would not.

"I have a great work to do," he said; "I must go towards Athens."

And the shepherds said, "You must look warily about you, lest you meet the robber, called the Pine-bender. For he bends down two pine trees and binds all travelers hand and foot between them, and when he lets the trees go their bodies are torn in sunder."

But Theseus went on swiftly, for his heart burned to meet that cruel robber. And in a pine-wood at last he met him, where the road ran between high rocks.

There the robber sat upon a stone by the wayside, with a young fir tree for a club across his knees, and a cord laid ready by his side, and over his head, upon the fir-top, hung the bones of murdered men.

Then Theseus shouted to him, "Holloa, thou valiant Pine-bender, hast thou two fir trees left for me?"

The robber leapt to his feet and answered, pointing to the bones above his head, "My larder has

grown empty lately, so I have two fir trees ready for thee."

He rushed on Theseus, lifting his club, and Theseus rushed upon him, and they fought together till the greenwoods rang.

Then Theseus heaved up a mighty stroke and smote the Pine-bender down upon his face, and knelt upon his back, and bound him with his own cord, and said, "As thou hast done to others, so shall it be done to thee." And he bent down two young fir trees and bound the robber between them for all his struggling and his prayers, and as he let the trees go the robber perished, and Theseus went on, leaving him to the hawks and crows.

Clearing the land of monsters as he went, Theseus saw at last the plain of Athens before him.

And as he went up through Athens all the people ran out to see him, for his fame had gone before him, and every one knew of his mighty deeds, and they shouted, "Here comes the hero!"

But Theseus went on sadly and steadfastly, for his heart yearned after his father. He went up the holy stairs to the spot where the palace of Ægeus stood. He went straight into the hall and stood upon the threshold and looked round.

He saw his cousins sitting at the table, and loud they laughed and fast they passed the wine-cup round, but no Ægeus sat among them.

They saw Theseus and called to him, "Holloa, tall stranger at the door, what is your will to-day?"

"I come to ask for hospitality."

"Then take it and welcome. You look like a hero and a bold warrior, and we like such to drink with us."

"I ask no hospitality of you; I ask it of Ægeus the King, the master of this house."

At that some growled, and some laughed and shouted, "Heyday! we are all masters here."

"Then I am master as much as the rest of you," said Theseus, and he strode past the table up the hall, and looked around for Ægeus, but he was nowhere to be seen.

The revelers looked at him and then at each other, and each whispered to the man next him, "This is a forward fellow; he ought to be thrust out at the door."

But each man's neighbor whispered in return, "His shoulders are broad; will you rise and put him out?" So they all sat still where they were.

Then Theseus called to the servants and said, "Go tell King Ægeus, your master, that Theseus is here and asks to be his guest awhile."

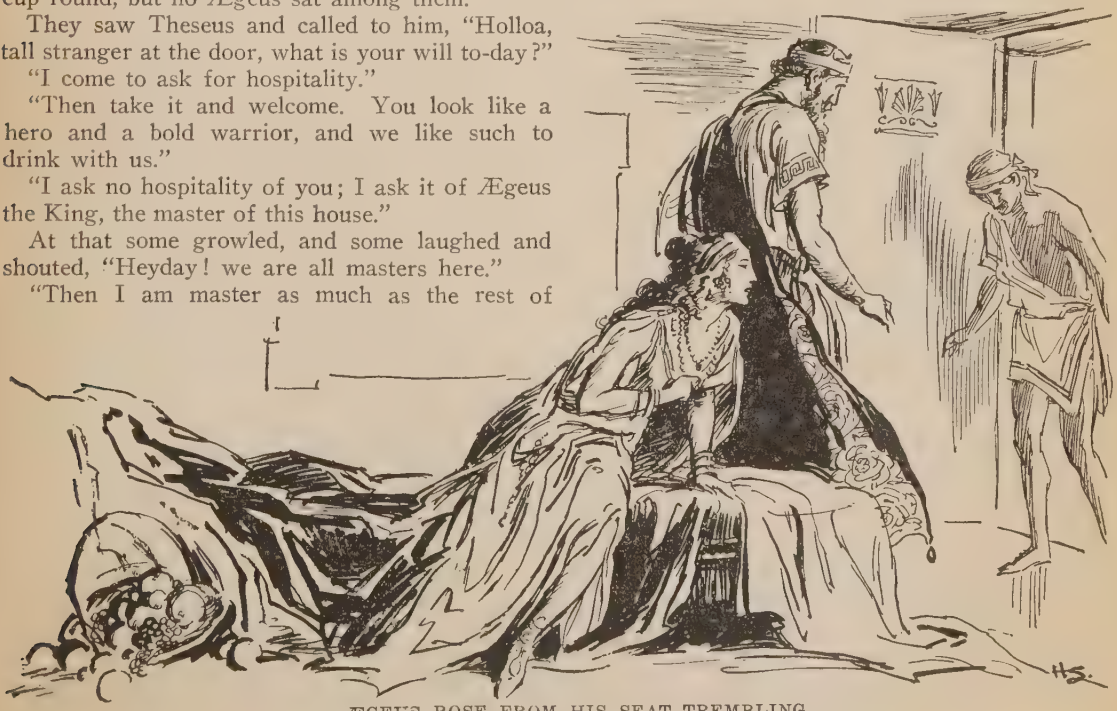
A servant ran and told Ægeus, where he sat in his chamber with Medeia, the dark witch-woman, watching her eye and hand.

And when Ægeus heard of Theseus he turned pale and again red, and rose from his seat trembling, while Medeia, the witch, watched him like a snake.

"What is Theseus to you?" she asked.

But he said hastily, "Do you not know who this Theseus is? The hero who has cleared the country from all monsters. I must go out and welcome him."

So Ægeus came into the hall, and when Theseus saw him his heart leapt into his mouth, and he longed to fall on his neck and welcome him. But



ÆGEUS ROSE FROM HIS SEAT TREMBLING

he controlled himself and thought, "My father may not wish for me, after all. I will try him before I discover myself." And he bowed low before Ægeus and said, "I have delivered the King's realm from many monsters, therefore I am come to ask a reward of the King."

Old Ægeus looked on him and loved him, but he only sighed and said, "It is little that I can give you, noble lad, and nothing that is worthy of you."

"All I ask," said Theseus, "is to eat and drink at your table."

"That I can give you," said Ægeus, "if at least I am master in my own hall."

Then he bade them put a seat for Theseus, and set before him the best of the feast, and Theseus sat and ate so much that all the company wondered at him, but always he kept his club by his side.

But Medeia, the dark witch-maiden, was watching all the while, and she saw how the heart of Ægeus opened to Theseus, and she said to herself, "This youth will be master here, unless I hinder it."

Then she went back modestly to her chamber, while Theseus ate and drank, and all the servants whispered, "This, then, is the man who killed the monsters! How noble are his looks, and how huge his size! Ah, would he were our master's son!"

Presently Medeia came forth, decked in all her jewels and her rich Eastern robes, and looking more beautiful than the day, so that all the guests could look at nothing else. And in her right hand she held a golden cup, and in her left a flask of gold. She came up to Theseus, and spoke in a sweet and winning voice, "Hail to the hero! drink of my charmed cup, which gives rest after every toil and heals all wounds;" and as she spoke she poured sparkling wine into the cup.

Theseus looked up into her fair face and into her deep, dark eyes, and as he looked he shrank and shuddered, for they were dry eyes like the eyes of a snake.

Then he rose and said, "The wine is rich, and the wine-bearer fair. Let her pledge me first herself in the cup that the wine may be sweeter."

Medeia turned pale and stammered, "Forgive me, fair hero, but I am ill and dare drink no wine."

Theseus looked again into her eyes and cried, "Thou shalt pledge me in that cup or die!"

Then Medeia shrieked and dashed the cup to the ground and fled, for there was strong poison in that wine.

And Medeia called her dragon chariot, and sprang into it, and fled aloft, away over land and sea, and no man saw her more.

Ægeus cried, "What have you done?"

But Theseus said, "I have rid the land of one enchantment, now I will rid it of one more."

And he came close to Ægeus and drew from his cloak the sword and the sandals, and said the words which his mother bade him, "The stone is lifted."

Ægeus stepped back a pace and looked at the lad till his eyes grew dim, and then he cast himself on his neck and wept, and Theseus wept, till they had no strength left to weep more.

Then Ægeus turned to all the people and cried, "Behold my son!"

But the cousins were angry and drew their swords against Theseus. Twenty against one they fought, and yet Theseus beat them all, till at last he was left alone in the palace with his new-found father.

But before nightfall all the town came up, with dances and songs, because the King had found an heir to his royal house.

So Theseus stayed with his father all the winter through, and when spring drew near, he saw all the people of Athens grow sad and silent. And he asked the reason of the silence and the sadness, but no one would answer him a word.

Then he went to his father and asked him, but Ægeus turned away his face and wept.

But when spring had come, a herald stood in the market-place and cried, "O people and King of Athens, where is your yearly tribute?" Then a great lamentation arose throughout the city.

But Theseus stood up before the herald and cried, "I am a stranger here. Tell me, then, why you come?"

"To fetch the tribute which King Ægeus promised to King Minos. Blood was shed here unjustly, and King Minos came to avenge it, and would not leave Athens till the land had promised him tribute—seven youth and seven maidens every year, who go with me in a black-sailed ship."

Then Theseus groaned inwardly and said, "I will go myself with these youths and maidens, and kill King Minos upon his royal throne."

But Ægeus shrieked and cried, "You shall not go, my son, you shall not go to die horribly, as those youths and maidens die. For Minos thrusts them into a labyrinth, and no one can escape from its winding ways, before they meet the Minotaur, the monster who feeds upon the flesh of men. There he devours them horribly, and they never see this land again."

And Theseus said, "Therefore all the more will I go with them, and slay the accursed Minotaur."

Then Ægeus clung to his knees, but Theseus would not stay, and at last he let him go, weeping bitterly, and saying only this last word, "Promise me but this, if you return in peace, though that may hardly be, Take down the black sail of the ship, for I shall watch for it all day upon the cliffs, and hoist instead a white sail, that I may know afar off that you are safe."

And Theseus promised, and went out, and to the market-place, where the herald stood and drew lots for the youth and maidens who were to sail in that sad ship.

The people stood wailing and weeping as the lot fell on this one and on that, but Theseus strode into the midst and cried, "Here is one who needs no lot. I myself will be one of the seven."

And the herald asked in wonder, "Fair youth, do you know whither you are going?"

"I know," answered Theseus boldly; "let us go down to the black-sailed ship."

So they went down to the black-sailed ship, seven maidens and seven youths, and Theseus before them all. And the people followed them, lamenting. But Theseus whispered to his companions, "Have hope, for the monster is not immortal."

Then their hearts were comforted a little, but they wept as they went on board; and the cliffs rang with the voice of their weeping.

III

HOW THESEUS SLEW THE MINOTAUR

And the ship sailed slowly on, till at last it reached the land of Crete, and Theseus stood before King Minos, and they looked each other in the face.

Minos bade take the youths and the maidens to prison, and cast them to the Minotaur one by one.

Then Theseus cried, "A boon, O Minos! Let me be thrown first to the monster. For I came hither, for that very purpose, of my own will and not by lot."

"Who art thou, thou brave youth?" asked the King.

"I am the son of Ægeus, the King of Athens, and I am come here to end the yearly tribute."

And Minos wondered a while, looking steadfastly at him, and he thought, "The lad means to atone by his own death for his father's sin;" and he answered mildly, "Go back in peace, my son. It is a pity that one so brave should die."

But Theseus said, "I have sworn that I will not go back till I have seen the monster face to face."

At that Minos frowned and said, "Then thou shalt see him."

And they led Theseus away into the prison, with the other youths and maidens.

Now Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, saw Theseus as she came out of her white stone hall, and she loved him for his courage and his beauty, and she said, "It is shameful that such a youth should die." And by night she went down to the prison and told him all her heart, and said, "Flee down to your ship at once, for I have bribed the guards before the door. Flee, you and all your friends, and go back in peace, and take me with you. For I dare not stay after you are gone. My father will kill me miserably, if he knows what I have done."

And Theseus stood silent awhile, for he was astonished and confounded by her beauty.

But at last he said, "I cannot go home in peace till I have seen and slain this Minotaur, and put an end to the terrors of my land."

"And will you kill the Minotaur? How then will you do it?" asked Ariadne in wonder.

"I know not, nor do I care, but he must be strong if he be too strong for me," said Theseus.

Then she loved him all the more and said, "But when you have killed him, how will you find your way out of the labyrinth?"

"I know not, neither do I care, but it must be a strange road if I do not find it out before I have eaten up the monster's carcass."

Then Ariadne loved him yet more, and said, "Fair youth, you are too bold, but I can help you, weak as I am. I will give you a sword, and with that perhaps you may slay the monster, and a clue of thread, and by that perhaps you may find your way out again. Only promise me that if you escape you will take me home with you."

Then Theseus laughed and said, "Am I not safe enough now?" And he hid his sword, and rolled up the clue in his hand, and then he fell down before Ariadne and kissed her hands and her feet, while she wept over him. Then the Princess went away, and Theseus lay down and slept sweetly.

When evening came the guards led him away to the labyrinth. And he went down into that doleful gulf, and he turned on the left hand and on the right hand, and went up and down till his head was dizzy, but all the while he held the clue. For when he went in he fastened it to a stone and left it to unroll out of his hand as he went on, and it lasted till he met the Minotaur in a narrow chasm between black cliffs.

And when he saw the Minotaur, he stopped a while, for he had never seen so strange a monster. His body was a man's, but his head was the head of a bull, and his teeth were the teeth of a lion. When he saw Theseus, he roared and put his head down and rushed right at him.

THESEUS RETURNING TO ARIADNE

FROM A PAINTING BY W. E. GLADSTONE SOLOMON

But Theseus stepped aside nimbly, and as the monster passed by, cut him in the knee, and ere he could turn in the narrow path, he followed him, and stabbed him again and again from behind, till the monster fled, bellowing wildly.

Theseus followed him, holding the clue of thread in his left hand, and at last he came up with him, where he lay panting, and caught him by the horns, and forced his head back, and drove the keen sword through his throat.

Then Theseus turned and went back, limping and weary, feeling his way by the clue of thread, till he came to the mouth of that doleful place, and saw waiting for him—whom but Ariadne?

And he whispered, "It is done," and showed her the sword. Then she laid her finger on her lips, and led him to the prison and opened the doors, and set all the prisoners free, while the guards lay sleeping heavily, for Ariadne had drugged them with wine.

So they fled to their ship together, and leapt on board and hoisted up the sail, and the night lay dark around them, so that they escaped all safe, and Ariadne became the wife of Theseus.

But that fair Ariadne never came to Athens with her husband. Some say that, as she lay sleeping on the shore, one of the gods found her and took her up into the sky, and some say that the gods drove away Theseus, and took Ariadne from him by force. But, however that may be, in his haste or his grief, Theseus forgot to put up the white sail.

Now Ægeus, his father, sat on the cliffs and watched day after day, and strained his old eyes across the waters to see the ship afar. And when he saw the black sail he gave up Theseus for dead, and in his grief he fell into the sea and was drowned, and it is called the Ægean Sea to this day.

Then Theseus was King of Athens, and he guarded it and ruled it well, and many wise things he did, so that his people honored him after he was dead, for many a hundred years, as the father of their freedom and of their laws.

HERCULES

ADAPTED BY THOMAS CARTWRIGHT

I

THE TWELVE LABORS OF HERCULES

Hercules, the hero of strength and courage, was the son of Jupiter and Alcmene. His life was one long series of wonders.

As soon as he was born, Juno, who hated Alcmene with an exceeding great hatred, went to the Fates and begged them to make the life of the newly born babe hard and perilous.

The Fates were three, namely, Clotho, who spun the thread of life; Lachesis, who settled the lot of gods and mortals in life, and Atropos, who cut the thread of life spun by Clotho.

When once the Fates had decided what the lot of any being, whether god or man, was to be, Jupiter himself could not alter their decision.

It was to these fateful three, then, that Juno made her prayer concerning the infant Hercules. She could not, however, prevent him from having an honorable career, since it was written that he should triumph over all dangers and difficulties that might beset him.

All that was conceded to her was that Hercules should be put under the dominion of Eurystheus, King of Thebes, his eldest brother, a harsh and pitiless man. This only half satisfied the hatred of Juno, but it made the life of Hercules exceedingly bitter.

In fact, Hercules was but a child, when Juno sent two enormous serpents against him. These serpents, gliding into his cradle, were on the point of biting the child when he, with his own hands, seized them and strangled the life out of their slimy bodies.

Having grown up to man's estate, Hercules did many mighty deeds of valor that need not be recounted here. But the hatred of Juno always pursued him. At length, when he had been married several years, she made him mad and impelled him in his madness to kill his own beloved children!

When he came again to his sober senses, and learnt that he was the murderer of his own offspring he was filled with horror, and betook himself into exile so that he might hide his face from his fellow-men. After a time he went to the oracle at Delphi to ask what he should do in atonement for his dreadful deed.

He was ordered to serve his brother Eurystheus —who, by the help of Juno, had robbed him of

his kingdom—for twelve years. After this he was to become one of the Immortals.

Eurystheus feared that Hercules might use his great strength and courage against him, in punishment for the evil that he had done. He, therefore, resolved to banish him and to impose such tasks upon him as must certainly bring about his destruction. Hence arose the famous twelve labors of Hercules.

Eurystheus first set Hercules to keep his sheep at Nemea and to kill the lion that ofttimes carried off the sheep, and sometimes the shepherd also.

The man-eater lurked in a wood that was hard by the sheep-run. Hercules would not wait to be attacked by him. Arming himself with a heavy club and with a bow and arrows, he went in search of the lion's lair and soon found it.

Finding that arrows and club made no impression upon the thick skin of the lion, the hero was constrained to trust entirely to his own thews and sinews. Seizing the lion with both hands, he put forth all his mighty strength and strangled the beast just as he had strangled the serpents in his cradle. Then, having despoiled the dead man-eater of his skin, Hercules henceforth wore this trophy as a garment, and as a shield and buckler.

In those days, there was in Greece a monstrous serpent known as the Hydra of Lerna, because it haunted a marsh of that name whence it issued in search of prey. As his second labor, Hercules was sent to slay this creature.

This reptile had nine heads, of which the midmost was immortal. When Hercules struck off one of these heads with his club, two others at once appeared in its place. By the help of his servant, Hercules burned off the nine heads, and buried the immortal one beneath a huge rock.

The blood of the Hydra was a poison so subtle that Hercules, by dipping the points of his arrows therein, made them so deadly that no mortal could hope to recover from a wound inflicted by them. We shall see later that Hercules himself died from the poison of one of these self-same arrows.

The third labor imposed upon Hercules by Eurystheus was the capture of the Arcadian Stag. This remarkable beast had brazen feet and antlers of solid gold. Hercules was to carry the stag alive to Eurystheus.

It proved no easy task to do this. The stag was so fleet of foot that no one had been able to approach it. For more than a year, over hill and dale, Hercules pursued the beast without ever finding a chance of capturing it without killing it.

At length he shot at it and wounded it with an arrow—not, you may be sure, with one of the poisoned ones—and, having caught it thus wounded, he carried it on his shoulder to his brother and thus completed the third of his labors.

In the neighborhood of Mount Erymanthus, in Arcadia, there lived, in those far-off days, a savage boar that was in the habit of sallying forth from his lair and laying waste the country round about, nor had any man been able to capture or restrain him. To free the country from the ravages of this monster was the fourth labor of Hercules.

Having tracked the animal to his lurking place after chasing him through the deep snow, Hercules caught him in a net and bore him away in triumph on his shoulders to the feet of the amazed Eurystheus.

Augeas, King of Elis, in Greece, not far from Mount Olympus, owned a herd of oxen 3000 in number. They were stabled in stables that had not been cleaned out for thirty years. The stench was terrible and greatly troubled the health of the land. Eurystheus set Hercules the task of cleaning out these Augean stables in a single day!

But the wit of the hero was equal to the occasion. With his great strength he diverted the flow of two rivers that ran their courses near the stables and made them flow right through the stables themselves, and lo! the nuisance that had been growing for thirty years was no more! Such was the fifth labor of Hercules.

On an island in a lake near Stymphalus, in Arcadia, there nested in those days some remarkable and terrible birds—remarkable because their claws, wings and beaks were brazen, and terrible because they fed on human flesh and attacked with their terrible beaks and claws all who came near the lake. To kill these dreadful birds was the sixth labor.

Minerva supplied Hercules with a brazen rattle with which he roused the birds from their nests, and then slew them with his poisoned arrows while they were on the wing.

This victory made Hercules popular throughout the whole of Greece, and Eurystheus saw that nothing he could devise was too hard for the hero to accomplish.

The seventh labor was to capture a mad bull that the Sea-god Neptune had let loose in the island of Crete, of which island Minos was at that time King.

This ferocious creature breathed out from his nostrils a whirlwind of flaming fire. But Hercules was, as you no doubt have guessed, too much for the brazen bull.

He not only caught the monster, but tamed him, and bore him aloft on his shoulders, into the presence of the affrighted Eurystheus, who was at

a loss to find a task impossible for Hercules to perform.

The taking of the mares of Diomedes was the eighth labor. These horses were not ordinary horses, living on corn. They were flesh-eaters, and moreover, they devoured human beings, and so were hateful to mankind.

On this occasion Hercules was not alone. He organized a hunt and, by the help of a few friends, caught the horses and led them to Eurystheus. The scene of this labor was Thrace, an extensive region lying between the Ægean Sea, the Euxine or Black Sea, and the Danube.

Seizing the girdle of Hippolyte was the next feat set for the hero. This labor was due to the desire of the daughter of Eurystheus for the girdle of Hippolyte, Queen of the Amazons—a tribe of female warriors. It is said that the girls had their right breasts cut off in order that they might use the bow with greater ease in battle! This, indeed, is the meaning of the term Amazon, which signifies "breastless."

After a troublesome journey Hercules arrived safely at the Court of Hippolyte, who received him kindly; and this labor might, perchance, have been a bloodless one had not his old enemy Juno stirred up the female warriors against him.

In the fight that followed, Hercules killed Hippolyte—a feat scarcely to be proud of—and carried off her girdle, and thus the vanity of the daughter of Eurystheus was gratified.

To capture the oxen of Geryon was the tenth labor of Hercules. In the person of Geryon we meet another of those strange beings in which the makers of myths and fairy tales seem to revel. Geryon was a three-bodied monster whose cattle were kept by a giant and a two-headed dog!

It is said that Hercules, on his way to the performance of this tenth labor, formed the Pillars of Hercules—those two rocky steeps that guard the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, *i. e.*, Calpa (Gibraltar) and Abyla (Ceuta)—by rending asunder the one mountain these two rocks are said to have formed, although now they are eighteen miles apart.

Hercules slew the giant, the two-headed dog and Geryon himself, and in due course brought the oxen to Eurystheus.

Sometime afterwards, Eurystheus, having heard rumors of a wonderful tree which, in some unknown land, yielded golden apples, was moved with great greed to have some of this remarkable fruit. Hence he commanded Hercules to make the quest of this tree his eleventh labor. The hero had no notion where the tree grew, but he was bounded by his bond to obey the King, so he set out and after a time reached the kingdom of Atlas, King of Africa. He had been told that Atlas could give him news of the tree.

I must tell you that King Atlas, having in the olden time helped the Titans in their wars against the gods, was undergoing punishment for this offence, his penance being to hold up the starry vault of heaven upon his shoulders. This means,

perhaps, that in the kingdom of Atlas there were some mountains so high that their summits seemed to touch the sky.

Hercules offered to relieve Atlas of his load for a time, if he would but tell him where the famous tree was, upon which grew the golden fruit. Atlas consented, and for some days Hercules supported the earth and the starry vault of heaven upon his shoulders.

Then Atlas opened the gate of the Garden of the Hesperides to Hercules. These Hesperides were none other than three daughters of Atlas, and it was their duty, in which they were helped by a dragon, to guard the golden apples.

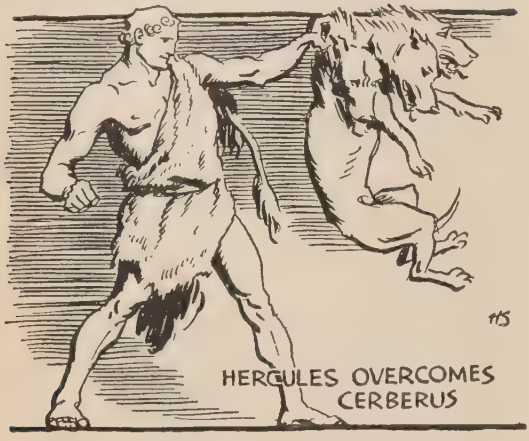
Hercules killed the dragon and carried off the apples, but they were afterwards restored to their place by Minerva.

Cerberus, as perhaps you know, was the triple-headed dog that guarded the entrance to the nether world. To bring up this three-headed monster

from the land of the dead was the last of the twelve labors. It was also the hardest.

Pluto, the god of the nether world, told Hercules he might carry off the dog if he could take him without using club or spear—never dreaming that the hero could perform such a difficult feat.

Hercules penetrated to the entrance of Pluto's gloomy region, and, putting forth his strength,



HERCULES OVERCOMES CERBERUS

succeeded, not only in seizing Cerberus, but also in carrying him to Eurystheus, and so brought the twelve labors to an end, and was released from his servitude to his cruel brother.

These exploits of strength and endurance do not by any means complete the tale of the wonderful doings of the great Greek hero. He continued his deeds of daring to the end of his life.

One of the last of his exploits was to kill the eagle that daily devoured the liver of Prometheus, whose story is both curious and interesting.

He is said to have been the great friend of mankind, and was chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus because he stole fire from heaven and gave it as a gift to the sons of man.

While in chains an eagle was sent by Jupiter daily to feed on Prometheus' liver, which Jupiter made to grow again each night. From this continuous torture he was released by Hercules, who slew the eagle and burst asunder the bonds of this friend of man.

II

HERCULES IN THE NETHER WORLD

Theseus and Pirithous were two Athenians, who, after having been at enmity for a long time, at last became the very best of friends. They, like Hercules, had passed their youth in doing doughty deeds for the benefit of mankind, and their fame had spread abroad throughout the land of Greece. This did not prevent them from forming a very foolish project. They actually planned to go down to Hades and carry off Pluto's wife, Proserpina, whom Pirithous himself wished to marry.

This rashness brought about their ruin, for they were seized by Pluto and chained to a rock. All this Hercules, who was the friend of Theseus, learnt while on one of his journeys, and he resolved to rescue Theseus from his eternal punishment.

As for Pirithous, the prime mover in the attempted outrage, him Hercules meant to leave to his fate.

Hercules had been warned to take a black dog to sacrifice to Hecate and a cake to mollify Cerberus, as was usual; but he would not listen to such tales and meant to force his way to Theseus. When he found himself face to face with Cerberus he seized him, threw him down and chained him with strong chains.

The next difficulty in the way was black and muddy Acheron, the first of the seven rivers that ran round Hades, and formed a barrier between the living and the departed.

This river had not always run under the vaults of Hades. Formerly its course was upon the earth. But when the Titans attempted to scale the heaven, this river had the ill luck to quench their thirst, and Jupiter to punish even the waters of the river for abetting his enemies, turned its course aside into the under world where its waves, slow-moving and filthy, lost themselves in Styx, the largest of all the rivers of Hades, which ran round Pluto's gloomy kingdom no less than nine times.

On reaching the banks of Styx, Hercules was surprised to see flying around him a crowd of disconsolate spirits, whom Charon the Ferryman refused to row across Styx, because they could not pay him his fee of an obol, a Greek coin worth about three cents of our money, which the Greeks were accustomed to place in the mouths of their dead for the purpose, as they thought, of paying Charon his ferry fee.

Fierce Charon frowned when he beheld Hercules for he feared his light boat of bark would sink under his weight, it being only adapted for the light and airy spirits of the dead; but when the son of Jupiter told him his name he was mollified and allowed the hero to take his place at his side.

As soon as the boat had touched the shore, Hercules went toward the gloomy palace of Pluto where he, with difficulty, on account of the darkness, saw Pluto seated upon an ebony throne by the side of his beloved Proserpina.

Pluto was not at all pleased to see the hero, as he hated the living and had interest only in the shades of the dead. When Hercules announced himself, however, he gave him a permit to go round his kingdom and, in addition, acceded to his prayer for the release of Theseus.

At the foot of Pluto's throne Hercules saw Death the Reaper. He was clothed in a black robe spotted with stars and his fleshless hand held the sharp sickle with which he is said to cut down mortals as the reaper cuts down corn.

Our hero was glad to escape from this dismal palace and as he did not know exactly where to find Theseus he began to make the circuit of Hades. During his progress he saw the shades of many people of whom, on earth, he had heard much talk.

He had been wandering about some time when, in a gloomy chamber, he saw three old sisters, wan and worn, spinning by the feeble light of a lamp. They were the Fates, deities whose duty it was to thread the days of all mortals who appeared on earth, were it but for an instant.

Clotho, the spinner of the thread of life, was the eldest of the three. She held in her hand a distaff, wound with black and white woollen yarn, with which were sparingly intermixed strands of silk and gold. The wool stood for the humdrum, every-day life of man: the silk and gold marked the days of mirth and gladness, always, alas! too few in number.

Lachesis, the second of the Fates, was quickly turning with her left hand a spindle, while her right hand was leading a fine thread which the third sister, Atropos by name, used to cut with a pair of sharp shears at the death of each mortal.

You may imagine how hard these three sisters worked when you remember that the thread of life of every mortal had to pass through their fateful fingers. Hercules would have liked them to tell him how long they had yet to spin for him, but they had no time to answer questions and so the hero passed on.

Some steps farther he stopped before three venerable-looking old men, seated upon a judgment seat, judging, as it seemed, a man newly come to Pluto's kingdom.

They were Minos, Æacus and Rhadamanthus, the three judges of Hades, whose duty it was to punish the guilty by casting them into a dismal gulf, Tartarus, whence none might ever emerge, and to reward the innocent by transporting them to the Elysian Fields where delight followed delight in endless pleasure.

These judges could never be mistaken because Themis, the Goddess of Justice, held in front of

them a pair of scales in which she weighed the actions of men. Their decrees were instantly carried out by a pitiless goddess, Nemesis, or Vengeance by name, armed with a whip red with the gore of her sinful victims.

III

BLACK TARTARUS AND THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

Immediately on quitting the presence of the three judges, Hercules saw them open out before him an immense gulf whence arose thick clouds of black smoke. This smoke hid from view a river of fire that rolled its fiery waves onwards with a deafening din.

Not far remote from this rolled Cocytus, another endless stream, fed by the tears of the wretches doomed to Black Tartarus, in which place of eternal torment Hercules now found himself.

The rulers of these mournful regions were the Furies who, with unkempt hair and armed with whips, tormented the condemned without mercy by showing them continually in mirrors the images of their former crimes.

Into Tartarus were thrown, never to come out again, the shades or manes of traitors, ingrates, perjurers, unnatural children, murderers and hypocrites who had during their lives pretended to be upright and honorable in order to deceive the just.

But these wretches were not the only denizens

of Black Tartarus. There were to be seen great scoundrels who had startled the world with their frightful crimes. For these Pluto and the Furies had invented special tortures.

Among the criminals so justly overtaken by the divine vengeance Hercules noticed Salmoneus, whom he had formerly met upon earth. This madman, whose pride had overturned his reason, thought himself to be a god equal to the Thunderer himself.

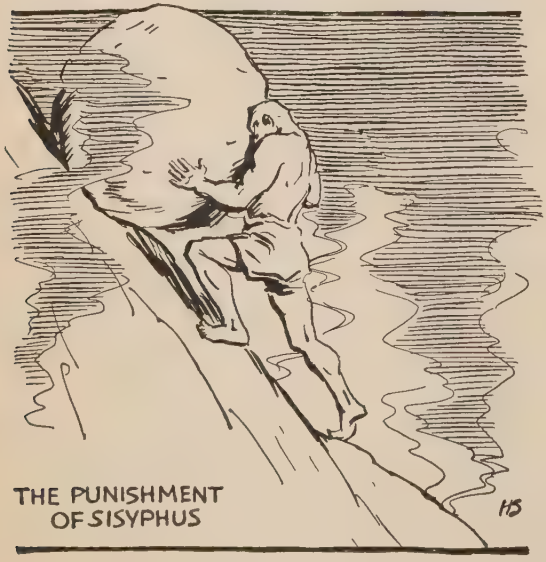
In order to imitate remotely the rolling of thunder, he used to be driven at night, over a brazen bridge, in a chariot, whence he hurled lighted torches upon his unhappy slaves who were crowded on the bridge and whom his guards knocked down in imitation of Jove's thunder-bolts.

Indignant at the pride and cruelty of the tyrant, Jupiter struck him with lightning in deadly earnest and then cast him into the outer darkness of Tartarus, where he was for ever burning without being consumed.

Sisyphus, the brother of Salmoneus, was no better than he. When on earth, he had been the terror of Attica, where, as a brigand, he had robbed and murdered with relentless cruelty.

Theseus, whom Hercules was bent on freeing from his torment, had met and killed this robber-assassin, and Jupiter, for his sins, decreed that the malefactor should continually be rolling up a hill in Tartarus a heavy stone which, when with incredible pains he had brought nearly to the top, always rolled back again, and he had to begin over and over again the heart-breaking ascent.

Some distance from Sisyphus Hercules came upon Tantalus, who, in the flesh, had been King of Phrygia, but who now, weak from hunger and parched with thirst, was made to stand to his chin in water with branches of tempting, luscious fruit hanging ripe over his head. When he essayed to drink the water it always went from him, and when he stretched out his hand to pluck the fruit, back the branches sprang out of reach.



THE PUNISHMENT OF SISYPHUS

In addition an immense rock, hung over his head, threatened every moment to crush him.

It is said that Tantalus, when in the flesh, had betrayed the secrets of the gods and also committed other great crimes. For this he was "tantalized" with food and drink, which, seeming always to be within his reach, ever mocked his hopes by eluding his grasp.

The groans of a crowd of disheveled women next attracted the affrighted attention of Hercules. They were forty-nine of the fifty daughters of Danaus, King of Argos, who, at the instigation of their father, had killed their husbands because Danaus thought they were conspiring to depose him.

One only of the fifty, to wit Hypermnestra, had the courage to disobey this unlawful command and so saved the life of Lynceus, her husband, with whom she fled. Later on Lynceus returned and slew the cruel King in battle.

To punish the forty-nine Danaides, Jupiter cast them into the outer darkness of Black Tartarus, where they were ever engaged in the hopeless task of pouring water into a sieve. Hypermnestra, on the contrary, was honored while alive, and also after her death, for loving goodness even more than she loved her father.

Glutted with horror Hercules at length quitted gloomy Tartarus and beheld in front of him still another river. This was Lethe. Whoso drank the waters of this river, which separated the place of torment from the abode of the blest, lost memory of all that had been aforetime in his mind, and so was no longer troubled by even the remembrance of human misery.

Across Lethe stretched the Elysian Fields where the shades of the blest dwelt in bliss without alloy. An enchanting greenness made the sweet-smelling groves as pleasant to the eye as they were to the sense of smell. Sunlit, yet never parched with torrid heat, everywhere their verdure charmed the delighted eye, and all things conspired to make the shades of the good and wise, who were privileged to dwell in these Elysian Felds, delightfully happy.

Hercules saw, in these shady regions of the blest, a crowd of kings, heroes and men and women of lower degree who, while on earth, had loved and served their fellow-men.

Having at length found and released Theseus, Hercules set out with him for the upper world. The two left Hades by an ivory door, the key of which Pluto had confided to their care.

What awesome tales they had to recount to their wondering friends of the marvels of Black Tartarus and of Radiant Elysium!

IV

THE TUNIC OF NESSUS THE CENTAUR

There abode in Thessaly, in the days of Hercules, a strange race of men who had the head and arms of a man together with the body of a horse. They were called Centaurs, or Bull-Slayers.

One of them named Cheiron, famous for his knowledge of medicine, music and botany, had been the teacher of Hercules. But many of them, although learned, were not good. Hercules and Theseus had waged war on them and had killed many, so that their numbers were greatly lessened.

Having married Deianira, the daughter of a powerful King of Calydon, in Greece, Hercules was traveling home with her when he came to the banks of a river and was at a loss how to cross it. Seeing his perplexity, Nessus, one of the Centaurs, offered to take Deianira on his back and carry her over the stream. This offer Hercules gladly accepted.

No sooner, however, did the crafty Centaur obtain possession of Deianira than he made off with her, intending to have her as his own wife. You can easily imagine how angry this outrage made Hercules. He shot one of his poisoned arrows with so much force that it went right through the traitor Centaur, and wounded him even unto death.

But, before dying, Nessus had time to tell Deianira that if she wanted to keep Hercules always true to her she had but to take his shirt, and, when her husband's love was waning, prevail on him to wear it.

Deianira took the shirt, and shortly afterwards, being afraid that her husband was ceasing to love her, she sent it to him as a present.

Now, you will remember that Hercules had shot through the shirt of Nessus one of his poisoned arrows, and you will not be surprised to hear that some of the poison had remained in the shirt. So when Hercules put it on, which he did immediately upon receiving it, he was seized with frenzy and, in his madness, he uttered terrible cries and did dreadful deeds.

With his powerful hands he broke off huge pieces of rock, tore up pine trees by their roots and hurled them with resounding din into the valley.

He could not take off the fatal shirt, and as he tore off portions of it he tore, at the same time, his quivering flesh.

The servant of Deianira who had carried him the fatal shirt, and who wished to solace him in his pain, he seized as she approached him and flung headlong into the sea, where she was changed into a rock that long, so runs the legend, kept its human form.

But at length the majesty and the courage of the hero asserted themselves, and, although still in agony, his madness left him.

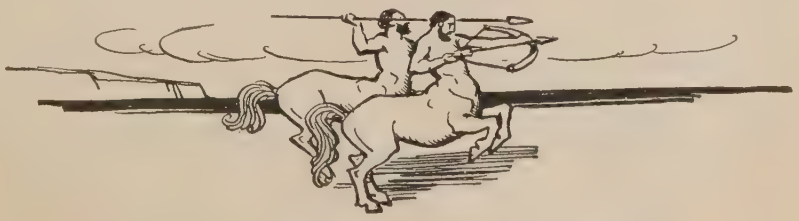
Calling to his side his friend Philoctetes, he wished to embrace him once more before dying; but fearful lest he should, in so doing, infect his friend with the deadly poison that was consuming him, he cried in his agony: "Alas, I am not even permitted to embrace thee!"

Then he gathered together the trees he had uprooted and made a huge funeral pyre, such as was used by the ancients in burning their dead. Climbing to the top of the heap, he spread out the skin of the Nemean lion, and, supporting himself upon his club, gave the signal for Philoctetes to kindle the fire that was to reduce him to ashes.

In return for this service he gave Philoctetes a quiver full of those deadly arrows that had been dipped in the blood of the Hydra of Lerna.

He further enjoined his friend to let no man know of his departure from life, to the intent that the fear of his approach might prevent fresh monsters and new robbers from ravaging the earth.

Thus died Hercules, and after his death he was received as a god amongst the Immortals on Mount Olympus, where he married Hebe, Jove's cupbearer. In his honor mortals were commanded to build altars and to raise temples.



THE PERILOUS VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS

ADAPTED BY ALICE ZIMMERN

Once upon a time, nearly three thousand years ago, the city of Troy in Asia Minor was at the height of its prosperity. It was built on a fortified hill on the southern slopes of the Hellespont, and encircled by strong walls that the gods had helped to build. Through their favor Troy became so strong and powerful that she subdued many of the neighboring states and forced them to fight for her and do her bidding. Thus it happened that when the Greeks came to Asia with an army of 100,000 men, Troy was able to hold out against them for nine years, and in the tenth was taken by a trick only.

In the "Iliad" of Homer you may read all about the quarrel between the Trojans and Greeks, the fighting before Troy and the brave deeds done by Hector and Achilles, and many other heroes. You will see there how the gods took part in the quarrel, and how Juno, who was the wife of Jupiter and queen of heaven, hated Troy because Paris had given the golden apple to Venus as the fairest among goddesses. Juno never forgave this insult to her beauty, and vowed that she would not rest till the hated city was destroyed and its very name wiped from the face of the earth. You shall now hear how she carried out her threat, and overwhelmed Æneas with disasters.

After a siege that lasted ten years Troy was taken at last by means of the wooden horse, which the Trojans foolishly dragged into the city with their own hands. Inside it were hidden a number of Greeks, who were thus carried into the heart of the enemy's city. The Trojans celebrated the departure of the Greeks by feasting and drinking far into the night; but when at last they retired to rest, the Greeks stole out of their hiding-place, and opened the gates to their army, which had only pretended to withdraw. Before the Trojans had recovered their wits the town was full of enemies, who threw blazing torches on the houses and killed every citizen who fell into their hands.

Among the many noble princes who fought against the Greeks none was braver and handsomer than Æneas. His mother was the goddess Venus, and his father a brave and powerful Prince named Anchises, while Creusa, his wife, was one of King Priam's daughters. On that dreadful night, when the Greeks were burning and killing in the very streets of Troy, Æneas lay sleeping in his palace when there appeared to him a strange vision. He thought that Hector stood before him carrying the images of the Trojan gods and bade him arise and leave the doomed city. "To you Troy entrusts her gods and her fortunes. Take these images, and go forth beyond the seas, and with their auspices found a new Troy on foreign shores."

Roused from his slumbers Æneas sprang up in haste, put on his armor and rushed into the fray. He was joined by a few comrades, and together they made their way through the enemy, killing all who blocked their path. But when they reached the royal palace and found that the Greeks had already forced their way in and killed the aged man by his own hearth, Æneas remembered his father and his wife and his little son Ascanius. Since he could not hope to save the city he might at least take thought for his own kin. While he still hesitated whether to retire or continue the fight, his goddess mother appeared and bade him go and succor his household. "Your efforts to save the city are vain," she said. "The gods themselves make war on Troy. Juno stands by the gate urging on the Greeks, Jupiter supplies them with hope and courage, and Neptune is breaking down with his trident the walls he helped to raise. Fly, my son, fly. I will bring you safely to your own threshold."

Guided by her protecting hand, Æneas came in safety to his palace, and bade his family prepare in all haste for flight. But his father refused to stir a step. "Let me die here at the enemy's hands," he implored. "Better thus than to go into exile in my old age. Do you go, my son, whither the gods summon you, and leave me to my fate." In vain Æneas reasoned and pleaded, in vain he refused to go without his father; neither prayers nor entreaties would move Anchises till the gods sent him a sign. Suddenly the child's hair burst into flames. The father and mother were terrified, but Anchises recognized the good omen, and prayed the gods to show whether his interpretation was the true one. In answer there came a clap of thunder and a star flashed across the sky and disappeared among the woods on Mount Ida. Then Anchises was sure that the token was a true

one. "Delay no more!" he cried. "I will accompany you, and go in hope wheresoever the gods of my country shall lead me. This is a sign from heaven, and the gods, if it be their will, may yet preserve our city."

"Come then, father!" cried Æneas joyfully. "Let me take you on my back, for your feeble limbs would move too slowly for the present danger. You shall hold the images of the gods, since it would be sacrilege for me to touch them with my blood-stained hands. Little Ascanius shall take my hand, and Creusa will follow us closely.

He now ordered the servants to collect all the most valuable possessions, and bring them to him at the temple of Ceres, just outside the city. Then he set out with father, wife and son, and they groped their way through the city by the light of burning homesteads. Thus they passed at last through the midst of the enemy, and reached the temple of Ceres. There, to his dismay, Æneas missed Creusa. He rushed back to the city and made his way to his own house. He found it in flames, and the enemy sacking the ruins. Nowhere could he find a trace of his wife. Wild with grief and anxiety he wandered at random through the city till suddenly he fancied he saw Creusa. But it was her ghost, not her living self. She spoke to her distracted husband and bade him grieve no more. "Think not," she said, "that this has befallen without the will of the gods. The Fates have decided that Creusa shall not follow you to your new home. There are long and weary wanderings before you, and you must traverse many stormy seas before you come to the western land where the river Tiber pours its gentle stream through the fertile pastures of Italy. There shall you find a kingdom and a royal bride. Cease then to mourn for Creusa." Æneas tried to clasp her in his arms, but in vain, for he only grasped the empty air. Then he understood that the gods desired him to go forth into the world alone.

While Æneas was seeking Creusa a group of Trojans who had escaped the enemy and the flames had collected at the temple of Ceres, and he found them ready and willing to join him and follow his fortunes. The first rays of the sun were touching the peaks of Ida when Æneas and his comrades turned their backs on the ill-fated city, and went toward the rising sun and the new hope.

For several months Æneas and his little band of followers lived as refugees among the hills of Ida, and their numbers grew as now one, now another, came to join them. All through the winter they were hard at work cutting down trees and building ships, which were to carry them across the seas. When spring came the fleet was ready, and the little band set sail. First they merely crossed the Hellespont to Thrace, for Æneas hoped to found a city here and revive the name of Troy. But bad omens came to frighten the Trojans and drive them back to their ships.

They now took a southward course, and sailed on without stopping till they reached Delos, the sacred isle of Apollo. Here Æneas entered the temple and offered prayer to the lord of prophecy. "Grant us a home, Apollo, grant us an abiding city. Preserve a second Troy for the scanty remnant that escaped the swords of the Greeks and the wrath of cruel Achilles. Tell us whom to follow, whither to turn, where to found our city."

His prayer was not offered in vain, for a voice spoke in answer. "Ye hardy sons of Dardanus, the land that erst sent forth your ancestral race shall welcome you back to its fertile fields. Go and seek your ancient mother. There shall the offspring of Æneas rule over all the lands, and their children's children unto the furthest generations."

When he had heard this oracle, Anchises said, "In the middle of the sea lies an island called Crete, which is sacred to Jupiter. There we shall find an older Mount Ida, and beside it the cradle of our race. Thence, if tradition speaks truth, our great ancestor Teucrus set sail for Asia and there he founded his kingdom, and named our mountain Ida. Let us steer our course therefore to Crete, and if Jupiter be propitious, the third dawn will bring us to its shores."

Accordingly they set out again full of hope, and passed in and out again among the gleaming islands of the Ægean, till at last they came to Crete. There they disembarked, and began to build a city. The houses were rising, the citadel was almost ready, the fields were planted and sown, and the young men were seeking wives, when suddenly the crops were stricken by a blight and the men by a pestilence. Surely, they thought, this could not be the home promised them by Apollo. In this distress Anchises bade his son return to Delos and implore the gods to vouchsafe further counsel.

At night Æneas lay down to rest, troubled by many anxieties, when suddenly he was roused by the moonlight streaming through the window and illuminating the images of the Trojan gods. It seemed as though they opened their lips and spoke to him. "All that Apollo would have told you at Delos, we may declare to you here, for

he has given us a message to you. We followed your arms after the burning of Troy, and traversed the ocean under your guidance, and we shall raise your descendants to the stars and give dominion to their city. But do not seek it here. These are not the shores that Apollo assigns you, nor may Crete be your abiding place. Far to the west lies the land which the Greeks called Hesperia, but which now bears the name of Italy. There is our destined home; thence came Dardanus, our great ancestor and the father of our race."

Amazed at this vision, Æneas sprang up and lifted his hands to heaven in prayer. Then he hastened to tell Anchises of this strange event. They resolved to tarry no longer, but turning their backs on the rising walls they drew their ships down to the sea again, and once more set forth in search of a new country.

Now they sailed towards the west, and rounded the south of Greece into the Ionian Sea. But a storm drove them out of their course, and the darkness was so thick that they could not tell night from day, and the helmsman, Palinurus, knew not whither he was steering. Thus they were tossed about aimlessly for three days and nights, till at last they saw land ahead and, lowering their sails, rowed safely into a quiet harbor. Not a human being was in sight, but herds of cattle grazed on the pastures, and goats sported untended on the rocks. Here was even food in plenty for hungry men. They killed oxen and goats, and made ready a feast for themselves, and a sacrifice for the gods. The repast was prepared, and Æneas and his comrades were about to enjoy it, when a sound of rustling wings was heard all round them. Horrible creatures, half birds, half women, with long talons and cruel beaks, swooped down on the tables and carried off the food before the eyes of the terrified banqueters. These were the Harpies, who had once been sent to plague King Phineus, and when they were driven away by two of the Argonauts, Zetes and Calais, took refuge in these islands. In vain the Trojans attacked them with their swords, for the monsters would fly out of reach, and then dart back again on a sudden, and pounce once more on the food, while Celæno, chief of the Harpies, perched on a rock and chanted in hoarse tones a prophecy of ill omen. "You that kill our oxen and seek to drive us from our rightful home, hearken to my words, which Jupiter declared to Apollo, and Apollo told even to me. You are sailing to Italy, and you shall reach Italy and enter its harbors. But you are not destined to surround your city with a wall, till cruel hunger and vengeance for the wrong you have done us force you to gnaw your very tables with your teeth."

When the Trojans heard this terrible prophecy their hearts sank within them, and Anchises, lifting his hands to heaven, besought the gods to avert this grievous doom. Thus, full of sad forebodings, they returned to their ships.

Their way now lay along the western coast of Greece, and they were glad to slip unnoticed past the rocky island of Ithaca, the home of Ulysses the wily. For they did not know that he was still held captive by the nymph Calypso, and that many years were to pass before he should be restored to his kingdom. They next cast anchor off Leucadia, and passed the winter in these regions. In spring they sailed north again, and landed in Epirus, and here to their surprise they found Helenus, one of the sons of Priam, ruling over a Greek people. He welcomed his kinsman joyfully and, having the gift of prophecy from Apollo, foretold the course of his wanderings. "Italy, which you deem so near, is a far-distant land, and many adventures await you before you reach that shore where lies your destined home. Before you reach it, you will visit Sicily, and the realms of the dead and the island of Circe. But I will give you a sign whereby you may know the appointed place. When by the banks of a secluded stream you shall see a huge white sow with her thirty young ones, then shall you have reached the limit of your wanderings. Be sure to avoid the eastern coast of Italy opposite these shores. Wicked Greek tribes have their dwelling there, and it is safer to pass at once to the western coast. On your left, you will hear in the Strait the thundering roar of Charybdis, and on the right grim Scylla sits scowling in her cave ready to spring on the unwary traveler. Better take a long circuit round Sicily than come even within sight and sound of Scylla. As soon as you touch the western shores of Italy, go to the city of Cumæ and the Sibyl's cavern. Try to win her favor, and she will tell you of the nations of Italy and the wars yet to come, and how you may avoid each peril and accomplish every labor. One warning would I give you and enjoin it with all my power. If you desire to reach your journey's end in safety, forget not to do homage to Juno. Offer up prayers to her divinity, load her altars with gifts. Then, and then only, may you hope for a happy issue from all your troubles!"

So once more the Trojans set sail, and obedient to the warnings of Helenus they avoided the eastern coast of Italy, and struck southward towards Sicily. Far up the channel they heard the

A RAGGED HALF-STARVED WRETCH RAN OUT OF THE WOODS

roar of Charybdis and hastened their speed in fear. Soon the snowy cone of Etna came into view with its column of smoke rising heavenward. As they lay at anchor hard by, a ragged, half-starved wretch ran out of the woods calling loudly on Æneas for succor. This was one of the comrades of Ulysses, who had been left behind by mistake, and lived in perpetual dread of the savage Cyclôpes. Æneas was moved to pity, and though the man was a Greek and an enemy, he took him on board and gave him food and succor. Before they left this place they had a glimpse of Polyphemus himself. The blind giant came down the cliff with his flock, feeling his way with a huge staff of pine-trunk. He even stepped into the sea, and walked far out without wetting his thighs. The Trojans hastily slipped their cables, and made away. Polyphemus heard the sound of their oars, and called his brother Cyclôpes to come and seize the strangers, but they were too late to overtake the fugitives.

After this they continued their southward course, passing the island where Syracuse now stands, and rounding the southern coast of Sicily. Then they sailed past the tall rock of Acragas and palm-loving Selinus, and so came to the western corner, where the harbor of Drepanun gave them shelter. Here a sorrow overtook Æneas, that neither the harpy nor the seer had foretold. Anchises, weary with wandering and sick of long-deferred hope, fell ill and died. Sadly Æneas sailed from hence without his trusted friend and counselor, and steered his course for Italy.

At last the goal seemed at hand and the dangers of the narrow strait had been escaped. But Æneas had a far more dangerous enemy than Scylla and Charybdis, for Juno's wrath was not yet appeased. He had offered prayer and sacrifice, as Helenus bade him, but her long-standing grudge was not so easily forgotten. She hated Troy and the Trojans with an undying hatred, and would not suffer even these few storm-tossed wanderers to seek their new home in peace. She knew too that it was appointed by the Fates that a descendant of this fugitive Trojan should one day found a city destined to eclipse in wealth and glory her favorite city of Carthage. This she desired to avert at all costs, and if even the queen of heaven was not strong enough to overrule fate, at least she resolved that the Trojans should not enter into their inheritance without many and grievous tribulations.

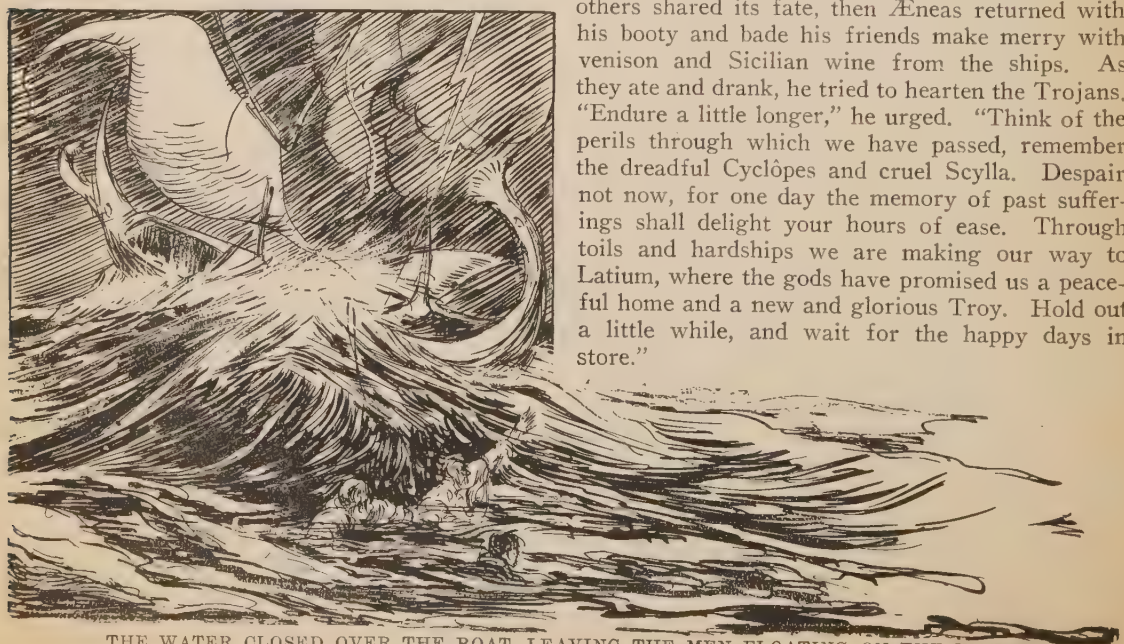
Off the northern coast of Sicily lies a group of small islands, still called the Æolian Isles, after Æolus, king of the winds, whose palace stood upon the largest. Here he lived in a rock-bound castle, and kept the boisterous winds fast bound in strong dungeons, that they might not go forth unbidden

to work havoc and destruction. But for his restraining hand they would have burst forth and swept away land and sea in their fury. To this rocky fortress Juno came with a request to Æolus. "Men of a race hateful to me are now crossing the sea. I beseech you, therefore, send a storm to scatter the ships and drown the men in the waves. As a reward I will give you one of my fairest nymphs in marriage." Thus she urged, and at her bidding Æolus struck the rock and the prison gates were opened. The winds at once rushed forth in all directions. The clouds gathered and blotted out sky and daylight, thunder roared and lightning flashed, and the Trojans thought their last hour had come. Even Æneas lost heart, and envied the lot of those who fell before Troy by the sword of Diomede. Soon a violent gust struck his ship, the oars were broken, and the prow turned round and exposed the side to the waves. The water closed over it, then opened again, and drew down the vessel, leaving the men floating on the water. Three ships were dashed against sunken rocks, three were driven among the shallows and blocked with a mound of sand. Another was struck from stem to stern, then sucked down into a whirlpool. One after another the rest succumbed, and it seemed as if each moment must see their utter destruction.

Meantime Neptune in his palace at the bottom of the sea had noticed the sudden disturbance of the waters, and now put out his head above the waves to learn the cause of this commotion. When he saw the shattered Trojan ships he guessed that this was Juno's work. Instantly he summoned the winds and chid them for daring to disturb the waters without his leave. "Begone," he said, "and tell your master Æolus that the dominion of the sea is mine, not his. Let him be content to keep guard over you and see that you do not escape from your prison." While he spoke Neptune was busy calming the waters, and it was not long before he put the clouds to flight and brought back the sunshine. Nymphs came to push the ships off the rocks, and Neptune himself opened a way out of the shallows. Then he returned to his chariot, and his white horses carried him lightly across the calm waters.

Thankful to have saved a few of his ships, all shattered and leaking as they were, Æneas bade the helmsman steer for the nearest land. What was their joy to see within easy reach a quiet harbor closed in by a sheltering island. The entrance was guarded by twin cliffs, and a forest background closed in the scene. Once within this shelter the weary vessels needed no anchor to secure them. Here at last Æneas and his comrades could stretch their aching limbs on dry land. They kindled a fire of leaves with a flint, and dried their sodden corn for a scanty meal.

Æneas now climbed one of the hills to see whether he might catch a glimpse of any of the missing ships. Not a sail was in sight, but in the valley below he spied a herd of deer grazing. Here was better food for hungry men. Drawing an arrow from his quiver, he fitted it to his bow, let fly, and a mighty stag fell to his aim. Six others shared its fate, then Æneas returned with his booty and bade his friends make merry with venison and Sicilian wine from the ships. As they ate and drank, he tried to hearten the Trojans. "Endure a little longer," he urged. "Think of the perils through which we have passed, remember the dreadful Cyclôpes and cruel Scylla. Despair not now, for one day the memory of past sufferings shall delight your hours of ease. Through toils and hardships we are making our way to Latium, where the gods have promised us a peaceful home and a new and glorious Troy. Hold out a little while, and wait for the happy days in store."



THE WATER CLOSED OVER THE BOAT, LEAVING THE MEN FLOATING ON THE WATER

HOW CINCINNATUS SAVED ROME

ADAPTED BY ALFRED J. CHURCH

It came to pass that the Æquians brake the treaty of peace which they had made with Rome, and, taking one Gracchus Clœlius for their leader, marched into the land of Tusculum; and when they had plundered the country thereabouts, and had gathered together much booty, they pitched their camp on Mount Ægidus. To them the Romans sent three ambassadors, who should complain of the wrong done and seek redress. But when they would have fulfilled their errand, Gracchus the Æquin spake, saying, "If ye have any message from the Senate of Rome, tell it to this oak, for I have other business to do;" for it chanced that there was a great oak that stood hard by, and made a shadow over the general's tent. Then one of the ambassadors, as he turned to depart, made reply, "Yes, let this sacred oak and all the gods that are in heaven hear how ye have wrongfully broken the treaty of peace; and let them that hear help us also in the day of battle, when we shall avenge on you the laws both of gods and of men that ye set at nought."

When the ambassadors had returned to Rome the Senate commanded that there should be levied two armies; and that Minucius the Consul should march with the one against the Æquians on Mount Ægidus, and that the other should hinder the enemy from their plundering. This levying the tribunes of the Commons sought to hinder; and perchance had done so, but there also came well-night to the walls of the city a great host of the Sabines plundering all the country. Thereupon the people willingly offered themselves and there were levied forthwith two great armies. Nevertheless when the Consul Minucius had marched to Mount Ægidus, and had pitched his camp not far from the Æquians, he did nought for fear of the enemy, but kept himself within his entrenchments. And when the enemy perceived that he was afraid, growing the bolder for his lack of courage, they drew lines about him, keeping him in on every side. Yet before that he was altogether shut up there escaped from his camp five horsemen, that bare tidings to Rome how that the Consul, together with his army, was besieged. The people were sorely dismayed to hear such tidings; nor, when they cast about for help, saw they any man that might be sufficient for such peril, save only Cincinnatus. By common consent, therefore, he was made Dictator for six months, a thing that may well be noted by those who hold that nothing is to be accounted of in comparison of riches, and that no man may win great honor or show forth singular virtue unless he be well furnished with wealth. For here in this great peril of the Roman people there was no hope of safety but in one who was cultivating with his own hand a little plot of scarcely three acres of ground. For when the messengers of the people came to him they found him plowing, or, as some say, digging a ditch. When they had greeted each other, the messengers said, "May the Gods prosper this thing to the Roman people and to thee. Put on thy robe and hear the words of the people." Then said Cincinnatus, being not a little astonished, "Is all well?" and at the same time he called to his wife Racilia that she should bring forth his robe from the cottage. So she brought it forth, and the man wiped from him the dust and the sweat, and clad himself in his robe, and stood before the messengers. These said to him, "The people of Rome make thee Dictator, and bid thee come forthwith to the city." And at the same time they told how the Consul and his army were besieged by the Æquians. So Cincinnatus departed to Rome; and when he came to the other side of the Tiber there met him first his three sons, and next many of his kinsfolk and friends, and after them a numerous company of the nobles. These all conducted him to his house, the lictors, four and twenty in number, marching before him. There was also assembled a very great concourse of the people, fearing much how the Dictator might deal with them, for they knew what manner of man he was, and that there was no limit to his power, nor any appeal from him.

The next day, before dawn, the Dictator came into the market-place, and appointed one Lucius Tarquinius to be Master of the Horse. This Tarquinius was held by common consent to excel all other men in exercises of war; only, though, being a noble by birth he should have been among the horsemen, he had served for lack of means, as a foot soldier. This done he called an assembly of the people and commanded that all the shops

in the city should be shut; that no man should concern himself with any private business, but all that were of an age to go to the war should be present before sunset in the Field of Mars, each man having with him provisions of cooked food for five days, and twelve stakes. As for them that were past the age, they should prepare the food while the young men made ready their arms and sought for the stakes. These last they took as they found them, no man hindering them; and

THE ÆQUIANS PASSED UNDER THE YOKE

when the time appointed by the Dictator was come, all were assembled, ready, as occasion might serve, either to march or to give battle. Forthwith they set out, the Dictator leading the foot soldiers by their legions, and Tarquinius the horsemen, and each bidding them that followed make all haste. "We must needs come," they said, "to our journey's end while it is yet night. Remember that the Consul and his army have been besieged now for three days, and that no man knows what a day or a night may bring forth." The soldiers themselves also were zealous to obey, crying out to the standard-bearers that they should quicken their steps, and to their fellows that they should not lag behind. Thus they came at midnight to Mount Ædigus, and when they perceived that the enemy was at hand they halted the standards. Then the Dictator rode forward to see, so far as the darkness would suffer him, how great was the camp of the Æquians and after what fashion it was pitched. This done, he commanded that the baggage should be gathered together into a heap, and that the soldiers should stand every man in his own place. After this he compassed about the whole army of the enemy with his own army, and commanded that at a set signal every man should shout, and when they had shouted should dig a trench and set up therein the stakes. This the soldiers did, and the noise of the shouting passed over the camp of the enemy and came into the city, causing therein great joy, even as it caused great fear in the camp. For the Romans cried, "These be our countrymen and they bring us help." Then said the Consul, "We must make no delay. By that shout is signified, not that they are come only, but that they are already dealing with the enemy. Doubtless the camp of the Æquians is even now assailed from without. Take ye your arms and follow me." So the legion went forth, it being yet night, to the battle, and as they went they shouted, that the Dictator might be aware. Now the Æquians had set themselves to hinder the making of a ditch and rampart which should shut them in; but when the Romans from the camp fell upon them, fearing lest these should make their way through the midst of their camp, they left them that were with Cincinnatus to finish their entrenching, and fought with the Consul. And when it was now light, lo! they were already shut in, and the Romans, having finished their entrenching, began to trouble them. And when the Æquians perceived that the battle was now on either side of them, they could withstand no longer, but sent ambassadors praying for peace, and saying, "Ye have prevailed; slay us not, but rather permit us to depart, leaving our arms behind us." Then said the Dictator, "I care not to have the blood of the Æquians. Ye may depart, but ye shall depart passing under the yoke, that ye may thus acknowledge to all men that ye are indeed vanquished." Now the yoke is thus made. There are set up in the ground two spears, and over them is bound by ropes a third spear. So the Æquians passed under the yoke.

In the camp of the enemy there was found abundance of spoil. This the Dictator gave wholly to his own soldiers. "Ye were well-nigh a spoil to the enemy," said he to the army of the Consul, "therefore ye shall have no share in the spoiling of them. As for thee, Minucius, be thou a lieutenant only till thou hast learnt how to bear thyself as a consul." Meanwhile at Rome there was held a meeting of the Senate, at which it was commanded that Cincinnatus should enter the city in triumph, his soldiers following him in order of march. Before his chariot there were led the generals of the enemy; also the standards were carried in the front; and after these came the army, every man laden with spoil. That day there was great rejoicing in the city, every man setting forth a banquet before his doors in the street.

After this, Virginius, that had borne false witness against Cæso, was found guilty of perjury, and went into exile. And when Cincinnatus saw that justice had been done to this evil-doer, he resigned his dictatorship, having held it for sixteen days only.

He Set Sail For Daneland

BEOWULF

ADAPTED BY H. E. MARSHALL

I

HOW BEOWULF OVERCAME THE OGRE AND THE WATER-WITCH

Long ago, there lived in Daneland a King, beloved of all, called Hrothgar. He was valiant and mighty in war, overcoming all his foes and taking from them much spoil. Looking upon his great treasure, King Hrothgar said, "I will build me a great hall. It shall be vast and wide, adorned within and without with gold and ivory, with gems and carved work. It shall be a hall of joy and feasting."

Then King Hrothgar called his workmen and gave them commandment to build the hall. They set to work, and becoming each day more fair, the hall was at length finished. It stood upon a height, vast and stately, and as it was adorned with the horns of deer, King Hrothgar named it Hart Hall. The King made a great feast. To it his warriors young and old were called, and he divided his treasure, giving to each rings of gold. And so in the hall there was laughter and song and great merriment. Every evening when the shadows fell, and the land grew dark without, the knights and warriors gathered in the hall to feast. And when the feast was over, and the great fire roared upon the earth, the minstrel took his harp and sang. Far over dreary fen and moorland the light glowed cheerfully, and the sound of song and harp awoke the deep silence of the night. Within the hall was light and gladness, but without there was wrath and hate. For far on the moor there lived a wicked giant named Grendel, prowling at night to see what evil he might do.

Very terrible was this ogre Grendel to look upon. Thick black hair hung about his face, and his teeth were long and sharp, like the tusks of an animal. His huge body and great hairy arms had the strength of ten men. He wore no armor, for his skin was tougher than any coat of mail that man or giant might weld. His nails were like steel and sharper than daggers, and by his side there hung a great pouch in which he carried off those whom he was ready to devour. Day by day the music of harp and song was a torture to him and made him more and more mad with jealous hate.

At length he crept through the darkness to Hart Hall where the warriors slept after feast and song. Arms and armor had been thrown aside, so with ease the ogre slew thirty of the bravest. Howling with wicked joy he carried them off and devoured them. The next night, again the wicked one crept stealthily through the darkening moorland until he reached Hart Hall, stretched forth his hand, and seized the bravest of the warriors. In the morning each man swore that he would not again sleep beneath the roof of the hall. For twelve years it stood thus, no man daring, except in the light of day, to enter it.

And now it came to pass that across the sea in far Gothland the tale of Grendel and his wrath was carried to Beowulf the Goth, who said he would go to King Hrothgar to help him. Taking with him fifteen good comrades, he set sail for Daneland.

When Hrothgar was told that Beowulf had come to help him, he said, "I knew him when he was yet a lad. His father and his mother have I known. Truly he hath sought a friend. I have heard that he is much renowned in war, and hath the strength of thirty men in the grip of his hand. I pray Heaven he hath been sent to free us from the horror of Grendel. Bid Beowulf and his warriors to enter."

Guided by the Danish knight, Beowulf and his men went into Hart Hall and stood before the aged Hrothgar. After friendly words of greeting Beowulf said, "And now will I fight against Grendel, bearing neither sword nor shield. With my hands alone will I grapple with the fiend, and foe to foe we will fight for victory."

That night Beowulf's comrades slept in Hart Hall. Beowulf alone remained awake. Out of the mists of the moorland the Evil Thing strode. Loud he laughed as he gazed upon the sleeping warriors. Beowulf, watchful and angry, curbed his wrath. Grendel seized one of the men, drank his blood, crushed his bones, and swallowed his horrid feast. Then Beowulf caught the monster and fought till the noise of the contest was as of thunder. The knights awoke and tried to plunge their swords into the hide of Grendel, but in vain. By enchantments he had made himself safe. At length the fight came to an end. The sinews in Grendel's shoulder burst, the bones cracked. The ogre tore himself free, leaving his arm in Beowulf's mighty grip.

Sobbing forth his death-song, Grendel fled till

he reached his dwelling in the lake of the water-dragons, and there plunged in. The dark waves closed over him and he sank to his home. Loud were the songs of triumph in Hart Hall, great the rejoicing, for Beowulf had made good his boast. He had cleansed the hall of the ogre. A splendid feast was made and much treasure given to Beowulf by the King and Queen.

Again did the Dane lords sleep in the great hall, but far away in the water-dragons' lake the mother of Grendel wept over the dead body of her son, desiring revenge. Very terrible to look upon was this water-witch. As the darkness fell she crept across the moorland to Hart Hall. In she rushed eager for slaughter. A wild cry rang through the hall. The water-witch fled, but in doing so carried off the best-beloved of all the King's warriors.

Quickly was Beowulf called and he rode forth to the dark lake. Down and down he dived till he came to the cave of the water-witch whom he killed after a desperate struggle. Hard by on a couch lay the body of Grendel. Drawing his sword he smote off the ogre's head. Swimming up with it he reached the surface and sprang to land, and was greeted by his faithful thanes. Four of them were needed to carry the huge head back to Hart Hall.

His task being done Beowulf made haste to return to his own land that he might seek his own King, Hygelac, and lay before him the treasures that Hrothgar had given him. With gracious words the old King thanked the young warrior, and bade him to come again right speedily. Hygelac listened with wonder and delight to all that had happened in Daneland and graciously received the splendid gifts.

For many years Beowulf lived beloved of all, and when it befell that Hygelac died in battle, the broad realm of Gothland was given unto Beowulf to rule. And there for fifty years he reigned a well-loved King.

II

HOW THE FIRE DRAGON WARRED WITH THE GOTH FOLK

And now when many years had come and gone and the realm had long time been at peace, sorrow came upon the people of the Goths. And thus it was that the evil came.

It fell upon a time that a slave by his misdeeds roused his master's wrath, and when his lord would have punished him he fled in terror. And as he fled trembling to hide himself, he came by chance into a great cave.

There the slave hid, thankful for refuge. But soon he had cause to tremble in worse fear than before, for in the darkness of the cave he saw that a fearful dragon lay asleep. Then as the slave gazed in terror at the awful beast, he saw that it lay guarding a mighty treasure.

Never had he seen such a mass of wealth. Swords and armor inlaid with gold, cups and vessels of gold and silver set with precious stones, rings and bracelets lay piled around in glittering heaps.

For hundreds of years this treasure had lain there in secret. A great prince had buried it in sorrow for his dead warriors. In his land there had been much fighting until he alone of all his people was left. Then in bitter grief he gathered all his treasure and hid it in this cave.

"Take, O earth," he cried, "what the heroes might not keep. Lo! good men and true once before earned it from thee. Now a war-like death hath taken away every man of my people. There is none now to bear the sword or receive the cup. There is no more joy in the battlefield or in the hall of peace. So here shall the gold-adorned helmet molder, here the coat of mail rust and the wine-cup lie empty."

Thus the sad prince mourned. Beside his treasure he sat weeping both day and night until death took him also, and of all his people there was none left.

So the treasure lay hidden and secret for many a day.

Then upon a time it happened that a great dragon, fiery-eyed and fearful, as it flew by night and prowled seeking mischief, came upon the buried hoard.

As men well know, a dragon ever loved the gold. So to guard his new-found wealth lest any should come to rob him of it, he laid him down there and the cave became his dwelling. Thus for three hundred years he lay gloating over his treasure, no man disturbing him.

But now at length it chanced that the fleeing slave lighted upon the hoard. His eyes were dazzled by the shining heap. Upon it lay a cup of gold, wondrously chased and adorned.

"If I can but gain that cup," said the slave to himself, "I will return with it to my master, and for the sake of the gold he will surely forgive me."

So while the dragon slept, trembling and fearful the slave crept nearer and nearer to the glittering mass. When he came quite near he reached forth

his hand and seized the cup. Then with it he fled back to his master.

It befell then as the slave had foreseen. For the sake of the wondrous cup his misdeeds were forgiven him.

But when the dragon awoke his fury was great. Well knew he that mortal man had trod his cave and stolen of his hoard.

Round and round about he sniffed and searched until he discovered the footprints of his foe. Eagerly then all over the ground he sought to find the man who, while he slept, had done him this ill. Hot and fierce of mood he went backwards and forwards round about his treasure-heaps. All within the cave he searched in vain. Then coming forth he searched without. All round the hill in which his cave was he prowled, but no man could he find, nor in all the wilds around was there any man.

Again the old dragon returned, again he searched among his treasure-heap for the precious cup. Nowhere was it to be found. It was too surely gone.

But the dragon, as well as loving gold, loved war. So now in angry mood he lay couched in his lair. Scarce could he wait until darkness fell, such was his wrath. With fire he was resolved to repay the loss of his dear drinking-cup.

At last, to the joy of the great winged beast, the sun sank. Then forth from his cave he came, flaming fire.

Spreading his mighty wings, he flew through the air until he came to the houses of men. Then spitting forth flame, he set fire to many a happy homestead. Wherever the lightning of his tongue struck, there fire flamed forth, until where the fair homes of men had been there was naught but blackened ruins. Here and there, this way and that, through all the land he sped, and wherever he passed fire flamed aloft.

The warfare of the dragon was seen from far. The malice of the worm was known from north to south, from east to west. All men knew how the fearful foe hated and ruined the Goth folk.

Then having worked mischief and desolation all night through, the fire-dragon turned back; to his secret cave he slunk again ere break of day. Behind him he left the land wasted and desolate.

The dragon had no fear of the revenge of man. In his fiery warfare he trusted to find shelter in his hill, and in his secret cave. But in that trust he was misled.

Speedily to King Beowulf were the tidings of the dragon and his spoiling carried. For alas! even his own fair palace was wrapped in flame. Before his eyes he saw the fiery tongues lick up his treasures. Even the Gift-seat of the Goths melted in fire.

Then was the good King sorrowful. His heart boiled within him with angry thoughts. The fire-dragon had utterly destroyed the pleasant homes of his people. For this the war-prince greatly desired to punish him.

Therefore did Beowulf command that a great shield should be made for him, all of iron. He knew well that a shield of wood could not help him in this need. Wood against fire! Nay, that were useless. His shield must be all of iron.

Too proud, too, was Beowulf, the hero of old time, to seek the winged beast with a troop of soldiers. Not thus would he overcome him. He feared not for himself, nor did he dread the dragon's war-craft. For with his valor and his skill Beowulf had succeeded many a time. He had been victorious in many a tumult of battle since that day when a young man and a warrior prosperous in victory, he had cleansed Hart Hall by grappling with Grendel and his kin.

And now when the great iron shield was ready, he chose eleven of his best thanes and set out to seek the dragon. Very wrathful was the old King, very desirous that death should take his fiery foe. He hoped, too, to win the great treasure of gold which the fell beast guarded. For already Beowulf had learned whence the feud arose, whence came the anger which had been so hurtful to his people. And the precious cup, the cause of all the quarrel, had been brought to him.

With the band of warriors went the slave who had stolen the cup. He it was who must be their guide to the cave, for he alone of all men living knew the way thither. Loth he was to be their guide. But captive and bound he was forced to lead the way over the plain to the dragon's hill.

Unwillingly he went with lagging footsteps until at length he came to the cave hard by the seashore. There by the sounding waves lay the savage guardian of the treasure. Ready for war and fierce was he. It was no easy battle that was there prepared for any man, brave though he might be.

And now on the rocky point above the sea King Beowulf sat himself down. Here he would bid farewell to all his thanes ere he began the combat. For what man might tell which from that fight should come forth victorious.

Beowulf's mind was sad. He was now old. His hair was white, his face was wrinkled and gray. But still his arm was strong as that of a young man. Yet something within him warned him that death was not far off.

So upon the rocky point he sat and bade farewell to his dear comrades.

"In my youth," said the aged King, "many battles have I dared, and yet must I, the guardian of my people, though I be full of years, seek still another feud. And again will I win glory if the wicked spoiler of my land will but come forth from his lair."

Much he spoke. With loving words he bade farewell to each one of his men, greeting his dear comrades for the last time.

"I would not bear a sword or weapon against the winged beast," he said at length, "if I knew how else I might grapple with the wretch, as of old I did with Grendel. But I ween this war-fire is hot, fierce, and poisonous. Therefore, I have clad me in a coat of mail, and bear this shield all of iron. I will not flee a single step from the guardian of the treasure. But to us upon this rampart it shall be as fate will.

"Now let me make no more vaunting speech. Ready to fight am I. Let me forth against the winged beast. Await ye here on the mount, clad in your coats of mail, your arms ready. Abide ye here until ye see which of us twain in safety cometh forth from the clash of battle.

"It is no enterprise for you, or for any common man. It is mine alone. Alone I needs must go against the wretch and prove myself a warrior. I must with courage win the gold, or else deadly, baleful war shall fiercely snatch me, your lord, from life."

Then Beowulf arose. He was all clad in shining armor, his gold-decked helmet was upon his head, and taking his shield in hand he strode under the stony cliffs towards the cavern's mouth. In the strength of his single arm he trusted against the fiery dragon.

No enterprise this for a coward.

III

HOW BEOWULF OVERCAME THE DRAGON

Beowulf left his comrades upon the rocky point jutting out into the sea, and alone he strode onward until he spied a great stone arch. From beneath the arch, from out the hillside, flowed a stream seething with fierce, hot fire. In this way the dragon guarded his lair, for it was impossible to pass such a barrier unhurt.

So upon the edge of this burning river Beowulf stood and called aloud in anger. Stout of heart and wroth against the winged beast was he.

The King's voice echoed like a war-cry through the cavern. The dragon heard it and was aroused to fresh hate of man. For the guardian of the treasure-hoard knew well the sound of mortal voice. Now was there no long pause ere battle raged.

First from out the cavern flamed forth the breath of the winged beast. Hot sweat of battle rose from out the rock. The earth shook and growling thunder trembled through the air.

The dragon, ringed around with many-colored scales, was now hot for battle, and, as the hideous beast crept forth, Beowulf raised his mighty shield and rushed against him.

Already the King had drawn his sword. It was an ancient heirloom, keen of edge and bright. Many a time it had been dyed in blood; many a time it had won glory and victory.

But ere they closed, the mighty foes paused. Each knew the hate and deadly power of the other.

The mighty Prince, firm and watchful, stood guarded by his shield. The dragon, crouching as in ambush, awaited him.

Then suddenly like a flaming arch the dragon bent and towered, and dashed upon the Lord of the Goths. Up swung the arm of the hero, and dealt a mighty blow to the grisly, many-colored beast. But the famous sword was all too weak against such a foe. The edge turned and bit less strongly than its great king had need, for he was sore pressed. His shield, too, proved no strong shelter from the wrathful dragon.

The war-like blow made greater still the anger of the fiery foe. Now he belched forth flaming fire. All around fierce lightnings darted.

Beowulf no longer hoped for glorious victory. His sword had failed him. The edge was turned and blunted upon the scaly foe. He had never thought the famous steel would so ill serve him. Yet he fought on ready to lose his life in such good contest.

Again the battle paused, again the King and dragon closed in fight.

The dragon-guardian of the treasure had renewed his courage. His heart heaved and boiled with fire, and fresh strength breathed from him. Beowulf was wrapped in flame. Dire was his need.

Yet of all his comrades none came near to help. Nay, as they watched the conflict they were filled with base fear, and fled to the wood hard by for refuge.

Only one among them sorrowed for his master, and as he watched his heart was wrung with grief.

Wiglaf was this knight called, and he was Beowulf's kinsman. Now when he saw his liege lord hard pressed in battle he remembered all the favors Beowulf had heaped upon him. He remembered all the honors and the wealth which he owed to his King. Then could he no longer

BEOWULF RAISED HIS MIGHTY SHIELD

be still. Shield and spear he seized, but ere he sped to aid his King he turned to his comrades.

"When our lord and King gave us swords and armor," he cried, "did we not promise to follow him in battle whenever he had need? When he of his own will chose us for this expedition he reminded us of our fame. He said he knew us to be good warriors, bold helmet-wearers. And although indeed our liege lord thought to do this work of valor alone, without us, because more than any man he hath done glorious and rash deeds, lo! now is the day come that hath need of strength and of good warriors. Come, let us go to him. Let us help our chieftain although the grim terror of fire be hot.

"Heaven knoweth I would rather the flame would blast my body than his who gave me gold. It seemeth not fitting to me that we should bear back our shields to our homes unless we may first fell the foe and defend the life of our King. Nay, it is not of the old custom of the Goths that the King alone should suffer, that he alone should sink in battle. Our lord should be repaid for his gifts to us, and so he shall be by me even if death take us twain."

But none would hearken to Wiglaf. So alone he sped through the deadly smoke and flame, till to his master's side he came offering aid.

"My lord Beowulf," he cried, "fight on as thou didst in thy youth-time. Erstwhile didst thou say that thou wouldst not let thy greatness sink so long as life lasteth. Defend thou thy life with all might. I will support thee to the utmost."

When the dragon heard these words his fury was doubled. The fell wicked beast came on again belching forth fire, such was his hatred of men. The flame-waves caught Wiglaf's shield, for it was but of wood. It was burned utterly, so that only the stud of steel remained. His coat of mail alone was not enough to guard the young warrior from the fiery enemy. But right valiantly he went on fighting beneath the shelter of Beowulf's shield now that his own was consumed to ashes by the flames.

Then again the war-like King called to mind his ancient glories, again he struck with main strength with his good sword upon the monstrous head. Hate sped the blow.

But alas! as it descended the famous sword Nægling snapped asunder. Beowulf's sword had failed him in the conflict, although it was an old and well-wrought blade. To him it was not granted that weapons should help him in battle. The hand that swung the sword was too strong. His might overtaxed every blade however wondrously the smith had welded it.

And now a third time the fell fire-dragon was roused to wrath. He rushed upon the King. Hot, and fiercely grim the great beast seized Beowulf's neck in his horrid teeth. The hero's life-blood gushed forth, the crimson stream darkly dyed his bright armor.

Then in the great King's need his warrior showed skill and courage. Heeding not the flames from the awful mouth, Wiglaf struck the dragon below the neck. His hand was burned with the fire, but his sword dived deep into the monster's body and from that moment the flames began to abate.

The horrid teeth relaxed their hold, and Beowulf, quickly recovering himself, drew his deadly knife. Battle-sharp and keen it was, and with it the hero gashed the dragon right in the middle.

The foe was conquered. Glowing in death he fell. They twain had destroyed the winged beast. Such should a warrior be, such a thane in need.

To the King it was a victorious moment. It was the crown of all his deeds.

Then began the wound which the fire-dragon had wrought him to burn and to swell. Beowulf soon found that baleful poison boiled in his heart. Well knew he that the end was nigh. Lost in deep thought he sat upon the mound and gazed wondering at the cave. Pillared and arched with stone-work it was within, wrought by giants and dwarfs of old time.

And to him came Wiglaf, his dear warrior, and tenderly bathed his wound with water.

Then spake Beowulf, in spite of his deadly wound he spake, and all his words were of the ending of his life, for he knew that his days of joy upon this earth were past.

"Had a son been granted to me, to him I should have left my war-garments. Fifty years have I ruled this people, and there has been no king of all the nations round who durst meet me in battle. I have known joys and sorrows, but no man have I betrayed, nor many false oaths have I sworn. For all this may I rejoice, though I be now sick with mortal wounds. The Ruler of Men may not upbraid me with treachery or murder of kinsmen when my soul shall depart from its body.

"But now, dear Wiglaf, go thou quickly to the hoard of gold which lieth under the hoary rock. The dragon lieth dead; now sleepeth he for ever, sorely wounded and bereft of his treasure. Then haste thee, Wiglaf, for I would see the ancient wealth, the gold treasure, the jewels, the curious gems. Haste thee to bring it hither; then after that I have seen it, I shall the more contentedly give up my life and the kingship that I so long have held."

Quickly Wiglaf obeyed his wounded lord. Into the dark cave he descended, and there outspread

before him was a wondrous sight. Treasure of jewels, many glittering and golden, lay upon the ground. Wondrous vessels of old time with broken ornaments were scattered round. Here, too, lay old and rusty helmets, mingled with bracelets and collars cunningly wrought.

Upon the walls hung golden flags. From one a light shone forth by which the whole cavern was made clear. And all within was silent. No sign was there of any guardian, for without lay the dragon, sleeping death's sleep.

Quickly Wiglaf gathered of the treasures all that he could carry. Dishes and cups he took, a golden ensign and a sword curiously wrought. In haste he returned, for he knew not if he should find his lord in life where he had left him.

And when Wiglaf came again to where Beowulf sat he poured the treasure at his feet. But he found his lord in a deep swoon. Again the brave warrior bathed Beowulf's wound and laved the stricken countenance of his lord, until once more he came to himself.

Then spake the King: "For this treasure I give thanks to the Lord of All. Not in vain have I given my life, for it shall be of great good to my people in need. And now leave me, for on this earth longer I may not stay. Say to my warriors that they shall raise a mound upon the rocky point which jutteth seaward. High shall it stand as a memorial to my people. Let it soar upward so that they who steer their slender barks over the tossing waves shall call it Beowulf's mound."

The King then took from his neck the golden collar. To Wiglaf, his young thane and kinsman, he gave it. He gave also his helmet adorned with gold, his ring and coat of mail, and bade the warrior use them well.

"Thou art the last of our race," he said. "Fate hath swept away all my kinsmen, all the mighty earls. Now I too must follow them."

That was the last word of the aged King. From his bosom the soul fled to seek the dwellings of the just. At Wiglaf's feet he lay quiet and still.

CHILDE HORNE

RETOLD BY M. ALSTON BUCKLEY

Murry, King of Suddene, was a right good King, and governed his realm with wisdom. And he loved all people, but chiefly his good Queen Godhild, and his young son Horne. Horne was beloved of all. The old tales say that when he was a youth of 15 years his beauty was so great that he was bright as glass, and that his color was rose-red, and lily-white.

His father chose twelve youths, sons of his Knights, to be the friends and playmates of his son. And of these twelve, the best was Athalf, Horne's true friend. The worst was Fikenhild the traitor.

Now, it chanced that on a summer day King Murry, with two Knights, was riding by the sea, when suddenly he saw a fleet of Pagans, who were landing on the shore. King Murry said to these men: "Wherefore are you here? or have you merchandise to sell?"

The Pagans shook their swords and shouted back that they had come to take the land and make it theirs.

The King and his two good Knights sprang to the ground, and tried to keep the Pagans from the land. But they were too strong. The King and both the Knights were killed, and the Pagan soldiers went through all the land with fire and sword, killing and harming, and pulling churches

down. And these Pagan men decreed that no one, whether a native of that land or a stranger, should worship God.

The good Queen Godhild fled to a rocky cave down by the sea, and there she hid herself to pray in secret for her son.

For the Pagan chief had captured Horne and his young companions. Struck by the beauty of the boy, and his brave looks, he would have spared him, but he feared Horne's vengeance when he grew to be a man.

So he took the boys and put them in a ship, without a sail or rudder, and set the ship afloat. Horne seized an oar, but the wind caught the ship and blew her on so fast that the boys were all afraid.

But when the morning of the second day grew clear Horne cried aloud: "Oh, young friends, I have tidings. I hear birds sing; I see the grass; our ship has reached the shore."

Then he turned to his ship and spoke to her, as if she were alive.

"Oh ship, mayest thou have good days on the sea flood, and may the water never drown thee. If thou comest to Suddene, greet well my mother, and tell the Pagan King, the foe of Christ, that he shall have death from my hand some day."

Then they got on the land, and turned their faces inland.

The land the boys had reached was Westernesse, and now they went on toward the city where dwelt King Ailmar. Ailmar asked them who they were, and Horne boldly said: "We are of Suddene, of noble kindred, and of Christian blood. Pagans came and killed our people. We were put into a ship, and for two days were at the mercy of the waves. But our ship swam to this land's edge, and thou mayest kill us, but if it be thy will, help us that we do not die."

King Ailmar loved him for his boldness, and he said: "What is thy name, my child?"

And Horne answered: "Horne, at your pleasure, my Lord King."

And Ailmar said: "Fulfill thy name Horne, for the loud sound of thee shall go through hill and dale. From King to King shall thy name leaping go. Fame of thy glory and thy strength shall go through all this western land."

Then King Ailmar told his steward Altebrus, one of his best Knights, to teach Horne all his learning of the wood and of the river; to teach him how to harp and sing, and how to carve before the King, and pour his wine, and all things else that Altebrus knew. The other boys, the King said, Altebrus was to teach what things he wished; and to train them in other ways of service; but chiefly Horne must learn to play the harp and sing. For in those days, when the dark nights closed in, and warm fires burned in the King's great hall, and torches blazed, the Knights rose one by one, and to the music of the harp sang of the King's great deeds and of their own.

So the youths grew up in safety at King Ailmar's court. And all men far and near loved Horne, and most of all the King's fair daughter Rhymenhild loved him, but feared to speak to him when, in the hall, he served the King at feasts.

One night she dreamed she saw him in her bower; and the next day she sent for Altebrus, and desired that he bring Horne to her bower that she might speak to him.

But Altebrus feared for Horne, and in his stead brought Athalf, Horne's best-loved and truest friend, to see the Princess.

Scarce daring to look up in the dim light, the Princess stretched her hand to him, and with sweet, downcast eyes said softly: "Horne, I have loved you long. Now plight your troth with me."

But Athalf whispered: "Hold, I am not Horne." And in low tones he told her that Horne was his friend—better, and richer, and far more fair than he or any other man. "And were he dead, or far away," said Athalf, "I would not play him false."

Then Rhymenhild was wroth; and rising from her seat she ordered the old steward to go and bring Horne to her bower.

Altebrus told her he feared the anger of the King would fall on Horne if any of the courtiers went to him and told him Horne was talking to her in her bower.

But Rymenhild would not listen, so Altebrus went to Horne, where he served King Ailmar's wine in the great hall, and whispered him to seek the Princess in her bower.

When the feast was done, and he could leave the King, Horne went straight to the Princess, and kneeling at her feet, he said:

"Fair dost thou sit midst thy six maidens, Rhymenhild, thou daughter of the King. Our King's steward hath sent me here: and let me hear thy will."

Then Rhymenhild rose, and blushing crimson as the dawn, told him her love.

Now Horne loved her; but he knew the King, who had no other child, had dreams of greatness for his only daughter, and wished to marry her to a King. So, after thought, he said he hoped that heaven would bless the man she married.

"But," Horne said, "I am but a foundling, and the King's thrall—his servant; it would be against all custom, if he should wed thee to me."

At that the Princess swooned, and Horne lifted her; and when she came to life, he said that she should ask the King to make him a Knight, and then, by bravery, he could win her for his wife.

Then Rhymenhild gave a ring to him to take to Altebrus, and desired that he should ask the King to make Horne a Knight.

Altebrus went to the King and said: "To-morrow is a festival. I counsel thee that thou shouldst then make Horne a Knight." And the King was pleased, and said that Horne would make a worthy Knight.

So the next day the King set Horne on a milk-white horse, gave him his spurs, and girt a sword on him. Then with his sword he gave a little blow to Horne and dubbed him Knight.

And after that Horne's true friend, Athalf, came to the King and asked if Horne might make him a Knight, for Horne was rightful ruler of their native land. The King said, "Yes." And so Horne made all his companions Knights.

While the King and all his Knights were feasting in the hall, Rhymenhild sent for Horne, and he told her he must now go forth, as her true Knight, and win her by brave deeds.

And so they kissed each other, and Horne rode away joyously to the sea. There, on the shore, he met a band of Pagans. When he asked them who they were, they answered him with pride, that they had come to slay the King and conquer all that land, as they before had slain the King of Suddene, "whose son," they said, "now serves a foreign lord."

When he heard this, Horne drew his sword, and rushing at the pirates fought with them till he was weary. And when he grew faint, the thought of Rhymenhild gave him new strength; and on again he came and slew a hundred; and those who fled had little power left to fight again.

Then Horne rode back and told the King what he had done, and took with him the leader's head; and the King praised Horne.

But the next day, the King went hunting in the forest, and with him rode Horne's false friend Fikenhild. And Fikenhild whispered to the King and said: "Ailmar, I warn thee, Horne will bring thee shame. I heard him when he vowed to have thy life, and marry Rhymenhild, and reign instead of thee. Even now he sits and talks with her, as thou wilt find if straight thou goest home."

Ailmar rode straight home, and in the bower found Horne comforting Rhymenhild, because he must go forth and do great deeds to win her. Then Ailmar's wrath was great, and with his sword upraised he stood and shouted: "Away, thou thief. Never shall thou be dear to me again. Out of my hall, or I shall smite thee with my sword. Go, leave my land, never to come again."

Not one word answered Horne to the angry King; but went and got his horse, and saddled him, and then came back to say farewell to Rhymenhilde. Seven years, he said, would pass, and then he would come back. And Rhymenhild gave a ring to him with stones in it. And told him if the stones grew red, then she was false; but if the stones grew pale, then she was ill or dead. And so they said farewell, and Horne bade Athalf, his true friend, watch over the Princess for him. Then with slow steps he turned and left the bower, and rode in silent sadness to the sea, and got a ship and sailed away to Ireland.

When he reached that island, two young men, sons of the King, met Horne, and took him to the King, who bade him welcome, and praised him for his strength and beauty, and asked his name. Horne said it was Cutberd (Good Courage), which pleased the King; and that name grew famous at King Thurstan's court.

Now, at the Christmas feast a Giant came and said he had been sent by heathen chiefs, invaders of the realm, to challenge three of the King's best men to fight him. If he should fail, the invaders promised they would serve King Thurstan. If he prevailed, then Thurstan and his realm should serve them.

The King was troubled; but he said his sons, and with them Cutberd, were the three to fight the Giant. Then Horne, or Cutberd, rose and said a Christian man should dare as much as any Pagan, and he would fight the Giant single-handed.

Next morning, in the dawn, he rose and buckled on his sword, and with the King went down to the field to fight the Giant. And there he slew the Giant, and another giant with him.

When the Pagans saw their leaders fall, they turned and fled. But Horne cut them off before they reached their ships, and in the fight the invaders were defeated and all were slain. But alas, the King's sons were slain.

Great sorrow filled King Thurstan's heart, and mourning filled the land, and the two Princes were buried underneath the church. Then Thurstan said that but for Horne they had all been dead men. And he declared that Horne should be his heir, and wed his only daughter.

But Horne thought of Rhymenhild, and said

King Thurstan would live and reign for many years, and he would serve him. Six years thereafter Horne dwelt with good King Thurstan, and served him well, but never told his name.

For seven long years Rhymenhild mourned for Horne in her bower at home, and Athalf always watched to see if he would come. At last, King Ailmar said his daughter was to marry a King whom he had chosen, and her marriage day was set.

Her weeping could not move the King, and so she sent a messenger to look for Horne. After long search the youth reached Ireland, and there met Horne on the forest path. Horne asked him whom he looked for, and he said, "Sir Horne." And when he knew the Knight was speaking to him, he told him the next Sunday was the Princess's marriage day.

Horne sent him back to tell the Princess he would be with her ere that day had dawned. And then Horne hastened to King Thurstan's hall and told him all the sad tale of his life. And now he asked Thurstan to give him Knights that he might go and save his bride. So King Thurstan sent through all his land, summoning his Knights to come to Horne's aid; and shortly Horne set sail, and with him went a thousand Irish Knights.

Alas, the wind blew hard against their ships, and Horne was late. Rhymenhild had vainly looked for him, and her unhappy messenger was drowned, and so she heard no word from Horne.

Horne and his Knights at last came to the shore and landed, far from King Ailmar's palace. Then Horne left his soldiers in a wood, and went on alone himself until he met a pilgrim hurrying from the palace gates.

Him he stopped and asked, "What news?" And the pilgrim told him he had left a wedding feast, where the bride wept, and the pilgrim said: "I could not stay to see her weep."

Then Horne changed his garments with the pilgrim, blackened his face, and went unknown into King Ailmar's hall. There he sat down upon the lowest bench, among the poorest at the feast, and watched the Princess.

The Princess sat as if she dreamed a dream of sadness. Then she rose up, and, as the custom was, poured wine, and brought it to the guests.

Then Horne cried out: "Fair Queen, if ye would have God's blessing, let the beggar's turn come next." And Rhymenhild, thinking he was greedy, poured him out a gallon bowl of wine. But Horne said: "I am not used to drink but from white cups. Thou thinkest I am a beggar, but I am a fisher; and I am come to have my net, which seven years ago I left in Westernesse." Then he took the wine cup from her hand and drank, and dropped her ring in it, and said when she had found the thing the wine cup held, she would know who he was.

Much troubled in her mind, the Princess with her maidens left the feast. And when she found the ring she sent for Horne and asked him where he found it. Horne replied: "I took it from the finger of a man, whom I found dying in a wood, and who wept sore because the lady of his heart, one Rhymenhild, was this day to have wedded him."

Then Rhymenhild wept aloud, and cried that Horne was dead, and would have slain herself. But Horne cast away his pilgrim's hat and staff, and wiped the blackness from his face. And when she knew him, she was comforted.

Then Horne went away to seek his Knights; and Rhymenhild sent for Athalf, who was not at the feast; but watched for Horne, and feared his friend was dead. The Princess told him all the joyous news, and Athalf hastened to the forest, to look for Horne, scarcely believing but that he was dead.

And now Horne gathered all his Irish Knights, and meeting Athalf rode with him at their head, and stormed into the hall. The bridegroom King demanded why he came; and Horne said: "I have come to seek my bride, and if you will not give her to me, I will have your life." At that, they fought, and Horne won the fight, and slew the bridegroom King.

Then he reminded Ailmar of how he came into the land, and how the King had trained him up for knighthood. He said that he had done nothing to bring dishonor on the name of Knight, and that the shame the King accused him of he had not even dreamed. And now he asked to have the Princess for his bride.

But first of all, he said, he would go back to his own land, and win the kingdom from the Pagans for her.

So once again he said farewell to Rhymenhild; but this time not with sorrow.

Joyously he went to win his kingdom back. With him thronged Ailmar's Knights, and his own Irish Knights to fight against the Pagans, and drive them from Suddene. Athalf, too, went with him, and his other friends, except false Fikenhild, who stayed behind.

When they landed at Suddene, Horne and Athalf went on to scout, and found an old Knight, lying asleep, his shield beside him, and on his shield a Cross was painted. They knew he was a Christian, and they roused him up and asked him who he was. The Knight sprang up and

said he was a Christian who had been forced against his will to serve the pagans. Always he watched, he said, for Horne to come back, and with him bring Athalf, his dearly loved and only son.

Both the young men rejoiced, and told him to rejoice with them. And joyously he greeted them, as though they had come to him from the dead. Horne asked, with eagerness, about his mother! and the Knight told him that she lived and prayed for him.

Horne blew his horn, and called up all his Knights, and fell upon the Pagans. All day the battle raged, and when the evening came, the Pagans were destroyed. Then Horne thanked God for giving him the victory, and went and sought his mother; and you may know the joy there was between them. After that he had the churches built, and set his realm in order, and so sailed back to Westernesse to claim his bride.

While he was on his way he dreamed that Rhymenhild was in some danger in a ship at sea. As he came near to Westernesse, he saw a castle in the sea, but it was new and strange to him, and he pressed on in haste. But when he went on shore he heard a sorry tale.

His false friend Fikenhild had built the castle in the sea. From the sea no one could come close to it; from the land it could be reached only at the low tide. Then he brought his men, and took fair Rhymenhild away by force, and kept her prisoner in the lonely place, trying to force her to become his bride.

Horne's anger rose, but he said to his friends that he knew how to spoil the traitor's plans. Across the lonely dangerous flats and water they followed him; and when he reached the tower he raised his horn and blew a mighty blast, at which the first door opened of itself. Then he blew another, which enabled him to enter the tower. A third time he blew, and then he took the Princess' hand and led her forth. And in the fight that followed Fikenhild, the traitor, fell.

For the last time Horne bade Rhymenhild farewell, and with his trusty friend Athalf, the brave, he sailed again for Ireland. And King Thurstan gave his lovely daughter to be Athalf's bride. So they sailed home again, and these two true friends were married on one day to their fair brides.

Then Horne brought his wife home to Suddene, and there in faithful love they lived, cherished God's law, and reigned in peace and happiness.

ROBIN HOOD

ADAPTED BY H. E. MARSHALL

I

HOW ROBIN HOOD CAME TO LIVE IN THE GREEN WOOD

Very many years ago there ruled over England a king, who was called Richard Cœur de Lion. Cœur de Lion is French and means lion-hearted. It seems strange that an English king should have a French name. But more than a hundred years before this king reigned, a French duke named William came to England, defeated the English in a great battle, and declared himself king of all that southern part of Britain called England.

He brought with him a great many Frenchmen, or Normans, as they were called from the name of the part of France over which this duke ruled. These Normans were all poor, though they were very proud and haughty. They came with Duke William to help him to fight because he promised to give them money and lands as a reward. Now Duke William had not a great deal of money nor many lands of his own. So when he had beaten the English, or Saxons, as they were called in those days, he stole lands and houses, money and cattle from the Saxon nobles and gave them to the Normans. The Saxon nobles themselves had very often to become the servants of these proud Normans.

Thus it came about that two races lived in England, each speaking their own language, and each hating the other.

This state of things lasted for a very long time. Even when Richard became king, more than a hundred years after the coming of Duke William, there was still a great deal of hatred between the two races.

Richard Cœur de Lion, as his name tells you, was a brave and noble man. He loved danger; he loved brave men and noble deeds. He hated all mean and cruel acts, and the cowards who did them. He was ever ready to help the weak against the strong, and had he stayed in England after he

Robin Hood in an Encounter

became king he might have done much good. He might have taught the proud Norman nobles that true nobility rests in being kind and gentle to those less strong and less fortunate than ourselves, and not in fierceness and cruelty.

Yet Richard himself was neither meek nor gentle. He was indeed very fierce and terrible in battle. He loved to fight with people who were stronger or better armed than himself. He would have been ashamed to hurt the weak and feeble.

But Richard did not stay in England. Far, far over the seas there is a country called Palestine. There our Lord was born, lived, and died. Christian people in all ages must think tenderly and gratefully of that far-off country. But at this time it had fallen into the hands of the heathen. It seemed to Christian people in those days that it would be a terrible sin to allow wicked heathen to live in the Holy Land. So they gathered together great armies of brave men from every country in the world and sent them to try to win it back. Many brave deeds were done, many terrible battles fought, but still the heathen kept possession.

Then brave King Richard of England said he too would fight for the city of our Lord. So he gathered together as much money as he could find, and as many brave men as would follow him, and set out for the Holy Land. Before he went away he called two bishops who he thought were good and wise men, and said to them: "Take care of England while I am gone. Rule my people wisely and well, and I will reward you when I return." The bishops promised to do as he asked. Then he said farewell and sailed away.

Now King Richard had a brother who was called Prince John. Prince John was quite different from King Richard in every way. He was not at all a nice man. He was jealous of Richard because he was king, and angry because he himself had not been chosen to rule while Richard was in Palestine. As soon as his brother had gone, John went to the bishops and said, "You must let me rule while the King is away." And the bishops allowed him to do so. Deep down in his wicked heart John meant to make himself king altogether, and never let Richard come back any more.

A very sad time now began for the Saxons. John tried to please the haughty Normans because they were great and powerful, and he hoped they would help to make him king. He thought the best way to please them was to give them land and money. So as he had none of his own (he was indeed called John Lackland) he took it from the Saxons and gave it to the Normans. Thus many of the Saxons once more became homeless beggars, and lived a wild life in the forests, which covered a great part of England at this time.

Now among the few Saxon nobles who still remained, and who had not been robbed of their lands and money, there was one called Robert, Earl of Huntingdon. He had one son also named Robert, but people called him Robin. He was a favorite with every one. Tall, strong, handsome, and full of fun, he kept his father's house bright with songs and laughter. He was brave and fearless too, and there was no better archer in all the countryside. And with it all he was gentle and tender, never hurting the weak nor scorning the poor.

But Robert of Huntingdon had a bitter enemy. One day this enemy came with many soldiers behind him, determined to kill the earl and take all his goods and lands. There was a fierce and terrible fight, but in the end Robert and all his men were killed. His house was burned to the ground and all his money stolen. Only Robin was saved, because he was such a splendid archer that no soldier would go near him, either to kill him or take him prisoner. He fought bravely till the last, but when he saw that his father was dead and his home in flames, he had no heart to fight any longer. So taking his bow and arrows, he fled to the great forest of Sherwood.

Very fast he had to run, for Prince John's men were close behind him. Soon he reached the edge of the forest, but he did not stop there. On and on he went, plunging deeper and deeper under the shadow of the trees. At last he threw himself down beneath a great oak, burying his face in the cool, green grass.

His heart felt hot and bitter. He was full of rage and fierce thoughts of revenge. Cruel men in one day had robbed him of everything. His father, his home, servants, cattle, land, money, his name even, all were gone. He was bruised, hungry, and weary. Yet as he lay pressing his face against the cool, green grass, and clutching the soft, damp moss with his hands, it was not sorrow or pain he felt, but only a bitter longing for revenge.

The great, solemn trees waved gently overhead in the summer breeze, the setting sun sent shafts of golden light into the cool, blue shadows, birds sang their evening songs, deer rustled softly through the underwood, and bright-eyed squirrels leaped noiselessly from branch to branch. Everywhere there was calm and peace except in poor Robin's angry heart.

Robin loved the forest. He loved the sights and scents, and the sounds and deep silences of it. He

felt as if it were a tender mother who opened her wide arms to him. Soon it comforted him, and at last the tears came hot and fast, and sobs shook him as he lay on the grass. The bitterness and anger had all melted out of his heart; only sorrow was left.

In the dim evening light Robin knelt bareheaded on the green grass to say his prayers. Then, still bareheaded, he stood up and swore an oath. This was the oath:

"I swear to honor God and the King,
To help the weak and fight the strong,
To take from the rich and give to the poor,
So God will help me with His power."

Then he lay down on the grass under the trees with his good longbow beside him, and fell fast asleep.

And this is how Robin Hood first came to live in the Green Wood and have all his wonderful adventures.

II

THE MEETING OF ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

When Robin first came to live in Sherwood Forest he was rather sad, for he could not at once forget all he had lost. But he was not long lonely. When it became known that he had gone to live in the Green Wood, other poor men, who had been driven out of their homes by the Normans, joined him. They soon formed a band and were known as the "Merry Men."

Robin was no longer called Robin of Huntingdon, but Robin of Sherwood Forest. Very soon people shortened Sherwood into Hood, though some people say he was called Hood from the green hoods he and his men wore. How he came to have his name does not matter very much. People almost forgot that he was really an earl, and he became known, not only all over England, but in many far countries, as Robin Hood.

Robin was captain of the band of Merry Men. Next to him came Little John. He was called Little John because he was so tall, just as Midge the miller's son was called Much because he was so small.

Robin loved Little John best of all his friends. Little John loved Robin better than any one else in all the world. Yet the first time they met they fought and knocked each other about dreadfully.

"How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
If you will but listen a while;
For this very jest, among all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile."

It happened on a bright sunshiny day in early spring. All through the winter Robin and his men had had a very dull time. Nearly all their fun and adventures happened with people traveling through the forest. As there were no trains, people had to travel on horseback. In winter the roads were bad, and the weather so cold and wet, that most people stayed at home. So it was rather a quiet time for Robin and his men. They lived in great caves during the winter, and spent their time making stores of bows and arrows, and mending their boots and clothes.

This bright sunshiny morning Robin felt dull and restless, so he took his bow and arrows, and started through the forest in search of adventure.

He wandered on for some time without meeting any one. Presently he came to a river. It was wide and deep, swollen by the winter rains. It was crossed by a very slender, shaky bridge, so narrow, that if two people tried to pass each other on it, one would certainly fall into the water.

Robin began to cross the bridge, before he noticed that a great, tall man, the very tallest man he had ever seen, was crossing too from the other side.

"Go back and wait until I have come over," he called out as soon as he noticed the stranger.

The stranger laughed, and called out in reply, "I have as good a right to the bridge as you. *You* can go back till *I* get across."

This made Robin very angry. He was so accustomed to being obeyed that he was very much astonished too. Between anger and astonishment he hardly knew what he did.

He drew an arrow from his quiver, and fitting it to his bow, called out again, "If you don't go back I'll shoot."

"If you do, I'll beat you till you are black and blue," replied the stranger.

"Quoth bold Robin Hood, 'Thou dost prate like an ass,
For, were I to bend my bow,
I could send a dart quite through thy proud heart,
Before thou couldst strike a blow.'"

"If I talk like an ass you talk like a coward," replied the stranger. "Do you call it fair to stand with your bow and arrow ready to shoot at me when I have only a stick to defend myself with? I tell you, you are a coward. You are afraid of the beating I would give you."

Robin was not a coward, and he was not afraid. So he threw his bow and arrows on the bank behind him.

"You are a big, boastful bully," he said. "Just wait there until I get a stick. I hope I may give you as good a beating as you deserve."

The stranger laughed. "I won't run away; don't be afraid," he said.

Robin Hood stepped to a thicket of trees and cut himself a good, thick oak stick. While he was doing this, he looked at the stranger, and saw that he was not only taller but much stronger than himself.

However, that did not frighten Robin in the least. He was rather glad of it indeed. The stranger had said he was a coward. He meant to prove to him that he was not.

Back he came with a fine, big stick in his hand and a smile on his face. The idea of a real good fight had made his bad temper fly away, for, like King Richard, Robin Hood was rather fond of a fight.

"We will fight on the bridge," said he, "and whoever first falls into the river has lost the battle."

"All right," said the stranger. "Whatever you like. I'm not afraid."

Then they fell to, with right good will.

It was very difficult to fight standing on such a narrow bridge. They kept swaying backwards and forwards trying to keep their balance. With every stroke the bridge bent and trembled beneath them as if it would break. All the same they managed to give each other some tremendous blows. First Robin gave the stranger such a bang that his very bones seemed to ring.

"Aha!" said he, "I'll give you as good as I get," and crack he went at Robin's crown.

Bang, smash, crack, bang, they went at each other. Their blows fell fast and thick as if they had been threshing corn.

"The stranger gave Robin a knock on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear,
Then Robin emerged, more fiercely engaged,
And followed with blows more severe.

"So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire,
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire."

When Robin's blows came so fast and furious, the stranger felt he could not stand it much longer. Gathering all his strength, with one mighty blow he sent Robin backwards, right into the river. Head over heels he went, and disappeared under the water.

The stranger very nearly fell in after him. He was so astonished at Robin's sudden disappearance that he could not think for a minute or two where he had vanished to. He knelt down on the bridge, and stared into the water. "Hallo, my good man," he called. "Hallo, where are you?"

He thought he had drowned Robin, and he had not meant to do that. All the same he could not help laughing. Robin had looked so funny as he tumbled into the water.

"I'm here," called Robin, from far down the river. "I'm all right. I'm just swimming with the tide."

The current was very strong and had carried him down the river a good way. He was, however, gradually making for the bank. Soon he caught hold of the overhanging branches of a tree and pulled himself out. The stranger came running to help him too.

"You are not an easy man to beat or to drown either," he said with a laugh, as he helped Robin on to dry land again.

"Well," said Robin, laughing too, "I must own that you are a brave man and a good fighter. It was a fair fight, and you have won the battle. I don't want to quarrel with you any more. Will you shake hands and be friends with me?"

"With all my heart," said the stranger. "It is a long time since I have met any one who could use a stick as you can."

So they shook hands like the best of friends, and quite forgot that a few minutes before they had been banging and battering each other as hard as they could.

Then Robin put his bugle-horn to his mouth, and blew a loud, loud blast.

"The echoes of which through the valleys did ring,
At which his stout bowmen appeared,
And clothed in green, most gay to be seen,
So up to their master they steered."

When the stranger saw all these fine men, dressed in green, and carrying bows and arrows, come running to Robin he was very much astonished. "O master dear, what has happened?" cried Will Stutely, the leader, as he ran up. "You have a great cut in your forehead, and you are soaked through and through," he added, laying his hand on Robin's arm.

"It is nothing," laughed Robin. "This young fellow and I have been having a fight. He cracked my crown and then tumbled me into the river."

When they heard that, Robin's men were very angry. "If he has tumbled our master into the river, we will tumble him in," said they; "we will see how he likes that." And they seized him, and would have dragged him to the water to drown him, but Robin called out, "Stop, stop! it was a fair fight. He is a brave man, and we are very good friends now."

Then turning to the stranger, Robin bowed politely to him, saying, "I beg you to forgive my men. They will not harm you now they know that you are my friend, for I am Robin Hood."

The stranger was very much astonished when he heard that he had actually been fighting with bold Robin Hood, of whom he had heard so many tales.

"If you will come and live with me and my Merry Men," went on Robin, "I will give you a suit of Lincoln green. I will teach you how to use bow and arrows as well as you use your good stick."

"I should like nothing better," replied the stranger. "My name is John Little, and I promise to serve you faithfully."

"John Little!" said Will Stutely laughing. "John Little! what a name for a man that height! John Little! why he is seven feet tall if he is an inch!"

Will laughed and laughed, till the tears ran down his face. He thought it was such a funny name for so big a man.

Robin laughed because Will laughed. Then John Little laughed because Robin laughed. Soon they were all laughing as hard as they could. The wind carried the sound of it away, till the folk in the villages round about said, "Hark! how Robin Hood and his Merry Men do laugh!"

"Well," said Robin at last, "I have heard it said, 'Laugh and grow fat,' but if we don't get some dinner soon I think we will all grow very lean. Come along, my little John, I'm sure you must be hungry too."

"Little John," said Will Stutely, "that's the very name for him. We must christen him again, and I will be his godfather."

Back to their forest home they all went, laughing and talking as merrily as possible, taking John Little along with them. Dinner was waiting for them when they arrived. The head cook was looking anxiously through the trees, saying, "I do wish Master Robin would come, or the roast venison will be too much cooked and the rabbits will be stewed to rags."

Just at that moment they appeared. The cook was struck dumb at the sight of the giant, stalking along beside Robin. "Where has master gotten that Maypole?" he said, laughing to himself, as he ran away to dish the dinner.

They had a very merry dinner. Robin found that John was not only a good fighter but that he had a wise head and a witty tongue. He was more and more delighted with his new companion.

But Will and the others had not forgotten that he was to be christened again. Seven of them came behind him, and in spite of all his kicking and struggling wrapped him up in a long, green cloak, pretending he was a baby.

It was a very noisy christening. The men all shouted and laughed. John Little laughed and screamed in turn, and kicked and struggled all the time.

"Hush, baby, hush," they said. But the seven-foot baby wouldn't hush.

Then Will stepped up beside him and began to speak.

"This infant was called John Little, quoth he,
Which name shall be changed anon,
The words we'll transpose, so wherever he goes,
His name shall be called Little John."

They had some buckets of water ready. These they poured over poor Little John till he was as wet as Robin had been after he fell into the river. The men roared with laughter. Little John looked so funny as he rolled about on the grass, trying to get out of his long, wet, green robe. He looked just like a huge green caterpillar.

Robin laughed as much as any one. At last he said, "Now, Will, don't you think that is enough?"

"Not a bit," said Will. "You wouldn't let us duck him in the river when we had him there so we have brought the river to him."

At last all the buckets were empty, and the christening was over. Then all the men stood round in a ring and gave three cheers for Little John, Robin's new man.

"Then Robin he took the sweet pretty babe,
And clothed him from top to toe
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious longbow."

After that they sang, danced and played the whole afternoon. Then when the sun sank and the long, cool shadows fell across the grass they all said "good night" and went off into their caves to sleep.

From that day Little John always lived with Robin. They became very, very great friends and Little John was next to Robin in command of the men.

"And so ever after as long as he lived,
Although he was proper and tall,
Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call."

III

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER

The Sheriff of Nottingham hated Robin and would have been very glad if any one had killed him.

The Sheriff was a very unkind man. He treated the poor Saxons very badly. He often took away all their money, and their houses and left them to starve. Sometimes, for a very little fault, he would cut off their ears or fingers. The poor

people used to go into the wood, and Robin would give them food and money. Sometimes they went home again, but very often they stayed with him, and became his men.

The Sheriff knew this, so he hated Robin all the more, and he was never so happy as when he had caught one of Robin's men and locked him up in prison.

But try how he might, he could not catch Robin. All the same Robin used to go to Nottingham very often, but he was always so well disguised that the Sheriff never knew him. So he always escaped.

The Sheriff was too much afraid of him to go into the forest to try to take him. He knew his men were no match for Robin's. Robin's men served him and fought for him because they loved him. The Sheriff's men only served him because they feared him.

One day Robin was walking through the forest when he met a butcher.

This butcher was riding gaily along to the market at Nottingham. He was dressed in a blue linen coat, with leather belt. On either side of his strong, gray pony hung a basket full of meat.

In these days, as there were no trains, everything had to be sent by road. The roads were so bad that even carts could not go along them very much, for the wheels stuck in the mud. Everything was carried on horseback, in sacks or baskets called panniers.

The butcher rode gaily along, whistling as he went. Suddenly Robin stepped from under the trees and stopped him.

"What have you there, my man?" he asked.

"Butcher's meat," replied the man. "Fine prime beef and mutton for Nottingham market. Do you want to buy some?"

"Yes, I do," said Robin. "I'll buy it all and your pony too. How much do you want for it? I should like to go to Nottingham and see what kind of a butcher I will make."

So the butcher sold his pony and all his meat to Robin. Then Robin changed clothes with him. He put on the butcher's blue clothes and leather belt, and the butcher went off in Robin's suit of Lincoln green, feeling very grand indeed.

Then Robin mounted his pony and off he went to Nottingham to sell his meat at the market.

When he arrived he found the whole town in a bustle. In those days there were very few shops, so everyone used to go to market to buy and sell. The country people brought butter and eggs and honey to sell. With the money they got they bought platters and mugs, pots and pans, or whatever they wanted, and took it back to the country with them.

All sorts of people came to buy: fine ladies and poor women, rich knights and gentlemen, and humble workers, everyone pushing and crowding together. Robin found it quite difficult to drive his pony through the crowd to the corner of the market-place where the butchers had their stalls.

He got there at last, however, laid out his meat, and began to cry with the best of them.

"Prime meat, ladies. Come and buy. Cheapest meat in all the market, ladies. Come buy, come buy. Twopence a pound, ladies. Twopence a pound. Come buy. Come buy."

"What!" said everyone, "beef at twopence a pound! I never heard of such a thing. Why it is generally tenpence."

You see Robin knew nothing at all about selling meat, as he never bought any. He and his men used to live on what they shot in the forest.

When it became known that there was a new butcher, who was selling his meat for twopence a pound, everyone came crowding round his stall eager to buy. All the other butchers stood idle until Robin had no more beef and mutton to sell.

As these butchers had nothing to do, they began to talk among themselves and say, "Who is this man? He has never been here before."

"Do you think he has stolen the meat?"

"Perhaps his father has just died and left him a business."

"Well, his money won't last long at this rate."

"The sooner he loses it all, the better for us. We will never be able to sell anything as long as he comes here giving away beef at twopence a pound."

"It is perfectly ridiculous," said one old man, who seemed to be the chief butcher. "These fifty years have I come and gone to Nottingham market, and I have never seen the like of it—never. He is ruining the trade, that's what he is doing."

They stood at their stalls sulky and cross, while all their customers crowded round Robin.

Shouts of laughter came from his corner, for he was not only selling beef and mutton, but making jokes about it all the time.

"I tell you what," said the old butcher, "it is no use standing here doing nothing. We had better go and talk to him, and find out, if we can, who he is. We must ask him to come and have dinner with us and the Sheriff in the town hall today." For on market days the butchers used to have dinner all together in the town hall, after market was over, and the Sheriff used to come and have dinner with them.

"So, the butchers stepped up to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him for to be;
Come, butcher, one said, we be all of one trade,
Come, will you go dine with me?"

"Thank you," said Robin, "I should like nothing better. I have had a busy morning and am very hungry and thirsty."

"Come along, then," said the butchers.

The old man led the way with Robin, and the others followed two by two.

As they walked along, the old butcher began asking Robin questions, to try and find out something about him.

"You have not been here before?" he said.

"Have I not?" replied Robin.

"I have not seen you, at least."

"Have you not?"

"You are new to the business?"

"Am I?"

"Well, you seem to be," said the old butcher, getting rather cross.

"Do I?" replied Robin laughing.

At last they came to the town hall, and though they had talked all the time the old butcher had got nothing out of Robin, and was not a bit the wiser.

The Sheriff's house was close to the town hall, so as dinner was not quite ready all the butchers went to say "How do you do?" to the Sheriff's wife.

She received them very kindly, and was quite interested in Robin when she heard that he was the new butcher who had been selling such wonderfully cheap meat. Robin had such pleasant manners too, that she thought he was a very nice man indeed. She was quite sorry when the Sheriff came and took him away, saying dinner was ready.

"I hope to see you again, kind sir," she said when saying good-bye. "Come to see me next time you have meat to sell."

"Thank you, lady, I will not forget your kindness," replied Robin, bowing low.

At dinner the Sheriff sat at one end of the table and the old butcher at the other. Robin, as the greatest stranger, had the place of honor on the Sheriff's right hand.

At first the dinner was very dull. All the butchers were sulky and cross, only Robin was merry. He could not help laughing to himself at the idea of dining with his great enemy the Sheriff of Nottingham. And not only dining with him, but sitting on his right hand, and being treated as an honored guest.

If the Sheriff had only known, poor Robin would very soon have been locked up in a dark dungeon, eating dry bread instead of apple pie and custard and all the fine things they were having for dinner.

However, Robin was so merry, that very soon the butchers forgot to be cross and sulky. Before the end of dinner all were laughing till their sides ached.

Only the Sheriff was grave and thinking hard. He was a greedy old man, and he was saying to himself, "This silly young fellow evidently does not know the value of things. If he has any cattle I might buy them from him for very little. I could sell them again to the butchers for a good price. In that way I should make a lot of money."

After dinner he took Robin by the arm and led him aside.

"See here, young man," he said, "I like your looks. But you seem new to this business. Now, don't you trust these men," pointing to the butchers. "They are all as ready as can be to cheat you. You take my advice. If you have any cattle to sell, come to me. I'll give you a good price."

"Thank you," said Robin, "it is most kind of you."

"Hast thou any horned beasts, the Sheriff then said,
Good fellow, to sell to me?
Yes, that I have good master Sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three.

"And a hundred acres of good free land,
If you please it for to see;
And I'll make you as good assurance of it,
As ever my father did me."

The Sheriff nearly danced for joy when he heard that Robin had so many horned cattle for sale. He had quite made up his mind that it would be very easy to cheat this silly young fellow. Already he began to count the money he would make. He was such a greedy old man. But there was a wicked twinkle in Robin's eye.

"Now, young man, when can I see these horned beasts of yours?" asked the Sheriff. "I can't buy a pig in a poke, you know. I must see them first. And the land too, and the land too," he added, rubbing his hands, and jumping about in excitement.

"The sooner the better," said Robin. "I start for home tomorrow morning. If you like to ride with me I will show you the horned beasts and the land too."

"Capital, capital," said the Sheriff. "Tomorrow morning then, after breakfast, I go with you. And see here, young man," he added, catching hold of Robin's coat-tails as he was going away, "you won't go and sell to anyone else in the meantime? It is a bargain, isn't it?"

"Oh, certainly. I won't even speak of it to anyone," replied Robin; and he went away, laughing heartily to himself.

That night the Sheriff went into his counting-house and counted out three hundred pounds in gold. He tied it up in three bags, one hundred pounds in each bag.

"It's a lot of money," he said to himself, "a lot of money. Still, I suppose, I must pay him something for his cattle. But it is a lot of money to part with," and he heaved a big sigh.

He put the gold underneath his pillow in case anyone should steal it during the night. Then he went to bed and tried to sleep. But he was too excited; besides the gold under his pillow made it so hard and knobby that it was most uncomfortable.

At last the night passed, and in the morning.

"The Sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
And with three hundred pounds in gold
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold."

The sun shone and the birds sang as they merrily rode along. When the Sheriff saw that they were taking the road to Sherwood Forest, he began to feel a little nervous.

"There is a bold, bad man in these woods," he said. "He is called Robin Hood. He robs people, he—do you think we will meet him?"

"I am quite sure we won't meet him," replied Robin with a laugh.

"Well, I hope not, I am sure," said the Sheriff. "I never dare to ride through the forest unless I have my soldiers with me. He is a bold, bad man."

Robin only laughed, and they rode on right into the forest.

"But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to spy
An hundred head of good fat deer
Come tripping the Sheriff full nigh."

"Look there," he cried, "look! What do you think of my horned beasts?"

"I think," said the Sheriff, in a trembling voice, "I think I should like to go back to Nottingham."

"What! and not buy any horned cattle? What is the matter with them? Are they not fine and fat? Are they not a beautiful color? Come, come, Sheriff, when you have brought the money for them too."

At the mention of money the Sheriff turned quite pale and clutched hold of his bags. "Young man," he said, "I don't like you at all. I tell you I want to go back to Nottingham. This isn't money I have in my bags, it is only pebble-stones."

"Then Robin put his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts three;
Then quickly and anon there came Little John,
And all his company."

"Good morning, Little John," said Robin.

"Good morning, Master Robin, he replied. "What orders have you for today?"

"Well, in the first place I hope you have something nice for dinner, because I have brought the Sheriff of Nottingham to dine with us," answered Robin.

"Yes," said Little John, "the cooks are busy already as we thought you might bring someone back with you. But we hardly expected so fine a guest as the Sheriff of Nottingham," he added, making a low bow to him. "I hope he intends to pay honestly."

For that was Robin Hood's way. He always gave a very fine dinner to these naughty men who had stolen money from poor people, and then he made them pay a great deal of money for it.

The Sheriff was very much afraid when he knew that he had really fallen into the hands of Robin Hood. He was angry too when he thought that he had actually had Robin in his own house the day before, and could so easily have caught and put him in prison, if he had only known.

They had a very fine dinner, and the Sheriff began to feel quite comfortable and to think he was going to get off easily, when Robin said, "Now, Master Sheriff, you must pay for your dinner."

"Oh! indeed I am a poor man," said the Sheriff, "I have no money."

"No money! What have you in your saddle-bags, then?" asked Robin.

"Only pebbles, nothing but pebbles, as I told you before," replied the frightened Sheriff.

"Little John, go and search the Sheriff's saddle-bags," said Robin.

Little John did as he was told, and counted out three hundred pounds upon the ground.

"Sheriff," said Robin sternly, "I shall keep all this money and divide it among my men. It is not half as much as you have stolen from them. If you had told me the truth about it, I might have given you some back. But I always punish people who tell lies. You have done so many evil deeds," he went on, "that you deserve to be hanged."

The poor Sheriff shook in his shoes.

"Hanged you should be," continued Robin, "but your good wife was kind to me yesterday. For her sake, I let you go. But if you are not kinder to my people I will not let you off so easily another time." And Robin called for the Sheriff's pony.

"Then Robin he brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray:
Oh, have me commended to your wife at home,
So Robin went laughing away."

BY JOHN BENNETT

'Hullee, hullo!" cried Little John,
"It is a Monday morn.
I see the sheep upon the hill;
I hear the shepherd's horn.
I 'll take my good long bow of yew;
I 'll take my arrows bright;
I 'll find some merry tale to tell
Before the fall of night."
Then he hath donned his garb of green,
And to the woods is gone—
All underneath the merry greenwood
Went sturdy Little John.

Away he went by field and fen,
By hollow and by hill;
The dun deer in the green fern
Lay shivering and still.
He had not gone through merry Sherwood
Two miles or scarcely three,
When he was 'ware of a little young maid
Weeping against a tree.
She was clad all in linen white,
A ribboned stave she bore,
A rose-garland was on her head,
Yet still she weepeth sore.

"Why dost thou weep, sweetheart?" he cried,
"And wash thy cheeks away?
Why dost thou weep so bitterly
On such a bonny day?"
Her heart stood still with deadly fear,
She scanned him o'er and o'er;
But when she saw his merry blue eye
She feared that man no more.
"I was the Queen of May," she said,
"But all the rest are gone;
And who can play at queens alone?"
Then up spake Little John:

"Cheer up, sweetheart; the sun doth shine;
It is the month of May;
Take no more thought on bitterness
Till thou art old and gray.
If thou wouldst play at being queen,
Then make no more ado:
I am the Khan of Tartary
And I will play with you.
We 'll hunt the deer on hill and dale;
I 'll fly a shaft for thee;
We 'll rest beside a little brown brook
Beneath the greenwood tree."

LITTLE JOHN MEETS THE LITTLE MAID

Then he hath taken her in his arms,
Like a little bird to his breast,
And smileth behind his yellow beard
At such a merry jest;
For never a sight like this was seen
Beneath the greenwood tree—
Bold Little John a-serving gone,
A nursemaid for to be!
"Who is thy father, sweetheart?
And who is thy good dame?"
"My father is Sheriff of Nottingham,
And Nell is my mother's name."

Now Little John's brown face is grim,
And he hath grasped his knife;
For the proud Sheriff of Nottingham
Hath sworn to have his life.
But up spake then the Sheriff's daughter,
And leaned upon his knee:
"Art thou afeard of the wild outlaws
That in the forest be?"
Then loud laughed sturdy Little John—
Then loud and long laughed he:
"I do not fear the wild outlaws,
No more than they fear me."

"I fear bold Robin Hood so," she said,
"I dare not sleep at night;
And when I dream of Little John,
I waken in affright."
Then loud laughed sturdy Little John—
Then loud and long laughed he:
"Have no more fear of Little John
Than thou hast fear of me.
He is a stout and sturdy knave,
But no more wild than I;
And if it did not bite him first
He would not harm a fly.

"And of bold Robin Hood," said he,
"Now be no more adrad:
For a kinder heart than Robin Hood's
No woman ever had."
Now they are gone by sunny dale,
By green and leafy nook;
They dance among the daffodils
That smile beside the brook.

HE TALKS WITH HER

Through Sherwood forest deep and green
Together they are gone:
The dun deer on the uplands stood
And stared at Little John.

He made a horse of his broad back
And pranced along the bank;
He made a bowl of his tall hat,
And out of it she drank.

THEY DANCE AMONG THE DAFFODILS

HE TALKS OF ROBIN HOOD

He made a throne of ferns and moss;
  He wove a primrose crown;
And bound his baldric for a sash
  About her linen gown.
He gathered sweet-flag in the brook,
  And spice-roots in the wood;
He sat beside her in the grass,
  And talked of Robin Hood.

Anon he sang a merry song
  About a merry man
Who went to sleep in London town,
  And woke in Ispahan;
And when he found that he was lost,
  Just covered up his head,
Woke up again in London town,
  A-tumbling out of bed!
The Sheriff's daughter clapped her hands,
  And merrily she cried:
"I never had such a good playmate
  In all the world beside!

"Wilt thou not come to my father's house,
  And be my father's man?"
"Nay, I must return to Tartary,
  And conquer Ispahan.

HE BLOWS HIS BUGLE HORN

NOTTINGHAM FOLK WERE ALL ASTIR

Two hundred merry men there be
  Who follow in my train,
All rich in cloth of gold and green
  As any don in Spain.
My army is of Tartars fierce,
  Three hundred thousand strong.
Five thousand camels all are mine—
  Unless I count them wrong.

"The under side of all the sea
  Is mine—when it gets dry."
The Sheriff's daughter looked at him,
  And doubt was in her eye.
"Upon my word," cried Little John—
  And wondrous grave he grew—
"If I be Khan of Tartary,
  I 'll swear the rest is true!"
Then straight he took his bugle-horn,
  And loud began to blow,
Until a score of outlaws bold
  Came running in a row.

Out rang the bells of Nottingham;
  Astir was all the town;

OUT STEPPED A STURDY YEOMAN

The women wept; the cripples crept;
  The men ran up and down.
Some shouted here; some shouted there;
  Some went with bated breath:
For the Sheriff of Nottingham's daughter was
    lost,
  And the Sheriff was pale as death.
And he hath offered a golden horn
  And a purse of an hundred pound
To whoso findeth his daughter dear
  And bringeth her safe and sound.

Now the warder stands at the city gate,
  With his hand above his eye:

THE SHERIFF COMES TO THE GATE

A band is coming from merry Sherwood,
  As straight as a crow can fly.
"What ho! thou warder of Nottingham!
  Bring hither thy Sheriff to me."
The Sheriff is come to the city gate,
  With all of his company.
"Who calls for the Sheriff of Nottingham?
  Who calls for the Sheriff so keen?"
Out stepped a sturdy yeoman,
  Clad all in Lincoln green.

Clad all in Lincoln green was he,
  And his face was fair and bold;

THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER RIDES IN STATE

THE SHERIFF GREETS THE "KHAN OF TARTARY"

A long brown sword hung by his side,
And its hilt was wound with gold.
"Now who art thou?" the Sheriff cries,
And his lips are white with foam.
"I am the Khan of Tartary,
Bringing thy daughter home."
Then out stepped two tall bowmen,
Clad all in gold and green,
With their long bows over their shoulders,
And a litter swung between.

"My daughter!" cried the Sheriff,
"Oh, tell me she is not dead!"
Up rose the Sheriff's daughter,
With a garland upon her head.
"Why do ye weep, dear father?
And why so pale?" she cried,
"And why do ye come to the city gate,
With your company by your side?
I have been the Queen of the merry May,
All under the greenwood tree;
I have been to the court of Prester John
With the Khan of Tartary!"

Now the Sheriff hath come to the outer gate,
And the Sheriff can hardly stand:
He hath met with the Khan of Tartary,
And hath taken him by the hand;
And he feareth that he shall have tasted death
Ere he go through that gate again;
For the hand that he holdeth is Little John's,
And the men are Robin Hood's men.
"How now, Sir Sheriff! Why tremble so?
And why so woebegone?
It is not bale for a man to look
In the face of Little John."

The sun hath set; the twilight falls;
The birds have gone to rest;
The Sheriff of Nottingham sits by the fire,
His daughter held fast to his breast.
"I have been the Queen of the May," she sighs—
His face she cannot see—

THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER HOME AGAIN

"I have been to the court of Prester John
With the Khan of Tartary."
The dun deer run in merry Sherwood;
Yet ere the week is gone
There cometh a purse and a golden horn
From the Sheriff to Little John.

ALLEN-A-DALE

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! Come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side:
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright:
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come:
The mother, she asked of his household and home.
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'T is the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry;
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE

An Old Ballad

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man,
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alack and well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously:
"Oh, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me?" said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book,
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin, *
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allen should keep his wedding.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said,
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"Oh welcome, oh welcome!" the Bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the churchyard,
Marching all in a row,
The very first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the Bishop he cried,
"For thy word it shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the Bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John;
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I,
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then, having end of this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

* Stop nor stay.

THE STORY OF FRITHIOF

ADAPTED BY JULIA GODDARD

I

In a cottage overshadowed by wide-spreading oaks, and surrounded by a garden in which bloomed the sweetest flowers of summer, lived an aged peasant named Hilding.

Two children might be seen playing about the garden from sunrise to sunset, but they were not old Hilding's children. The handsome boy was the son of the thane Thorsten Vikingsson; the little girl, with dove-like eyes and silken tresses, was the daughter of good King Belé.

Together the little ones played through the long pleasant days in their foster-father's garden, or wandered through the woods, or climbed the hills that sheltered them from the northern winds. The boy would seek treasures from the birds' nests for his fair companion, not even fearing to rob the mountain eagle, so that he might bring the spoil to Ingebjorg. He would also take her far out on the blue sea in his little boat, and Ingebjorg never felt afraid as long as Frithiof was with her.

As Frithiof grew older, he became a great hunter, and once he slew without weapons a fierce bear, which he brought home in triumph and laid at Ingebjorg's feet.

During the winter evenings, they sat by the blazing logs on the hearth, and Hilding told them wonderful stories of Asgard and all its glories, of Odin the king of the gods, and of the beautiful Frigga.

But Frithiof thought she could not be half so beautiful as Ingebjorg. And once he said so to her, and it pleased her exceedingly. And he said, moreover, that when he was a man, Ingebjorg should be his wife. This also she was glad to hear, for she loved Frithiof better than any one in the world.

But Old Hilding told them not to talk nonsense, for Ingebjorg was a king's daughter, and Frithiof but the son of a thane.

II

In a room of his palace stood King Belé. He was leaning on his sword, musing over all that was past, and thinking of the future. He was an old man, and he felt that his strength was failing him.

With him was his faithful friend Thorsten Vikingsson. They had grown up to manhood together, they had fought in many a battle side by side. They had been companions at many a feast and revel; and now, when old age had fallen upon them, they drew closer to one another, feeling that the hand of death was raised to summon them into another world.

"The end of life is near," said the King; "the shadow of death is cast upon me. No longer do I care for all that men call pleasure. The chase hath lost its charm, the helmet sits heavy upon my brow, and the mead hath lost its flavor. I would that my sons were here so that I might give them my blessing."

Then the servants summoned to King Belé's presence his two sons, Helgi and Halfdan. Dark was the countenance of Helgi, and there was blood upon his hands, for he had just been assisting at the midday sacrifice. But the face of Halfdan was bright as the early morning, and he was as light and joyous as his brother was dark and gloomy.

Frithiof also came, for the thane Thorsten Vikingsson desired to see him, that he too might bless his son when King Belé blessed the royal princes.

And the two old friends spoke words of wisdom to their children, and prayed that the gods might be with them in peace and war, in joy and sorrow, and grant them a long life and a glorious death.

And when their counsels and prayers were ended, King Belé said, "And now, O sons, I bid you remember, in that day when death shall claim me and my faithful friend, that ye lay our bones side by side near the shore of the great ocean."

III

In due time, King Belé died, and Helgi and Halfdan shared his kingdom between them.

Thorsten Vikingsson died also, and Frithiof became lord of his ancestral home of Framnäs.

Rich treasures did that home contain, three of them of magic power.

The first was the sword of Angurvadel. Blood-red it shone in time of war, and woe to him who contended with its owner on the battle-field.

Next was an arm-ring of pure gold, made by the god Völund, and given by him to one of

Thorsten Vikingsson's forefathers. Once it was stolen and carried to England by the viking Soté, but Thorsten and his friend King Belé pursued the robber. Over the sea they sailed after the viking, and landed at a lonely place where the rocks reared up their sharp points and made the coast dangerous.

There were deep caverns which the waters filled when the tide was up, so lone and dark that men were almost afraid to go into them.

But Thorsten Vikingsson and the King his master were not daunted. Hither had they come after the pirate, and here it was that he had last been heard of; and they searched along the shore and in the caves, and peered into every hole and cranny, until their eyes grew strained and heavy, but no viking Soté was to be seen.

They had almost given up hope of finding him, when, looking through a chink that had hitherto escaped their notice, a fearful sight was seen by the valiant thane.

Within a mighty vault, forming a still, cold tomb, there lay a vessel all complete, with masts and spars and anchor; and on the deck there sat a grim skeleton clad in a robe of flame, and on his skinless arm glittered the golden arm-ring wrought by Völund. The figure held in his left hand a blood-stained sword, from which he was trying to scour away the stains.

"It is my arm-ring," said Thorsten Vikingsson; "it is the spirit of the viking Soté."

And forthwith he forced his way into the tomb, and, after a deadly conflict with the specter, regained his treasure.

And the two friends sailed home in triumph.

The third great thing that Frithiof inherited was the dragon-ship "Ellide," which his forefathers had won in the following manner:

One of them, a rough, rude viking, with a tender heart, was out at sea, and on a wreck that was fast sinking saw an old man with green locks sitting disconsolately.

The good-natured viking picked him up, took him home, gave him of the best of food and of sparkling mead, and would have lodged him in his house; but the green-haired man said he could not tarry, for he had many miles to sail that night.

"But when the sun comes up in the east," added the stranger, "look for a thank-gift on the wild seashore."

And behold, as morning dawned, the viking saw a goodly vessel making gallant headway. As she drew near the land with streamer flying and broad sails flapping in the wind, the viking saw that there was no soul on board of her; and yet, without steersman to guide her, the vessel avoided the shoals and held her way straight to the spot where he was standing.

Her prow was a dragon's head, a dragon's tail formed her stern, and dragon's wings bore her along swifter than an eagle before the storm.

The green-haired stranger was a sea-god, and the dragon-ship "Ellide" was his thank-gift.

Thus Frithiof, though only the son of a thane, had treasures that might have been coveted by kings and princes. He sat in his father's halls, surrounded by his companions; upon his right was seated his bosom friend Bjorn, and twelve bold champions clad in steel were ranged around the board. And they drank in silence to the memory of Thorsten Vikingsson.

But suddenly the harps struck up, and the skalds

THE THANK-GIFT

poured forth their songs in honor of the dead thane.

And Frithiof's eyes filled with tears as he listened to his father's praises.

IV

In spite of Frithiof's wealth, Helgi and Halfdan looked with disdain upon the son of their father's friend; and when Frithiof asked to have Ingebjorg for his wife, Helgi scornfully answered, "My sister shall not wed the son of a thane. If you like to be our serf, we will make room for you among our servants."

Then went Frithiof away in wrath.

There was another suitor for the hand of Ingebjorg, good old King Ring, who, having lost his wife, thought that the Lily of the North would make a tender mother for his little son.

And he sent to Helgi and Halfdan to ask for Ingebjorg in marriage, but the brothers treated him as they had treated Frithiof; and the old King was roused, and he swore he would revenge himself.

Helgi and Halfdan were afraid when they found that Ring was really making ready for war. They began to get their army into order, and place Ingebjorg for safety in the temple of Baldur, and in their distress they even sent to Frithiof to ask him to come and help them.

They chose wisely in the messenger they sent to plead for them, for it was none other than old Hilding, who had been so kind to Frithiof in his childhood.

Frithiof was playing at chess with Bjorn when Hilding arrived. He pretended not to hear the message, and went on with his game.

"Shall the pawn save the king?" he asked of Bjorn.

And after a time he added: "There is no other way to save the queen." Which showed that he had been all the time occupied with Hilding's errand.

Therefore he returned with the old peasant, and contrived to see Ingebjorg in the temple of Baldur, and found that she still loved him as much as he loved her, and did not wish to marry anyone else.

And again he asked Helgi and Halfdan if they were willing that Ingebjorg should be his wife.

And again the brothers said, Nay, with scorn, and told him that he had profaned the temple of Baldur by speaking to Ingebjorg within its walls.

"For such a misdeed," said Helgi, "death or banishment is the doom, and thou art in our power. Nevertheless, we are willing, as we wish to make thee useful to us, to forego the penalty. Thou shalt, therefore, sail forth to the distant

THEY MET IN THE TEMPLE

Orkney Isles, and compel Jarl Angantyr to pay the tribute that he owes us."

Frithiof would have refused to go, but Ingebjorg persuaded him to undertake the mission; for she was afraid of her brothers, and knew that Frithiof would be safer on the wild seas than in their hands.

At last Frithiof consented, and he took leave of Ingebjorg, and placed the golden bracelet that Völund had made upon her arm, praying her to keep it for his sake.

And then he sailed away over the heaving waters, and Ingebjorg mourned that her lover was gone.

V

Over the sea. It was calm enough when Frithiof started; the storm-winds were asleep, and the waters heaved gently as though they would fain help speed the dragon-ship peacefully on her way.

But King Helgi standing on a rock repented that he had suffered the noble Frithiof to escape his malice; and as he watched the good ship "Ellide" riding over the sea, he prayed loudly to the ocean-fiends that they would trouble the waters and raise a fierce tempest to swallow up Frithiof and the dragon-ship.

All at once, the sparkling sea turned leaden gray, and the billows began to roll, the skies grew dark, and the howl of the driving wind was answered by a sullen roar from the depths beneath. Suddenly, a blinding flash of lightning played around the vessel, and as it vanished the pealing thunder burst from the clouds. The raging sea foamed, and seethed, and tossed the vessel like a feather upon its angry waves, and deeper sounded the thunder, and more fiercely flashed the lightning round the masts.

Wilder, wilder, wilder grew the storm. Alas, for Frithiof!

"Ho! take the tiller in hand," shouted Frithiof to Bjorn, "and I will mount to the topmost mast and look out for danger."

And when he looked out, he saw the storm-fiends riding on a whale. One was in form like to a great white bear, the other like unto a terrible eagle.

"Now help me, O gift of the sea-god! Help me, my gallant 'Ellide'!" cried Frithiof.

And the dragon-ship heard her master's voice, and with her keel she smote the whale; so he died, and sank to the bottom of the sea, leaving the storm-fiends tossing upon the waves.

"Ho, spears and lances, help me in my need!" shouted Frithiof, as he took aim at the monsters.

And he transfixed the shrieking storm-fiends, and left them entangled in the huge coils of seaweed which the storm had uprooted.

"Ho, ho!" laughed rugged Bjorn, "they are trapped in their own nets."

And so they were; and they were so much taken up with trying to free themselves from the seaweed and from Frithiof's long darts, that they were unable to give any heed to the storm, which, therefore, went down, and Frithiof and his crew sailed on, and reached the Orkney Isles in safety.

"Here comes Frithiof," said the viking Atlé. "I know him by his dragon-ship."

And forthwith the viking rose and went forth; he had heard of the strength of Frithiof, and wished to match himself against him.

He did not wait to see whether Frithiof came in enmity or friendship. Fighting was the first thing he thought of, and what he most cared for.

However, the viking had the worst of it in the battle.

"There is witchcraft in thy sword," said he to Frithiof.

So Frithiof threw his sword aside, and they wrestled together, unarmed, until Atlé was brought to the ground.

Then spake Frithiof: "And if I had my sword thou wouldst not long be a living man."

"Fetch it, then," replied Atlé. "I swear by the gods that I will not move until thou dost return."

So Frithiof fetched his sword, but when he saw the conquered viking still upon the ground, he could not bring himself to slay so honorable a man.

"Thou art too true and brave to die," said Frithiof. "Rise, let us be friends."

And the two combatants went hand in hand to the banquet hall of Angantyr, Jarl (earl) of the Orkney Islands.

A splendid hall it was, and a rare company of heroes was there; and all listened eagerly as Frithiof told his story, and wherefore he had come.

"I never paid tribute to King Belé, though he was an old friend of mine," said the jarl, as Frithiof ended his speech, "nor will I to his sons. If they want aught of me, let them come and take it."

"It was by no choice of my own that I came upon such an errand," returned Frithiof, "and I shall be well content to carry back your answer."

"Take also this purse of gold in token of friendship," continued the jarl, "and remain with us, for I knew thy father."

Thus Frithiof and the jarl became good friends, and Frithiof consented to stay for a while in the Orkney Islands; but after a time he ordered out his good ship "Ellide," and set sail for his native land.

VI

But fearful things had come to pass since he had left his home! Framnäs, the dwelling of his fathers, was a heap of ruins, and the land was waste and desolate.

And as he stood upon the well-loved spot, striving to find some traces of the past, his faithful hound bounded forth to greet him, and licked his master's hand. And then his favorite steed drew near, and thrust his nose into Frithiof's hand, hoping to find therein a piece of bread, as in the days of old. His favorite falcon perched upon his shoulder, and this was Frithiof's welcome to the home of his ancestors.

There had been a fierce battle, for King Ring with his army had come against Helgi and Halfdan, and the country had been laid waste, and many warriors slain.

And when all chance of withstanding him was at an end, the brothers, rather than lose their kingdom, had consented that Ingebjorg should be the wife of Ring.

Ingebjorg was married! Frithiof's heart was full of deep sorrow, and he turned his steps towards the temple of Baldur, hoping that at the altar of the god he might meet with consolation.

In the temple he found King Helgi, and the sorrow that was weighing down Frithiof's heart gave place to hatred and revenge.

Caring nothing for the sacred place, he rushed madly forward. "Here, take thy tribute," said he, and he threw the purse that Jarl Angantyr had given him with such force against the face of the King that Helgi fell down senseless on the steps of the altar.

Next, seeing his arm-ring on the arm of the statue, for Helgi had taken it from Ingebjorg and placed it there, he tried to tear it off, and lo! the image tottered and fell upon the fire that was burning with sweet perfumes before it.

Scarcely had it touched the fire when it was ablaze, and the flames spreading rapidly on every side, the whole temple was soon a smoldering heap of ruins.

Then Frithiof sought his ship. He vowed that he would lead a viking's life, and leave forever a land where he had suffered so much sorrow. And he put out to sea.

But no sooner were his sails spread than he saw ten vessels in chase of him, and on the deck of one stood Helgi, who had been rescued from the burning temple, and had come in chase of him.

Yet Frithiof was rescued from the danger as if by miracle; for one by one the ships sank down as though some water-giant had stretched out his strong arm, and dragged them below, and Helgi only saved himself by swimming ashore.

Loud laughed Bjorn.

"I bored holes in the ships last night," said he; "it is a rare ending to Helgi's fleet."

"And now," said Frithiof, "I will forever lead a viking's life. I care not for aught upon the land. The sea shall be my home. And I will seek climes far away from here."

So he steered the good ship "Ellide" southward, and among the isles of Greece strove to forget the memories of bygone days.

VII

In and out of the sunny islands that lay like studs of emerald on a silver shield sailed Frithiof, and on the deck of the dragon-ship he rested through the summer nights, looking up at the moon, and wondering what she could tell him of the northern land.

Sometimes he dreamed of his home as it was before the war-time. Sometimes he dreamed of the days when he and Ingebjorg roamed through the fields and woods together, or listened to old Hilding's stories by the blazing hearth; and then he would wake up with a start and stroke his faithful hound, who was ever near him, saying, "Thou alone knowest no change; to thee all is alike, so long as thy master is with thee."

One night, however, as Frithiof was musing on the deck of his vessel, gazing into the cloudless sky, a vision of the past rose up before him: old familiar faces crowded round him, and in their midst he marked one, best beloved of all, pale, sad, with sorrowful eyes; and her lips moved, and he seemed to hear her say, "I am very sad without thee, Frithiof."

Then a great longing came upon Frithiof to see Ingebjorg once more. He would go northward, even to the country of King Ring; he must see Ingebjorg. What did he care for danger? He must go.

To the cold, dark north.

Yet he dared not go openly, for King Ring looked upon him as an enemy, and would seize him at once, and if he did not kill him would shut him up in prison, so that either way he would not see the beautiful Queen.

Frithiof, therefore, disguised himself as an old man, and wrapped in bearskins, presented himself at the palace.

The old King sat upon his throne, and at his side was Ingebjorg the Fair, looking like spring by the side of fading autumn.

As the strangely dressed figure passed along, the courtiers jeered, and Frithiof, thrown off his guard, angrily seized one of them, and twirled him round with but little effort.

"Ho!" said the King, "thou art a strong old man, O stranger! Whence art thou?"

"I was reared in anguish and want," returned Frithiof; "sorrow has filled a bitter cup for me, and I have almost drunk it to the dregs. Once I rode upon a dragon, but now it lies dead upon the seashore, and I am left in my old age to burn salt upon the strand."

"Thou art not old," answered the wise King; "thy voice is clear, and thy grasp is strong. Throw off thy rude disguise, that we may know our guest."

Then Frithiof threw aside his bearskin, and appeared clad in a mantle of blue embroidered velvet, and his hair fell like a golden wave upon his shoulder.

Ring did not know him, but Ingebjorg did; and when she handed the goblet for him to drink, her color went and came "like to the northern light on a field of snow."

And Frithiof stayed at the court, until the year came round again, and spring once more put forth its early blossoms.

One day a gay hunting train went forth, but old

RING ASKS FRITHIOF TO REMAIN

King Ring, not being strong, as in former years, lay down to rest upon the mossy turf beneath some arching pines, while the hunters rode on.

Then Frithiof drew near, and in his heart wild thoughts arose. One blow of his sword, and Ingebjorg was free to be his wife.

But as he looked upon the sleeping King, there came a whisper from a better voice, "It is cowardly to strike a sleeping foe."

And Frithiof shuddered, for he was too brave a man to commit murder.

"Sleep on, old man," he muttered gently to himself.

But Ring's sleep was over. He started up. "O Frithiof, why hast thou come hither to steal an old man's bride?"

"I came not hither for so dark a purpose," answered Frithiof; "I came but to look on the face of my loved Ingebjorg once more."

"I know it," replied the King; "I have tried thee, I have proved thee, and true as tried steel hast thou passed through the furnace. Stay with us yet a little longer, the old man soon will be gathered to his fathers, then shall his kingdom and his wife be thine."

But Frithiof replied that he had already remained too long, and that on the morrow he must depart.

Yet he went not; for death had visited the palace, and old King Ring was stretched upon his bier, while the bards around sang of his wisdom.

Then arose a cry among the people, "We must choose a king!"

And Frithiof raised aloft upon his shield the little son of Ring.

"Here is your king," he said, "the son of wise old Ring."

The blue-eyed child laughed and clapped his hands as he beheld the glittering helmets and glancing spears of the warriors. Then tired of his high place, he sprang down into the midst of them.

Loud uprose the shout, "The child shall be our king, and the Jarl Frithiof regent. Hail to the young King of the Northmen!"

VIII

But Frithiof in the hour of his good fortune did not forget that he had offended the gods. He must make atonement to Baldur for having caused the ruin of his temple. He must turn his steps once more homeward.

Home! Home! And on his father's grave he sank down with a softened heart, and grieved over the passion and revenge that had swayed his deeds. And as he mourned, the voices of unseen spirits answered him, and whispered that he was forgiven.

And to his wondering eyes a vision was vouchsafed, and the temple of Baldur appeared before him, rebuilt in more than its ancient splendor, and deep peace sank into the soul of Frithiof.

"Rise up, rise up, Frithiof, and journey onward."

The words came clear as a command to Frithiof, and he obeyed them. He rose up, and journeyed to the place where he had left the temple a heap of blackened ruins.

And, lo! the vision that had appeared to him was accomplished, for there stood the beautiful building, stately and fair to look upon. So beautiful, that, as he gazed, his thoughts were of Valhalla.

He entered, and the white-robed, silver-bearded priest welcomed the long-absent viking, and told him that Helgi was dead, and Halfdan reigned alone.

"And know, O Frithiof," said the aged man,

A VIKING RETURNING FROM THE CHASE

"that Baldur is better pleased when the heart grows soft and injuries are forgiven, than with the most costly sacrifices. Lay aside forever all thoughts of hatred and revenge, and stretch out to Halfdan the hand of friendship."

Joy had softened all Frithiof's feelings of anger, and, advancing to Halfdan, who was standing near the altar, he spoke out manfully.

"Halfdan," he said, "let us forget the years that have gone by. Let all past evil and injury be buried in the grave. Henceforth let us be as brothers, and once more I ask thee, give me Ingebjorg to be my wife."

And Halfdan made answer, "Thou shalt be my brother."

And as he spoke, an inner door flew open, and a sweet chorus of youthful voices was heard. A band of maidens issued forth, and at their head walked Ingebjorg, fairer than ever.

Then Halfdan, leading her to Frithiof, placed her hand within that of the viking.

"Behold thy wife," said Halfdan. "Well hast thou won her. May the gods attend upon your bridal."

So Ingebjorg became the wife of Frithiof at last.

Thus steps of sorrow had but led them to a height of happiness that poets love to sing. Paths thick with thorns had blossomed into roses, and wreaths of everlasting flowers had crowned the winter snows. And midst the lights and shadows of the old Northland, their lives flowed on like to two united streams that roll through quiet pastures to the ocean of eternity.

THE VIKINGS

ADAPTED BY MARY MACGREGOR

I

CHARACTERS OF THE VIKINGS

In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, in all the villages and towns around the shores of the Baltic, the viking race was born.

It has been said that the name "vikings" was first given to those Northmen who dwelt in a part of Denmark called Viken. However that may be, it was the name given to all the Northmen who took to a wild, sea-roving life, because they would often seek shelter with their boats in one or another of the numerous bays which abounded along their coasts.

Thus the vikings were not by any means all kings, as you might think from their name; yet among them were many chiefs of royal descent. These, although they had neither subjects nor kingdoms over which to rule, no sooner stepped on board a viking's boat to take command of the crew, than they were given title of king.

The Northmen did not, however, spend all their lives in harrying and burning other countries. When the seas were quiet in the long, summer days, they would go off, as I have told you, on their wild expeditions. But when summer was over, and the seas began to grow rough and stormy, the viking bands would go home with their booty and stay there, to build their houses, reap their fields, and, when spring had come again, to sow their grain in the hope of a plenteous harvest.

There was thus much that the viking lad had to learn beyond the art of wielding the battle-axe, poising the spear, and shooting an arrow straight to its mark. Even a free-born yeoman's son had to work, work as hard as had the slaves or thralls who were under him.

The old history books, or Sagas, as the Norseman called them, have, among other songs, this one about the duties of a well-born lad:

"He now learnt
To tame oxen
And till the ground,
To timber houses
And build barns,
To make carts
And form plows."

Indeed, it would have surprised you to see the fierce warriors and mighty chiefs themselves laying aside their weapons and working in the fields side by side with their thralls, sowing, reaping, threshing. Yet this they did.

Even kings were often to be seen in the fields during the busy harvest season. They would help their men to cut the golden grain, and with their own royal hands help to fill the barn when the field was reaped. To king and yeomen alike, work, well done, was an honorable deed.

Long before the Sagas were written down, the stories of the heroes were sung in halls and on battle-fields by the poets of the nation. These poets were named skalds, and their rank among the Northmen was high.

Sometimes the Sagas were sung in prose, at other times in verse. Sometimes they were tales which had been handed down from father to son

for so many years that it was hard to tell how much of them was history, how much fable. At other times the Sagas were true accounts of the deeds of the Norse kings. For the skalds were ofttimes to be seen on the battlefields or battleships of the vikings, and then their songs were of the brave deeds which they had themselves seen done, of the victories and defeats at which they themselves had been present.

The battles which the vikings fought were fought on the sea more frequently than on the land.

Their warships were called long-ships and were half-decked. The rowers sat in the center of the boat, which was low, so that their oars could reach the water. Sails were used, either red or painted in different stripes, red, blue, yellow, green. These square, brightly colored sails gave the boats a gay appearance which was increased by the round shields which were hung outside the gunwale and which were also painted red, black, or white. At the prow there was usually a beautifully carved and gorgeously painted figurehead. The stem and stern of the ships were high. In the stern there was an upper deck, but in the forepart of the vessel there was nothing but loose planks on which the sailors could step. When a storm was raging or a battle was being fought, the loose planks did not, as you may imagine, offer a very firm foothold.

The boats were usually built long and pointed for the sake of speed, and had seats for thirty rowers. Besides the rowers, the long-boats could hold from sixty to one hundred and fifty sailors.

II

HARALD FAIRHAIR

Harald Fairhair was one of the foremost of the kings of Norway. He was so brave a Northman that he became king over the whole of Norway. In 861 A. D., when he began to reign, Norway was divided into thirty-one little kingdoms, over each of which ruled a little king. Harald Fairhair began his reign by being one of these little kings.

Harald was only a boy, ten years of age, when he succeeded his father; but as he grew up he became a very strong and handsome man, as well as a very wise and prudent one. Indeed, he grew so strong that he fought with and vanquished five great kings in one battle.

After this victory, Harald sent, so the old chronicles of the kings of Norway say, some of his men to a princess named Gyda, bidding them tell her that he wished to make her his queen.

But Gyda wished to marry a king who ruled over a whole country, rather than one who owned but a small part of Norway, and this was the message she sent back to Harald:

"Tell Harald," said the maiden, "that I will agree to be his wife if he will first, for my sake, subdue all Norway to himself, for only thus methinks can he be called the king of a people."

The messengers thought Gyda's words too bold, but when King Harald heard them, he said, "It is wonderful that I did not think of this before. And now I make a solemn vow and take God to witness, who made me and rules over all things, that never shall I clip or comb my hair until I have subdued the whole of Norway with scat [land taxes], and duties, and domains."

Then, without delay, Harald assembled a great force and prepared to conquer all the other little kings who were ruling over the different parts of Norway.

In many districts the kings had no warning of Harald's approach, and before they could collect an army they were vanquished.

When their ruler was defeated, many of his subjects fled from the country, manned their ships and sailed away on viking expeditions. Others made peace with King Harald and became his men.

Over each district, as he conquered it, Harald placed a jarl, or earl, that he might judge and do justice, and also that he might collect the scat and fines which Harald had imposed upon the conquered people. As the earls were given a third part of the money they thus collected, they were well pleased to take service with King Harald. And indeed they grew richer, and more powerful too, than they had ever been before.

It took King Harald ten long years to do as he had vowed, and make all Norway his own. During these years a great many new bands of vikings were formed, and led by their chief or king they left the country, not choosing to become King Harald's men.

These viking bands went west, over the sea, to Shetland and Orkney, to the Hebrides, and also to England, Scotland, and Ireland.

During the winter they made their home in these lands, but in summer they sailed to the coast of Norway and did much damage to the towns that lay along the coast. Then, growing bolder, they ventured inland, and because of their hatred against King Harald, they plundered and burned both towns and villages.

Meanwhile Harald, having fulfilled his vow, had his hair combed and cut. It had grown so rough and tangled during these ten years that his people had named him Harald Sufa, which meant

CARRYING PRINCE HAKON IN HIS ARMS HAUK STEPPED BEFORE THE KING

"Shock-headed Harald." Now, however, after his long, yellow hair was combed and clipped, he was named Harald Fairhair, and by this name he was ever after known. Nor did the King forget Gyda, for whose sake he had made his vow. He sent for her, and she, as she had promised, came to marry the King of all Norway.

Now the raids of the vikings along the coasts of Norway angered the King, and he determined that they should end. He, therefore, set out with a large fleet in search of his rebellious subjects.

These, when they heard of his approach, fled to their longships and sailed out to sea. But Harald reached Shetland and slew those vikings who had not fled, then, landing on the Orkney Isles, he burned and plundered, sparing no Northman who crossed his path. On the Hebrides King Harald met with worthy foes, for here were many who had once themselves been kings in Norway. In all the battles that he fought Harald was victorious and gained much booty.

When he went back to Norway the King left one of his jarls to carry on war against the inhabitants of Scotland. Caithness and Sutherland were conquered by this jarl for Harald, and thereafter many chiefs, both Norsemen and Danes, settled there. While Harald Fairhair was ruling in Norway, a grandson of Alfred the Great became king in England. His name was Athelstan the Victorious. Now Athelstan liked to think that he was a greater king than Harald Fairhair. It pleased him, too, to play what seemed to him a clever trick on his rival across the sea.

He sent a beautiful sword to Harald. Its hilt was covered with gold and silver, and set with precious gems. When Athelstan's messenger stood before the King of Norway he held out the hilt of the sword toward him, saying, "Here is a sword that King Athelstan doth send to thee." Harald at once seized it by the hilt. Then the messengers smiled and said, "Now shalt thou be subject to the King of England, for thou hast taken the sword by the hilt as he desired thee." To take a sword thus was in those olden days a sign of submission.

Then Harald was very angry, for he knew that Athelstan had sent this gift only that he might mock him. He wished to punish the messenger whom Athelstan had sent with the sword. Nevertheless he remembered his habit whenever he got angry, to first keep quiet and let his anger subside, and then look at the matter calmly. By the time the prudent King had done this, his anger had cooled, and Athelstan's messenger departed unharmed.

But with Athelstan Harald still hoped to be equal.

The following summer he sent a ship to England. It was commanded by Hauk, and into his hands Harald intrusted his young son Hakon, whom he was sending to King Athelstan. For what purpose you shall hear.

Hauk reached England safely, and found the King in London at a feast. The captain boldly entered the hall where the feasters sat, followed by thirty of his men, each one of whom had his shield hidden under his cloak.

Carrying Prince Hakon, who was a child, in his arms, Hauk stepped before the King and saluted him. Then before Athelstan knew what he meant to do, Hauk had placed the little prince on the King's knee.

"Why hast thou done this?" said Athelstan to the bold Northman.

"Harald of Norway asks thee to foster his child," answered Hauk. But well he knew that his words would make the King of England wroth. For one who became foster-father to a child was usually of lower rank than the real father. This, you see, was Harald's way of thanking Athelstan for his gift of the sword.

Well, as Hauk expected, the King was very angry when he heard why the little prince had been placed on his knee. He drew his sword as though he would slay the child.

Hauk, however, was quite undisturbed, and said, "Thou hast borne the child on thy knee, and thou canst murder him if thou wilt, but thou canst not make an end of all King Harald's sons by so doing."

Then the viking, with his men, left the hall and strode down to the river, where they embarked, and at once set sail for Norway.

When Hauk reached Norway and told the King all that he had done, Harald was well content, for the King of England had been forced to become the foster-father of his little son.

Athelstan's anger against his royal foster-child was soon forgotten, and ere long he loved him better than any of his own kin.

He ordered the priest to baptize the little prince, and to teach him the true faith.

III

THE SEA-FIGHT OF THE JOMSVIKINGS

While King Harald was reigning in Denmark, he built on the shores of the Baltic a fortress which he called Jomsburg. In this fortress dwelt a famous band of vikings named the Jomsvikings. It is one of their most famous sea-fights that I am going to tell you now.

The leader of the band was Earl Sigvald, and

a bold and fearless leader he had proved himself.

It was at a great feast that Sigvald made the rash vow which led to this mighty battle. After the horn of mead had been handed round not once or twice only, Sigvald arose and vowed that, before three winters had passed, he and his band would go to Norway and either kill or chase Earl Hakon out of the country.

In the morning Sigvald and his Jomsvikings perhaps felt that they had vowed more than they were able to perform, yet it was not possible to withdraw from the enterprise unless they were willing to be called cowards. They, therefore, thought it would be well to start without delay, that they might, if possible, take Earl Hakon unawares.

In a short time, therefore, the Jomsviking fleet was ready, and sixty warships sailed away toward Norway. No sooner did they reach Earl Hakon's realms than they began to plunder and burn along the coast. But while they gained booty, they lost time. For Hakon, hearing of their doings, at once split a war-arrow and sent it all over the realm.

It was in this way that Hakon heard that the Jomsvikings were in his land. In one village the vikings had, as they thought, killed all the inhabitants. But unknown to them a man had escaped with the loss of his hand, and hastening to the shore he sailed away in a light boat in search of the earl.

Hakon was at dinner when the fugitive stood before him.

"Art thou sure that thou didst see the Jomsvikings?" asked Hakon, when he had listened to the man's tidings.

For answer, the peasant stretched out the arm from which the hand had been sundered, saying, "Here is the token that the Jomsvikings are in the land."

It was then that Hakon sent the war-arrow throughout the land and speedily gathered together a great force. Eric, one of his sons, also collected troops, but though the preparations for war went on apace, the Jomsvikings heard nothing of them, and still thought that they would take Earl Hakon by surprise.

At length the vikings sailed into a harbor about twenty miles north of a town called Stad. As they were in want of food, some of the band landed, and marched to the nearest village. Here they slaughtered the men who could bear arms, burned the houses, and drove all the cattle they could find before them toward the shore.

On the way to their ships, however, they met a peasant who said to them, "Ye are not doing like true warriors, to be driving cows and calves down to the strand, while ye should be giving chase to the bear, since ye are come near to the bear's den." By the bear the peasant meant Earl Hakon, as the vikings well knew.

"What says the man?" they all cried, together; "can he tell us about Earl Hakon?"

"Yesternight he lay inside the island that you can see yonder," said the peasant; "and you can slay him when you like, for he is waiting for his men."

"Thou shalt have all this cattle," cried one of the vikings, "if thou wilt show us the way to the jarl."

Then the peasant went on board the vikings' boat, and they hastened to Sigvald to tell him that the earl lay in a bay but a little way off.

The Jomsvikings armed themselves as if they were going to meet a large army, which the peasant said was unnecessary, as the earl had but few ships and men.

But no sooner had the Jomsvikings come within sight of the bay than they knew that the peasant had deceived them. Before them lay more than three hundred warships.

When the peasant saw that his trick was discovered he jumped overboard, hoping to swim to shore. But one of the vikings flung a spear after him, and the peasant sank and was seen no more.

Now, though the vikings had fewer ships than Earl Hakon, they were larger and higher, and Sigvald hoped that this would help them to gain the victory.

Slowly the fleets drew together and a fierce battle began. At first Hakon's men fell in great numbers, for the Jomsvikings fought with all their wonted strength. So many spears also were aimed at Hakon himself that his armor was split asunder and he threw it aside.

When the earl saw that the battle was going against him, he called his sons together and said, "I dislike to fight against these men, for I believe that none are their equals, and I see that it will fare ill with us unless we hit upon some plan. Stay here with the host and I will go ashore and see what can be done.

Then the jarl went into the depths of a forest, and, sinking on his knees, he prayed to the goddess Thorgerd. But when no answer came to his cry, Hakon thought she was angry, and to appease her wrath he sacrificed many precious things to her. Yet still the goddess hid her face.

In his despair Hakon then promised to offer human sacrifices, but no sign was given to him that his offering would be accepted.

"Thou shalt have my son, my youngest son Erling!" cried the King, and then at length, so it seemed to Hakon, Thorgerd was satisfied. He, therefore, gave his son, who was but seven years

old, to his thrall, and bade him offer the child as a sacrifice to the goddess.

Then Hakon went back to his ships, and lo! as the battle raged, the sky began to grow dark though it was but noon, and a storm arose and a heavy shower of hail fell. The hail was driven by the wind in the faces of the vikings, and flashes of lightning blinded them and loud peals of thunder made them afraid. But a short time before the warriors had flung aside their garments because of the heat; now the cold was so intense that they could scarce hold their weapons.

While the storm raged, Hakon praised the gods and encouraged his men to fight more fiercely. Then, as the battle went against them, the Jomsvikings saw in the clouds a troll, or fiend. In each finger the troll held an arrow, which, as it seemed to them, always hit and killed a man.

Sigvald saw that his men were growing fearful, and he, too, felt that the gods were against them. "It seems to me," he said, "that it is not men whom we have to fight to-day, but fiends, and it requires manliness to go boldly against them."

But now the storm abated, and once more the vikings began to conquer. Then the earl cried again to Thorgerd, saying that now he deserved victory, for he had sacrificed to her his youngest son.

Then once more the storm-cloud crept over the sky and a terrific storm of hail beat upon the vikings, and now they saw, not in the clouds, but in Hakon's ship, two trolls, and they were speeding arrows among the enemies of Hakon.

Even Sigvald, the renowned leader of the Jomsvikings, could not stand before these unknown powers. He called to his men to flee, for, said he, "we did not vow to fight against fiends, but against men."

But though Sigvald sailed away with thirty-five ships, there were some of his men who scorned to flee even from fiends. Twenty-five ships stayed behind to continue the fight.

The viking Bui was commander of one of these. His ship was boarded by Hakon's men, whereupon he took one of his treasure-chests in either hand and jumped into the sea. As he jumped he cried, "Overboard, all Bui's men," and neither he nor those who followed him were ever seen again.

Before the day was ended, Sigvald's brother had also sailed away with twenty-four boats, so that there was left but one boat out of all the Jomsvikings' fleet. It was commanded by the viking Vagn.

Earl Hakon sent his son Eric to board this boat, and after a brave fight it was captured, for Vagn's men were stiff and weary with their wounds, and could scarce wield their battle-axes or spears.

With thirty-six of his men Vagn was taken prisoner and brought to land, and thus Earl Hakon had defeated the famous vikings of Jomsburg. The victory was due, as Hakon at least believed, to the aid of the goddess Thorgerd.

When the weapons and other booty which they had taken had been divided among the men, Earl Hakon and his chiefs sat down in their warbooths and appointed a man named Thorkel to behead the prisoners.

Eighteen were beheaded ere the headsman came to Vagn. Now, as he had a dislike to this brave viking, Thorkel rushed at him, holding his sword in both hands. But Vagn threw himself suddenly at Thorkel's feet, whereupon the headsman tripped over him. In a moment Vagn was on his feet, Thorkel's sword in his hand, and before any one could stop him he had slain his enemy.

Then Earl Eric, Hakon's son, who loved brave men, said, "Vagn, wilt thou accept life?"

"That I will," said the bold viking, "if thou give it to all of us who are still alive."

"Loose the prisoners!" cried the young earl, and it was done. Thus of the famous band of Jomsvikings twelve yet lived to do many a valiant deed in days to come.

SIEGFRIED

ADAPTED BY MARY MACGREGOR

MIMER THE BLACKSMITH

SIEGFRIED was born a prince and grew to be a hero, a hero with a heart of gold. Though he could fight, and was as strong as any lion, yet he could love too and be as gentle as a child.

The father and mother of the hero-boy lived in a strong castle near the banks of the great Rhine river. Siegmund, his father, was a rich king, Sieglinde, his mother, a beautiful queen, and dearly did they love their little son Siegfried.

The courtiers and the high-born maidens who dwelt in the castle honored the little Prince, and thought him the fairest child in all the land, as indeed he was.

Sieglinde, his queen-mother, would ofttimes dress her little son in costly garments and lead him by the hand before the proud, strong men-at-arms who stood before the castle walls. Naught had they but smiles and gentle words for their little Prince.

When he grew older, Siegfried would ride into the country, yet always would he be attended by King Siegmund's most trusted warriors.

Then one day armed men entered the Netherlands, the country over which the King Siegmund ruled, and the little Prince was sent away from the castle, lest by any evil chance he should fall into the hands of the foe.

Siegfried was hidden away safe in the thickets of a great forest, and dwelt there under the care of a blacksmith, named Mimer.

Mimer was a dwarf, belonging to a strange race of little folk called Nibelungs. The Nibelungs lived for the most part in a dark, little town beneath the ground. Nibelheim was the name of this little town and many of the tiny men who dwelt there was smiths. All the livelong day they would hammer on their little anvils, but all through the long night they would dance and play with tiny little Nibelung women.

It was not in the little dark town of Nibelung that Mimer had his forge, but under the trees of the great forest to which Siegfried had been sent.

As Mimer or his pupils wielded their tools the wild beasts would start from their lairs, and the swift birds would wing their flight through the mazes of the wood, lest danger lay in those heavy, resounding strokes.

But Siegfried, the hero-boy, would laugh for glee, and seizing the heaviest hammer he could see he would swing it with such force upon the anvil that it would be splintered into a thousand pieces.

Then Mimer the blacksmith would scold the lad, who was now the strongest of all the lads under his care; but little heeding his rebukes, Siegfried would fling himself merrily out of the smithy and hasten with great strides into the gladsome wood. For now the Prince was growing a big lad, and his strength was even as the strength of ten.

To-day Siegfried was in a merry mood. He would repay Mimer's rebukes in right good fashion. He would frighten the little blacksmith dwarf until he was forced to cry for mercy.

Clad in his forest dress of deerskins, with his hair as burnished gold blowing around his shoulders, Siegfried wandered away into the depths of the woodland.

There he seized the silver horn which hung from his girdle and raised it to his lips. A long, clear note he blew, and ere the sound had died away the boy saw a sight which pleased him well. Here was good prey indeed! A bear, a great, big, shaggy bear was peering at him out of a bush, and as he gazed the beast opened its jaws and growled, a fierce and angry growl.

Not a whit afraid was Siegfried. Quick as lightning he had caught the great creature in his arms, and ere it could turn upon him, it was muzzled, and was being led quietly along toward the smithy.

Mimer was busy at his forge sharpening a sword when Siegfried reached the doorway.

At the sound of laughter the little dwarf raised his head. It was the Prince who laughed. Then Mimer saw the bear, and letting the sword he held drop to the ground with a clang, he ran to hide himself in the darkest corner of the smithy.

Then Siegfried laughed again. He was no hero-boy to-day, for next he made the big bear hunt the little Nibelung dwarf from corner to corner, nor could the frightened little man escape or hide himself in darkness. Again and again as he crouched in a shadowed corner, Siegfried

would stir up the embers of the forge until all the smithy was lighted with a ruddy glow.

At length the Prince tired of his game, and unmuzzling the bear he chased the bewildered beast back into the shelter of the woodland.

Mimer, poor little dwarf, all a-tremble with his fear, cried angrily, "Thou mayest go shoot if so it please thee, and bring home thy dead prey. Dead bears thou mayest bring hither if thou wilt, but live bears shalt thou leave to crouch in their lair or to roam through the forest." But Siegfried, the naughty Prince, only laughed at the little Nibelung's frightened face and harsh, croaking voice.

Now as the days passed, Mimer the blacksmith began to wish that Siegfried had never come to dwell with him in his smithy. The Prince was growing too strong, too brave to please the little dwarf; moreover, many were the mischievous tricks his pupil played on him.

Prince though he was, Mimer would see if he could not get rid of his tormentor. For indeed though, as I have told you, Siegfried had a heart of gold, at this time the gold seemed to have grown dim and tarnished. Perhaps that was because the Prince had learned to distrust and to dislike, nay, more, to hate the little, cunning dwarf.

However that may be, it is certain that Siegfried played many pranks upon the little Nibelung, and he, Mimer, determined to get rid of the quick-tempered, strong-handed Prince.

One day, therefore, it happened that the little dwarf told Siegfried to go deep into the forest to bring home charcoal for the forge. And this Mimer did, though he knew that in the very part of the forest to which he was sending the lad there dwelt a terrible dragon, named Regin. Indeed Regin was a brother of the little blacksmith, and would be lying in wait for the Prince. It would be but the work of a moment for the monster to seize the lad and greedily to devour him.

To Siegfried it was always joy to wander afar through the woodland. Ofttimes had he thrown himself down on the soft, moss-covered ground and lain there hour after hour, listening to the wood-bird's song. Sometimes he would even find a reed and try to pipe a tune as sweet as did the birds, but that was all in vain, as the lad soon found. No tiny songster would linger to hearken to the shrill piping of his grassy reed, and the Prince himself was soon ready to fling it far away.

It was no hardship then to Siegfried to leave the forge and the hated little Nibelung, therefore it was that with right good will he set out in search of charcoal for Mimer the blacksmith.

As he loitered there where the trees grew thickest, Siegfried took his horn and blew it lustily. If he could not pipe on a grassy reed, at least he could blow a rousing note on his silver horn.

Suddenly, as Siegfried blew, the trees seemed to sway, the earth to give out fire. Regin, the dragon, had roused himself at the blast, and was even now drawing near to the Prince.

It was at the mighty strides of the monster that the trees had seemed to tremble, it was as he opened his terrible jaws that the earth had seemed to belch out fire.

For a little while Siegfried watched the dragon in silence. Then he laughed aloud, and a brave, gay laugh it was. Alone in the forest, with a sword, buckled to his side, the hero was afraid of naught, not even of Regin. The ugly monster was sitting now on a little hillock, looking down upon the lad, his victim as he thought.

Then Siegfried called boldly to the dragon, "I will kill thee, for in truth thou art an ugly monster."

At those words Regin opened his great jaws, and showed his terrible fangs. Yet still the boy Prince mocked at the hideous dragon.

And now Regin in his fury crept closer and closer to the lad, swinging his great tail, until he well-nigh swept Siegfried from his feet.

Swiftly then the Prince drew his sword, well tempered as he knew, for had not he himself wrought it in the forge of Mimer the blacksmith? Swiftly he drew his sword, and with one bound he sprang upon the dragon's back, and as he reared himself, down came the hero's shining sword and pierced into the very heart of the monster. Thus as Siegfried leaped nimbly to the ground, the dragon fell back dead. Regin was no longer to be feared.

Then Siegfried did a curious thing. He had heard the little Nibelung men who came to the smithy to talk with Mimer, he had heard them say that whoever should bathe in the blood of Regin the dragon would henceforth be safe from every foe. For his skin would grow so tough and horny that it would be to him as an armor through which no sword could ever pierce.

Thinking of the little Nibelungs' harsh voices and wrinkled little faces as they had sat talking thus around Mimer's glowing forge, Siegfried now flung aside his deerskin dress and bathed himself from top to toe in the dragon's blood.

But as he bathed, a leaf from off a linden tree was blown upon his shoulders, and on the spot where it rested Siegfried's skin was still soft and tender as when he was a little child. It was only a tiny spot which was covered by the linden leaf, but should a spear thrust, or an arrow pierce that tiny spot, Siegfried would be wounded as easily as any other man.

The dragon was dead, the bath was over, and clad once more in his deerskin, Siegfried set out for the smithy. He brought no charcoal for the forge; all that he carried with him was a heart afire with anger, a sword quivering to take the life of the Nibelung, Mimer.

For now Siegfried knew that the dwarf had wished to send him forth to death, when he bade him go seek charcoal in the depths of the forest.

Into the dusky glow of the smithy plunged the hero, and swiftly he slew the traitor Mimer. Then gaily, for he had but slain evil ones of whom the world was well rid, then gaily Siegfried fared through the forest in quest of adventure.

SIEGFRIED WINS THE TREASURE

Now this is what befell the Prince.

In his wanderings he reached the country called Isenland, where the war-like but beautiful Queen Brunhild reigned. He gazed with wonder at her castle, so strong it stood on the edge of the sea, guarded by seven great gates. Her marble palaces also made him marvel, so white they glittered in the sun.

But most of all he marveled at this haughty Queen, who refused to marry any knight unless he could vanquish her in every contest to which she summoned him.

Brunhild from the castle window saw the fair face and the strong limbs of the hero, and demanded that he should be brought into her presence, and as a sign of her favor she showed the young Prince her magic horse Gana.

Yet Siegfried had no wish to conquer the warrior-queen and gain her hand and her broad dominions for his own. Siegfried thought only of a wonder-maiden, unknown, unseen as yet, though in his heart he hid an image of her as he dreamed that she would be.

It is true that Siegfried had no love for the haughty Brunhild. It is also true that he wished to prove to her that he alone was a match for all her boldest warriors, and had even power to bewitch her magic steed, Gana, if so he willed, and steal it from her side.

And so one day a spirit of mischief urged the Prince on to a gay prank, as also a wayward spirit urged him no longer to brook Queen Brunhild's mien.

Before he left Isenland, therefore, Siegfried in a merry mood threw to the ground the seven great gates that guarded the Queen's strong castle. Then he called to Gana, the magic steed, to follow him into the world, and this the charger did with a right good will.

Whether Siegfried sent Gana back to Isenland or not I do not know, but I know that in the days to come Queen Brunhild never forgave the hero for his daring feat.

When the Prince had left Isenland he rode on and on until he came to a great mountain. Here near a cave he found two little dwarfish Nibelungs, surrounded by twelve foolish giants. The two little Nibelungs were princes, the giants were their counselors.

Now the King of the Nibelungs had but just died in the dark little underground town of Nibelheim, and the two tiny princes were the sons of the dead King.

But they had not come to the mountain-side to mourn for their royal father. Not so indeed had they come, but to divide the great hoard of treasure which the King had bequeathed to them at his death.

Already they had begun to quarrel over the treasure, and the twelve foolish giants looked on, but did not know what to say or do, so they did nothing, and never spoke at all.

The dwarfs had themselves carried the hoard out of the cave where usually it was hidden, and they had spread it on the mountain-side.

There it lay, gold as far as the eye could see, and farther. Jewels, too, were there, more than twelve wagons could carry away in four days and nights, each going three journeys.

Indeed, however much you took from this marvelous treasure, never did it seem to grow less.

But more precious even than the gold or the jewels of the hoard was a wonderful sword which it possessed. It was named Balmung, and had been tempered by the Nibelungs in their glowing forges underneath the glad green earth.

Before the magic strength of Balmung's stroke, the strongest warrior must fall, nor could his armor save him, however close its links had been welded by some doughty smith.

As Siegfried rode towards the two little dwarfs, they turned and saw him, with his bright, fair face, and flowing locks.

Nimble as little hares they darted to his side, and begged that he would come and divide their treasure. He should have the good sword Balmung as reward, they cried.

Siegfried dismounted, well pleased to do these ugly little men a kindness.

But alas! ere long the dwarfs began to mock at the hero with their harsh voices, and to wag their horrid little heads at him, while they screamed in a fury that he was not dividing the treasure as they wished.

Then Siegfried grew angry with the tiny

SIEGFRIED SLAYING THE DRAGON

princes, and seizing the magic sword, he cut off their heads. The twelve foolish giants also he slew, and thus became himself master of the marvelous hoard as well as of the good sword Balmung.

Seven hundred valiant champions, hearing the blast of the hero's horn, now gather together to defend the country from this strange young warrior. But he vanquished them all, and forced them to promise that they would henceforth serve no other lord save him alone. And this they did, being proud of his great might.

Now tidings of the slaughter of the two tiny princes had reached Nibelheim, and great was the wrath of the little men and little women who dwelt in the dark town beneath the earth.

Alberich, the mightiest of all the dwarfs, gathered together his army of little gnomes to avenge the death of the two dwarf princes and also, for Alberich was a greedy man, to gain for himself the great hoard.

When Siegfried saw Alberich at the head of his army of little men he laughed aloud, and with a light heart he chased them all into the great cave on the mountain-side.

From off the mighty dwarf, Alberich, he stripped his famous Cloak of Darkness, which made him who wore it not only invisible, but strong as twelve strong men. He snatched also from the dwarf's fingers his wishing-rod, which was of Magic Wand. And last of all he made Alberich and his thousands of tiny warriors take an oath, binding them evermore to serve him alone. Then hiding the treasure in the cave with the seven hundred champions whom he had conquered, he left Alberich and his army of little men to guard it, until he came again. And Alberich and his dwarfs were faithful to the hero who had shorn them of their treasure, and served him for evermore.

Siegfried, the magic sword Balmung by his side, the Cloak of Darkness thrown over his arm, the Magic Wand in his strong right hand, went over the mountain, across the plains, nor did he tarry until he came again to the castle built on the banks of the river Rhine in his own low-lying country of the Netherlands.

SIEGFRIED COMES HOME

The walls of the old castle rang. King Siegmund, his knights and liegemen, all were welcoming Prince Siegfried home. They had not seen their hero-prince since he had been sent long years before to be under the charge of Mimer the blacksmith.

He had grown but more fair, more noble, they thought, as they gazed upon his stalwart limbs, his fearless eyes.

And what tales of prowess clustered around his name! Already their Prince had done great deeds as he had ridden from land to land.

The King and his liegemen had heard of the slaughter of the terrible dragon, of the capture of the great treasure, of the defiance of the warlike and beautiful Brunhild. They could wish for no more renowned prince than their own Prince Siegfried.

Thus Siegmund and his subjects rejoiced that the heir to the throne was once again in his own country.

In the Queen's bower, too, there was great joy. Sieglinde wept, but her tears were not those of sadness. Sieglinde wept for very gladness that her son had come home safe from his wonderful adventures.

Now Siegmund wished to give a great feast in honor of his son. It should be on his birthday which was very near, the birthday on which the young Prince would be twenty-one years of age.

Far and wide throughout the Netherlands and into distant realms tidings of the feast were borne. Kinsmen and strangers, lords and ladies, all were asked to the banquet in the great castle hall where Siegmund reigned supreme.

It was the merry month of June when the feast was held, and the sun shone bright on maidens in fair raiment, on knights in burnished armor.

Siegfried was to be knighted on this June day along with four hundred young squires of his father's realm. The Prince was clad in gorgeous armor, and on the cloak flung around his shoulders jewels were seen to sparkle in the sunlight, jewels made fast with gold embroidery worked by the white hands of the Queen and her fair damsels.

In games and merry pastimes the hours of the day sped fast away, until the great bell of the Minster pealed, calling the gay company to the house of God for evensong. Siegfried and the four hundred squires knelt before the altar, ere they were knighted by the royal hand of Siegmund the King.

The solemn service ended, the new-made knights hastened back to the castle, and there in the great hall a mighty tournament was held. Knights who had grown gray in service tilted with those who but that day had been given the grace of knighthood. Lances splintered, shields fell before the mighty onslaughts of the gallant warriors, until King Siegmund bade the tilting cease.

Then in the great hall feasting and song held

They were knighted by the royal hand of Sieymund the King

sway until daylight faded and the stars shone bright.

Yet no weariness knew the merrymakers. The next morning, and for six long summer days, they tilted, they sang, they feasted.

When at length the great festival drew to a close, Siegmund in the presence of his guests gave to his dear son Siegfried many lands and strong castles over which he might be lord.

To all his son's comrades, too, the King gave steeds and costly raiment, while Queen Sieglinde bestowed upon them freely coins of gold. Such abundant gifts had never before been dreamed of as were thus lavished by Siegmund and Sieglinde on their guests.

As the rich nobles looked upon the brave young Prince Siegfried, there were some who whispered among themselves that they would fain have him to rule in the land.

Siegfried heard their whispers, but in no wise did he give heed to the wish of the nobles.

Never, he thought while his beautiful mother and his bounteous father lived, would he wear the crown.

Indeed Siegfried had no wish to sit upon a throne, he wished but to subdue the evil-doers in the lands. Or better still, he wished to go forth in search of new adventure. And this right soon he did.

SIEGFRIED AT THE COURT OF WORMS

At the Court of Worms in Burgundy dwelt the Princess Kriemhild, whose fame for beauty and kindness had spread to many a far-off land. She lived with her mother, Queen Uté and her three brothers King Gunther, King Gernot, and King Giselher. Her father had long been dead. Gunther sat upon the throne and had for chief counselor his cruel uncle Hagen.

One night Kriemhild dreamed that a beautiful wild hawk with feathers of gold came and perched upon her wrist. It grew so tame that she took it with her to the hunt. Upward it soared when loosed toward the bright blue sky. Then the dream-maiden saw two mighty eagles swoop down upon her petted hawk and tear it to pieces.

The Princess told her dream to her mother, who said, "The hawk, my daughter, is a noble knight who shall be thy husband, but, alas, unless God defend him from his foes, thou shalt lose him ere he has long been thine." Kremhild replied, "O lady mother, I wish no knight to woo me from thy side." "Nay," said the Queen, "Speak not thus, for God will send to thee a noble knight and strong."

Hearing of the Princess, Siegfried, who lived in the Netherlands, began to think that she was strangely like the unknown maiden whose image he carried in his heart. So he set out to go into Burgundy to see the beautiful Kriemhild who had sent many knights away.

Siegfried's father wished to send an army with him but Siegfried said, "Nay, give me only, I pray thee, eleven stalwart warriors."

Tidings had reached King Gunther of the band of strangers who had so boldly entered the royal city. He sent for Hagen, chief counselor, who said they must needs be princes or ambassadors. "One knight, the fairest and the boldest, is, methinks, the wondrous hero Siegfried, who has won great treasure from the Nibelungs, and has killed two little princely dwarfs, their twelve giants, and seven hundred great champions of the neighboring country with his good sword Balmung." Graciously then did the King welcome Siegfried.

"I beseech thee, noble knight," said the King, "tell me why thou hast journeyed to this our royal city?"

Now Siegfried was not ready to speak of the fair Princess, so he told the King that he had come to see the splendor of the court and to do great deeds, even to wrest from him the broad realm of Burgundy and likewise all his castles. "Unless thou dost conquer me I shall rule in my great might in this realm."

"We do well to be angry at the words of this bold stripling," said Hagen. A quarrel arose, but King Gernot, Gunther's brother, made peace and Siegfried began to think of the wonder-lady of his dreams and grew ashamed of his boasting.

Then all Burgundy began to hear of Siegfried. At the end of the year Burgundy was threatened with invasion. King Ludegast and King Ludeger threatened mighty wars.

When Siegfried heard of this he said, "If trouble hath come to thee, my arm is strong to bring thee aid. If thy foes were as many as thirty thousand, yet with one thousand warriors would I destroy them. Therefore, leave the battle in my hands."

When the rude kings heard that Siegfried would fight for Burgundy their hearts failed for fear and in great haste they gathered their armies. King Gunther meanwhile had assembled his men and the chief command was given to Hagen, but Siegfried rode forward to seek the foe.

In advance of their warriors stood Ludegast and Ludeger ready for the fray. Grasping his good sword Balmung, Siegfried first met Ludegast

piercing him through his steel harness with an ugly thrust till he lay helpless at his feet. Thirty of the King's warriors rode up and beset the hero, but Siegfried slaughtered all save one. He was spared to carry the dire tidings of the capture of Ludegast to his army.

Ludeger had seen the capture of his brother and met the onslaught that Siegfried soon made upon him. But with a great blow Siegfried struck the shield from Ludeger's hold, and in a moment more he had him at his mercy. For the second time that day the Prince was victor over a king.

When Uté, the mother of Kriemhild, heard that a grand festival celebrating the prowess of Prince Siegfried was to be held at court, she made up her mind that she and her daughter would lend their gracious presence. Many noble guests were there gathered and when the knights entered the lists the King sent a hundred of his liegemen to bring the Queen and the Princess to the great hall. When Siegfried saw the Princess he knew that she was indeed more beautiful than he had ever dreamed. A messenger was sent by the King bidding him greet the Princess. "Be welcome here, Sir Siegfried, for thou art a good and noble knight," said the maiden softly, "for right well hast thou served my royal brother."

"Thee will I serve for ever," cried the happy hero, "thee will I serve for ever, and thy wishes shall ever be my will!"

Then for twelve glad days were Siegfried and Kriemhild ofttimes side by side.

SIEGFRIED GOES TO ISENLAND

Whitsuntide had come and gone when tidings from beyond the Rhine reached the court at Worms.

No dread tiding were these, but glad and good to hear, of a matchless Queen named Brunhild who dwelt in Isenland. King Gunther listened with right good will to the tales of this warlike maiden, for if she were beautiful she was also strong as any warrior. Wayward, too, she was, yet Gunther would fain have her as his queen to sit beside him on his throne.

One day the King sent for Siegfried to tell him that he would fain journey to Isenland to wed Queen Brunhild.

Now Siegfried, as you know, had been in Isenland and knew some of the customs of this wayward Queen. So he answered the King right gravely that it would be a dangerous journey across the sea to Isenland, nor would he win the Queen unless he were able to vanquish her great strength.

He told the King how Brunhild would challenge him to three contests, or games, as she would call them. And if she were the victor, as indeed she had been over many a royal suitor, then his life would be forfeited.

At her own desire kings and princes had hurled the spear at the stalwart Queen, and it had but glanced harmless off her shield, while she would pierce the armor of these valiant knights with her first thrust. This was one of the Queen's games.

Then the knights would hasten to the ring and throw the stone from them as far as might be, yet ever Queen Brunhild threw it farther. For this was another game of the warrior-queen.

The third game was to leap beyond the stone which they had thrown, but ever to their dismay the knights saw this marvelous maiden far outleap them all.

These valorous knights, thus beaten in the three contests, had been beheaded, and therefore it was that Siegfried spoke so gravely to King Gunther.

But Gunther, so he said, was willing to risk his life to win so brave a bride.

Now Hagen had drawn near to the King, and as he listened to Siegfried's words, the grim warrior said, "Sire, since the Prince knows the customs of Isenland, let him go with thee on thy journey, to share thy dangers, and to aid thee in the presence of this warlike Queen."

And Hagen, for he hated the hero, hoped that he might never return alive from Isenland.

But the King was pleased with his counselor's words. "Sir Siegfried," he said, "wilt thou help me to win the matchless maiden Brunhild for my queen?"

"That right gladly will I do," answered the Prince, "if thou wilt promise to give me thy sister Kriemhild as my bride, should I bring thee back safe from Isenland, the bold Queen at thy side."

Then the King promised that on the same day that he wedded Brunhild, his sister should wed Prince Siegfried, and with this promise the hero was well content.

"Thirty thousand warriors will I summon to go with us to Isenland," cried King Gunther gaily.

"Nay," said the Prince, "thy warriors would but be the victims of this haughty Queen. As plain knight-errants will we go, taking with us none, save Hagen the keen-eyed and his brother Dankwart."

Then King Gunther, his face aglow with pleasure, went with Sir Siegfried to his sister's bower, and begged her to provide rich garments in which he and his knights might appear before the beauteous Queen Brunhild.

"Thou shalt not beg this service from me," cried

the gentle Princess, "rather shalt thou command that which thou dost wish. See, here have I silk in plenty. Send thou the gems from off thy bucklers, and I and my maidens will work them with gold embroideries into the silk."

Thus the sweet maiden dismissed her brother, and sending for her thirty maidens who were skilled in needlework she bade them sew their daintiest stitches, for here were robes to be made for the King and Sir Siegfried ere they went to bring Queen Brunhild into Rhineland.

For seven weeks Kriemhild and her maidens were busy in their bower. Silk white as new-fallen snow, silk green as the leaves in spring did they shape into garments worthy to be worn by the King and Sir Siegfried, and amid the gold embroideries glittered many a radiant gem.

Meanwhile down by the banks of the Rhine a vessel was being built to carry the King across the sea to Isenland.

When all was ready the King and Sir Siegfried went to the bower of the Princess. They would put on the silken robes and the beautiful cloaks Kriemhild and her maidens had sewed to see that they were neither too long nor too short. But indeed the skilful hands of the Princess had not erred. No more graceful or more beautiful garments had ever before been seen by the King or the Prince.

"Sir Siegfried," said the gentle Kriemhild, "care for my royal brother lest danger befall him in the bold Queen's country. Bring him home both safe and sound I beseech thee."

The hero bowed his head and promised to shield the King from danger, then they said farewell to the maiden, and embarked in the little ship that awaited them on the banks of the Rhine. Nor did Siegfried forget to take with him his Cloak of Darkness and his good sword Balmung.

Now none was there on the ship save King Gunther, Siegfried, Hagen, and Dankwart, but Siegfried with his Cloak of Darkness had the strength of twelve men as well as his own strong right hand.

Merrily sailed the little ship, steered by Sir Siegfried himself. Soon the Rhine river was left behind and they were out on the sea, a strong wind filling their sails. Ere evening, full twenty miles had the good ship made.

For twelve days they sailed onward, until before them rose the grim fortress that guarded Isenland.

"What towers are these?" cried King Gunther, as he gazed upon the turreted castle which looked as a grim sentinel guarding the land.

"These," answered the hero, "are Queen Brunhild's towers and this is the country over which she rules."

Then turning to Hagen and Dankwart Siegfried begged them to let him be spokesman to the Queen, for he knew her wayward moods. "And King Gunther shall be my king," said the Prince, "and I but his vassal until we leave Isenland."

And Hagen and Dankwart, proud men though they were, obeyed in all things the words of the young Prince of the Netherlands.

SIEGFRIED SUBDUES BRUNHILD

The little ship had sailed on now close beneath the castle, so close indeed that as the King looked up to the window he could catch glimpses of beautiful maidens passing to and fro.

Sir Siegfried also looked and laughed aloud for glee. It would be but a little while until Brunhild was won and he was free to return to his winsome lady Kriemhild.

By this time the maidens in the castle had caught sight of the ship, and many bright eyes were peering down upon King Gunther and his three brave comrades.

"Look well at the fair maidens, sire," said Siegfried to the King. "Among them all show me her whom thou wouldst choose most gladly as your bride."

"Seest thou the fairest of the band," cried the King, "she who is clad in a white garment? It is she and no other whom I would wed."

Right merrily then laughed Siegfried. "The maiden," said he gaily, "is in truth none other than Queen Brunhild herself."

The King and his warriors now moored their vessel and leaped ashore, Siegfried leading with him the King's charger. For each knight had brought his steed with him from the fair land of Burgundy.

More bright than ever beamed the bright eyes of the ladies at the castle window. So fair, so gallant a knight never had they seen, thought the damsels as they gazed upon Sir Siegfried. And all the while King Gunther dreamed their glances were bent on no other than himself.

Siegfried held the noble steed until King Gunther had mounted, and this he did that Queen Brunhild might not know that he was the Prince of the Netherlands, owing service to no man. Then going back to the ship the hero brought his own horse to land, mounted, and rode with the King toward the castle gate.

King and Prince were clad alike. Their steeds as well as their garments were white as snow, their saddles were bedecked with jewels, and on the harness hung bells, all of bright red gold. Their shields shone as the sun, their spears they

wore before them, their swords hung by their sides.

Behind them followed Hagen and Dankwart, their armor black as the plumage of the wild raven, their shields strong and mighty.

As they approached the castle gates were flung wide open, and the liegemen of the great Queen came out to greet the strangers with words of welcome. They bid their hirelings also take the shields and chargers from their guests.

But when a squire demanded that the strangers should also yield their swords, grim Hagen smiled his grimmest, and cried, "Nay, our swords will we e'en keep lest we have need of them." Nor was he too well pleased when Siegfried told him that the custom in Isenland was that no guest should enter the castle carrying a weapon. It was but sullenly that he let his sword be taken away along with his mighty shield.

After the strangers had been refreshed with wine, her liegemen sent to the Queen to tell her that strange guests had arrived.

"Who are the strangers who come thus unheralded to my land?" haughtily demanded Brunhild.

But no one could tell her who the warriors were, though some murmured that the tallest and fairest might be the great hero Siegfried.

It may be that the Queen thought that if the knight were indeed Siegfried she would revenge herself on him now for the mischievous pranks he had played the last time he was in her kingdom. In any case she said, "If the hero is here he shall enter into contest with me, and he shall pay for his boldness with his life, for I shall be the victor."

Then with five hundred warriors, each with his sword in hand, Brunhild came down to the knights from Burgundy.

"Be welcome, Siegfried," she cried, "yet wherefore hast thus come again to Isenland?"

"I thank thee for thy greeting, lady," said the Prince, "but thou hast welcomed me before my lord. He, King Gunther, ruler over the fair realms of Burgundy, hath come hither to wed with thee."

Brunhild was displeased that the mighty hero should not himself seek to win her as a bride, yet since for all his prowess he seemed but a vassal of the King, she answered, "If thy master can vanquish me in the contests to which I bid him, then I will be his wife, but if I conquer thy master, his life, and the lives of his followers will be forfeited."

"What dost thou demand of my master?" asked Hagen.

"He must hurl the spear with me, throw the stone from the ring, and leap to where it has fallen," said the Queen.

Now while Brunhild was speaking, Siegfried whispered to the King to fear nothing, but to accept the Queen's challenge. "I will be near though no one will see me, to aid thee in the struggle," he whispered.

Gunther had such trust in the Prince that he at once cried boldly, "Queen Brunhild, I do not fear even to risk my life that I may win thee for my bride."

Then the bold maiden called for her armor, but when Gunther saw her shield, "three spans thick with gold and iron, which four chamberlains could hardly bear," his courage began to fail.

While the Queen donned her silken fighting doublet, which could turn aside the sharpest spear, Siegfried slipped away unnoticed to the ship, and swiftly flung around him his Cloak of Darkness. Then unseen by all, he hastened back to King Gunther's side.

A great javelin was then given to the Queen, and she began to fight with her suitor, and so hard were her thrusts that but for Siegfried the King would have lost his life.

"Give me thy shield," whispered the invisible hero in the King's ear, "and tell no one that I am here." Then as the maiden hurled her spear with all her force against the shield which she thought was held by the King, the shock well-nigh drove both Gunther and his unseen friend to their knees.

But in a moment Siegfried's hand had dealt the Queen such a blow with the handle of his spear (he would not use the sharp point against a woman) that the maiden cried aloud, "King Gunther, thou hast won this fray." For as she could not see Siegfried because of his Cloak of Darkness, she could not but believe that it was the King who had vanquished her.

In her wrath the Queen now sped to the ring, where lay a stone so heavy that it could scarce be lifted by twelve strong men.

But Brunhild lifted it with ease, and threw it twelve arms' length beyond the spot on which she stood. Then, leaping after it, she alighted even farther than she had thrown the stone.

Gunther now stood in the ring, and lifted the stone which had again been placed within it. He lifted it with an effort, but at once Siegfried's unseen hand grasped it and threw it with such strength that it dropped even beyond the spot to which it had been flung by the Queen. Lifting King Gunther with him Siegfried next jumped far beyond the spot on which the Queen had alighted. And all the warriors marveled to see their Queen thus vanquished by the strange King.

For you must remember that not one of them could see that it was Siegfried who had done these deeds of prowess.

Now in the contest, still unseen, Siegfried had taken from the Queen her ring and her favorite girdle.

With angry gestures Brunhild called to her liegemen to come and lay their weapons down at King Gunther's feet to do him homage. Henceforth they must be his thralls and own him as their lord.

As soon as the contests were over, Siegfried had slipped back to the ship and hidden his Cloak of Darkness. Then boldly he came back to the great hall, and pretending to know nothing of the games begged to be told who had been the victor, if indeed they had already taken place.

When he had heard that Queen Brunhild had been vanquished, the hero laughed, and cried gaily, "Then, noble maiden, thou must go with us to Rhineland to wed King Gunther."

"A strange way for a vassal to speak," thought the angry Queen, and she answered with a proud glance at the knight, "Nay, that will I not do until I have summoned my kinsmen and my good lieges. For I will say farewell to them ere ever I will go to Rhineland.

Thus heralds were sent throughout Brunhild's realms, and soon from morn to eve her kinsmen and her liegemen rode into the castle, until it seemed as though a mighty army were assembling.

"Does the maiden mean to wage war against us," said Hagen grimly. "I like not the number of her warriors."

Then said Siegfried, "I will leave thee for a little while and go across the sea, and soon will I return with a thousand brave warriors, so that no evil may befall us.

So the Prince went down alone to the little ship and set sail across the sea.

SIEGFRIED AND THE PRINCESS

The ship in which Siegfried set sail drifted on before the wind, while those in Queen Brunhild's castle marveled, for no one was to be seen on board. This was because the hero had again donned his Cloak of Darkness.

On and on sailed the little ship until at length it drew near to the land of the Nibelungs. Then Siegfried left his vessel and again climbed the mountain-side, where long before he had cut off the heads of the little Nibelung princes.

He reached the cave into which he had thrust the treasure, and knocked loudly at the door. The cave was the entrance to Nibelheim the dark, little town beneath the glad, green grass.

Siegfried might have entered the cave, but he knocked that he might see if the treasure were well guarded.

Then the porter, who was a great giant, when he heard the knock buckled on his armor and opened the door. Seeing, as he thought in his haste, a strange knight standing before him he fell upon him with a bar of iron. So strong was the giant that it was with difficulty that the Prince overcame him and bound him hand and foot

Alberich meanwhile had heard the mighty blows, which indeed had shaken Nibelheim to its foundations.

Now the dwarf had sworn fealty to Siegfried, and when he, as the giant had done, mistook the Prince for a stranger, he seized a heavy whip with a gold handle and rushed upon him, smiting his shield with the knotted whip until it fell to pieces.

Too pleased that his treasures were so well defended to be angry, Siegfried now seized the little dwarf by his beard, and pulled it so long and so hard that Alberich was forced to cry for mercy. Then Siegfried bound him hand and foot as he had done the giant.

Alberich, poor little dwarf, gnashed his teeth with rage. Who would guard the treasure now, and who would warn his master that a strong man had found his way to Nibelheim?

But in the midst of his fears he heard the stranger's merry laugh. Nay, it was no stranger, none but the hero-prince could laugh thus merrily.

"I am Siegfried your master," then said the Prince. "I did but test thy faithfulness, Alberich," and laughing still, the hero undid the cords with which he had bound the giant and the dwarf.

"Call me here quickly the Nibelung warriors," cried Siegfried, "for I have need of them." And soon thirty thousand warriors stood before him in shining armor.

Choosing one thousand of the strongest and biggest, the Prince marched with them down to the seashore. There they embarked in ships and sailed away to Isenland.

Now it chanced that Queen Brunhild was walking on the terrace of her sea-guarded castle with King Gunther when she saw a number of sails approaching.

"Whose can these ships be?" she cried in quick alarm.

"These are my warriors who have followed me from Burgundy," answered the King, for thus had Siegfried bidden him speak.

"We will go to welcome the fleet," said Brunhild, and together they met the brave Nibelung army and lodged them in Isenland.

"Now will I give of my silver and my gold to

my liegemen and to Gunther's warriors," said Queen Brunhild, and she held out the keys of her treasury to Dankwart that he might do her will. But so lavishly did the knight bestow her gold and her costly gems and her rich raiment upon the warriors that the Queen grew angry.

"Naught shall I have left to take with me to Rhineland," she cried aloud in her vexation.

"In Burgundy," answered Hagen, "there is gold enough and to spare. Thou wilt not need the treasures of Isenland."

But these words did not content the Queen. She would certainly take at least twenty coffers of gold as well as jewels and silks with her to King Gunther's land.

At length, leaving Isenland to the care of her brother, Queen Brunhild, with twenty hundred of her own warriors as a bodyguard, with eighty-six dames and one hundred maidens, set out for the royal city of Worms.

For nine days the great company journeyed homeward, and then King Gunther entreated Siegfried to be his herald to Worms.

"Beg Queen Uté and the Princess Kriemhild," said the King, "beg them to ride forth to meet my bride and to prepare to hold high festival in honor of the wedding-feast."

Thus Siegfried with four-and-twenty knights sailed on more swiftly than the other ships, and landing at the mouth of the river Rhine, rode hastily toward the royal city.

The Queen and her daughter, clad in their robes of state, received the hero, and his heart was glad, for once again he stood in the presence of his dear lady, Kriemhild.

"Be welcome, my Lord Siegfried," she cried, "thou worthy knight, be welcome. But where is my brother? Has he been vanquished by the warrior-queen? Oh, woe is me if he is lost, woe is me that ever I was born," and the tears rolled down the maiden's cheeks.

"Nay, now," said the Prince, "thy brother is well and of good cheer. I have come, a herald of glad tidings. For even now the King is on his way to Worms, bringing with him his hard-won bride."

Then the Princess dried her tears, and graciously did she bid the hero to sit by her side.

"I would I might give thee a reward for thy services," said the gentle maiden, "but too rich art thou to receive my gold."

"A gift from thy hands would gladden my heart," said the gallant Prince.

Blithely then did Kriemhild send for four-and-twenty buckles, all inlaid with precious stones, and these did she give to Siegfried.

Siegfried bent low before the lady Kriemhild, for well did he love the gracious giver, yet would he not keep for himself her gifts, but gave them, in his courtesy, to her four-and-twenty maidens.

Then the Prince told Queen Uté that the King begged her and the Princess to ride forth from Worms to greet his bride, and to prepare to hold high festival in the royal city.

"It should be done even as the King desires," said the Queen, while Kriemhild sat silent, smiling with gladness, because her knight Sir Siegfried had come home.

In joy and merriment the days flew by, while the court at Worms prepared to hold high festival in honor of King Gunther's matchless bride.

As the royal ships drew near, Queen Uté and the Princess Kriemhild, accompanied by many a gallant knight, rode along the banks of the Rhine to greet Queen Brunhild.

Already the King had disembarked, and was leading his bride toward his gracious mother. Courteously did Queen Uté welcome the stranger, while Kriemhild kissed her and clasped her in her arms.

Some, as they gazed upon the lovely maidens, said that the warlike Queen Brunhild was more beautiful than the gentle Princess Kriemhild, but others, and these were the wiser, said that none could excell the peerless sister of the King.

In the great plain of Worms silk tents and gay pavilions had been placed. And there the ladies took shelter from the heat, while before them knights and warriors held a gay tournament. Then, in the cool of the evening, a gallant train of lords and ladies, they rode toward the castle at Worms.

Queen Uté and her daughter went to their own apartments, while the King with Brunhild went into the banquet-hall where the wedding-feast was spread. But ere the feast had begun, Siegfried came and stood before the King.

"Sire," he said, "hast thou forgotten thy promise, that when Brunhild entered the royal city thy lady sister should be my bride?"

"Nay," cried the King, "my royal word do I ever keep," and going out into the hall he sent for the Princess.

"Dear sister," said Gunther, as she bowed before him, "I have pledged my word to a warrior that thou wilt become his bride, wilt thou help me to keep my promise?" Now Siegfried was standing by the King's side as he spoke.

Then the gentle maiden answered meekly, "Thy will, dear brother, is ever mine. I will take as lord him to whom thou hast promised my hand." And she glanced shyly at Siegfried, for surely this was the warrior to whom her royal brother had pledged his word.

Right glad then was the King, and Siegfried grew rosy with delight as he received the lady's troth. Then together they went to the banquet-hall, and on a throne next to King Gunther sat the hero-prince, the lady Kriemhild by his side.

When the banquet was ended, the King was wedded to Queen Brunhild, and Siegfried to the maiden whom he loved so well, and though he had no crown to place upon her brow, the Princess was well content.

ROLAND

ADAPTED BY H. E. MARSHALL

BLANCANDRIN'S MISSION

For seven long years the great Emperor Charlemagne had been fighting in Spain against the Saracens; Saragossa alone remained unconquered, but word had gone forth that it, too, was doomed.

King Marsil, not knowing how to save his city from the conquerer, called a council of his wise men. Blancandrin, a knight of great valor, was chosen with ten others to set out with olive branches in their hands, followed by a great train of slaves bearing presents, to seek the court of the great Christian King and sue for peace.

Bending low before Charlemagne, Blancandrin promised for King Marsil vassalage to the Emperor and baptism in the name of the Holy Christ. To assure the truth of his words, he said "We will give thee hostages, I will even send my own son if we keep not faith with thee."

In the morning Charlemagne called his wise men and told them the message of Blancandrin.

Then Roland, one of the twelve chosen knights and the nephew of Charlemagne, rose flushed with anger and cried, "Believe not this Marsil, he was ever a traitor. Carry the war to Saragossa. War! I say war!"

Ganelon a knight, who hated Roland, strode to the foot of the throne, saying, "Listen not to the counsel of fools but accept King Marsil's gifts and promises."

Following the counsel of Duke Naimes the wisest of the court, Charlemagne declared that some one should be sent to King Marsil and asked the lords whom he should send.

"Send me," cried Roland. "Nay," said Oliver, "let me go rather. But the Emperor said, "Not a step shall ye go, either one or other of you."

"Ah!" said Roland, "if I may not go, then send Ganelon my stepfather." "Good!" replied the great Emperor, "Ganelon it shall be."

Ganelon trembled with passion and said, "this is Roland's work," for he knew he would never return alive to his wife and child. The quarrel between Roland and Ganelon was bitter indeed. "I hate thee," Ganelon hissed at last. "I hate thee!" Then, struggling to be calm, he turned to the Emperor and said, "I am ready to do thy will."

"Fair Sir Ganelon," said Charlemagne, "this is my message to the heathen King Marsil. Say to him that he shall bend the knee to gentle Christ and be baptized in His name. Then will I give him full half of Spain to hold in fief. Over the other half Count Roland, my nephew, well beloved, shall reign."

Without a word of farewell Ganelon went to his own house. There he clad himself in his finest armor. Commending his wife and child to the care of the knights who pressed round to bid him Godspeed, Ganelon, with bent head, turned slowly from their sight and rode to join the heathen Blancandrin.

GANELON'S TREASON

As Ganelon and Blancandrin rode along together beneath the olive trees and through the fruitful vineyards of sunny Spain, the heathen began to talk cunningly. "What a wonderful knight is thy Emperor," he said. "He hath conquered the world from sea to sea. But why cometh he within our borders? Why left he us not in peace?"

"It was his will," replied Ganelon. "There is no man in all the world so great as he. None may stand against him."

"You Franks are gallant men indeed," said Blancandrin, "but your dukes and counts deserve blame when they counsel the Emperor to fight with us now."

"There is none deserveth that blame save Roland," said Ganelon. "Such pride as his ought

to be punished. Oh, that some one would slay him!" he cried fiercely. "Then should we have peace."

"This Roland is very cruel," said Blancandrin, "to wish to conquer all the world as he does. But in whom does he trust for help?"

"In the Franks," said Ganelon. "They love him with such a great love that they think he can do no wrong. He giveth them gold and silver, jewels and armor, so they serve him. Even to the Emperor himself he maketh rich presents. He will not rest until he hath conquered all the world, from east to west."

The Saracen looked at Ganelon out of the corner of his eye. He was a noble knight, but now that his face was dark with wrath and jealousy, he looked like a felon.

"Listen thou to me," said Blancandrin softly. "Dost wish to be avenged upon Roland? Then, by Mahomet! deliver him into our hands. King Marsil is very generous; for such a kindness he will willingly give unto thee of his countless treasure."

Ganelon heard the tempter's voice, but he rode onward as if unheeding, his chin sunken upon his breast, his eyes dark with hatred.

But long ere the ride was ended and Saragossa reached, the heathen lord and Christian knight had plotted together for the ruin of Roland.

At length the journey was over, and Ganelon lighted down before King Marsil, who waited him beneath the shadow of his orchard-trees, seated upon a marble throne covered with rich silken rugs. Around him crowded his nobles, silent and eager to learn how Blancandrin had fared upon his errand.

Bowing low, Blancandrin approached the throne, leading Ganelon by the hand. "Greeting," he said, in the name of Mahomet. Well, O Marsil, have I done thy behest to the mighty Christian King. But save that he raised his hands to heaven and gave thanks to his God, no answer did he render to me. But unto thee he sendeth one of his nobles, a very powerful man in France. From him shalt thou learn if thou shall have peace or war."

"Let him speak," said King Marsil. "We will listen."

"Greeting," said Ganelon, "in the name of God—the God of glory whom we ought all to adore. Listen ye to the command of Charlemagne: Thou, O King, shalt receive the Christian faith, then half of Spain will he leave to thee to hold in fief. The other half shall be given to Count Roland—a haughty companion thou wilt have there. If thou wilt not agree to this, Charlemagne will besiege Saragossa, and thou shalt be led captive to Aix, there to die a vile and shameful death."

King Marsil shook with anger and turned pale. In his hand he held an arrow fledged with gold. Now, springing from his throne, he raised his arm as if he would strike Ganelon. But the knight laid his hand upon his sword and drew it half out of the scabbard. "Sword," he cried, "thou art bright and beautiful; oft have I carried thee at the court of my King. It shall never be said of me that I died alone in a foreign land, among fierce foes, ere thou wert dipped in the blood of their bravest and best."

For a few moments the heathen King and the Christian knight eyed each other in deep silence. Then the air was filled with shouts. "Part them, part them!" cried the Saracens.

The noblest of the Saracens rushed between their King and Ganelon. "It was a foolish trick to raise thy hand against the Christian knight," said Marsil's calif, seating him once more upon his throne. "'Twere well to listen to what he hath to say."

"Sir," said Ganelon proudly, "thinkest thou for all the threats in the wide world I will be silent and not speak the message which the mighty Charlemagne sendeth to his mortal enemy? Nay, I would speak, if ye were all against me." And keeping his right hand still upon the golden pommel of his sword, with his left he unclasped his cloak of fur and silk and cast it upon the steps of the throne. There, in his strength and splendor, he stood defying them all.

"'Tis a noble knight!" cried the heathen in admiration.

Then once more turning to King Marsil, Ganelon gave him the Emperor's letter. As he broke the seal and read, Marsil's brow grew black with anger. "Listen, my lords," he cried; "because I slew yonder insolent Christian knights, the Emperor Charlemagne bids me beware his wrath. He commands that I shall send unto him as hostage mine uncle the calif."

"This is some madness of Ganelon!" cried a heathen knight. "He is only worthy of death. Give him unto me, and I will see that justice is done upon him." So saying, he laid his hand upon his sword.

Like a flash of lightning Ganelon's good blade Murglies sprang from its sheath, and with his back against a tree, the Christian knight prepared to defend himself to the last. But once again the fight was stopped, and this time Blancandrin led Ganelon away.

Then, walking alone with the King, Blancandrin told of all that he had done, and of how even

Then to his lips he laid his horn.

upon the way hither, Ganelon had promised to betray Roland, who was Charlemagne's greatest warrior. "And if he die," said Blancandrin, "then is our peace sure."

"Bring hither the Christian knight to me," cried King Marsil.

So Blancandrin went and brought Ganelon before the King.

"Fair Sir Ganelon," said the wily heathen, "I did a rash and foolish thing when in anger I raised my hand to strike at thee. As a token that thou wilt forget it, accept this cloak of sable. It is worth five hundred pieces of gold." And lifting a rich cloak, he clasped it about the neck of Ganelon.

"I may not refuse it," said the knight, looking down. "May Heaven reward thee!"

"Trust me, Sir Ganelon," said King Marsil, "I love thee well. But keep thou our counsels secret. I would hear thee talk of Charlemagne. He is very old, is he not?—more than two hundred years old. He must be worn out and weary, for he hath fought so many battles and humbled so many kings in the dust. He ought to rest now from his labors in his city of Aix."

Ganelon shook his head. "Nay," he said, "such is not Charlemagne. All those who have seen him know that our Emperor is a true warrior. I know not how to praise him enough before you, for there is nowhere a man so full of valor and of goodness. I would rather die than leave his service."

"In truth," said Marsil, "I marvel greatly. I had thought that Charlemagne had been old and worn. Then if it is not so when will he cease his wars?"

"Ah," said Ganelon, "that he will never do so long as his nephew Roland lives. Under the arch of heaven there bides no baron so splendid or so proud. Oliver, his friend, also is full of prowess and of valor. With them and his peers beside him, Charlemagne feareth no man."

"Fair Sir Ganelon," said King Marsil boldly, knowing his hatred, "tell me, how shall I slay Roland?"

"That I can tell thee," said Ganelon. "Promise thou the Emperor all that he asketh of thee. Send hostages and presents to him. He will then return to France. His army will pass through the valley of Roncesvalles. I will see to it that Roland and his friend Oliver lead the rear-guard. They will lag behind the rest of the army, then there shalt thou fall upon them with all thy mighty men. I say not but that thou shalt lose many a knight, for Roland and his peers will fight right manfully. But in the end, being so many more than they, thou shalt conquer. Roland shall lie dead, and slaying him thou wilt cut off the right arm of Charlemagne. Then farewell to the wondrous army of France. Never again shall Charlemagne gather such a company, and within the borders of Spain there shall be peace for evermore."

When Ganelon had finished speaking, the King threw his arms about his neck and kissed him. Then turning to his slaves, he commanded them to bring great treasure of gold, and silver and precious stones, and lay it at the feet of the knight.

"But swear to me," said Marsil, "that Roland shall be in the rear-guard, and swear to me his death."

And Ganelon, laying his hand upon his sword Murglies, swore by the holy relics therein, that he would bring Roland to death.

Then came a heathen knight who gave to Ganelon a sword, the hilt of which glittered with gems so that the eyes were dazzled in looking upon it. "Let but Roland be in the rear-guard," he said, "and it is thine." Then he kissed Ganelon on both cheeks.

Soon another heathen knight followed him, laughing joyfully. "Here is my helmet," he cried. "It is the richest and best ever beaten out of steel. It is thine so that thou truly bring Roland to death and shame." And he, too, kissed Ganelon.

Next came Bramimonde, Marsil's queen. She was very beautiful. Her dark hair was strung with pearls, and her robes of silk and gold swept the ground. Her hands were full of glittering gems. Bracelets and necklaces of gold, rubies and sapphires fell from her white fingers. "Take these," she said, "to thy fair lady. Tell her that Queen Bramimonde sends them to her because of the great service thou hast done." And bowing low, she poured the sparkling jewels into Ganelon's hands. Thus did the heathen reward Ganelon for his treachery.

"Ho there!" called King Marsil to his treasurer, "are my gifts for the Emperor ready?"

"Yea, Sire," answered the treasurer, "seven hundred camels' load of silver and gold and twenty hostages, the noblest of the land; all are ready."

Then King Marsil leant his hand on Ganelon's shoulder. "Wise art thou and brave," he said, "but in the name of all thou holdest sacred, forget not thy promise unto me. See, I give thee ten mules laden with richest treasure, and every year I will send to thee as much again. Now take the keys of my city gates, take the treasure and the hostages made ready for thine Emperor. Give them all to him, tell him that I yield to him all that he asks, but forget not thy promise that Roland shall ride in the rear-guard."

Impatient to be gone, Ganelon shook the King's hand from his shoulder. "Let me tarry no longer," he cried. Then springing to horse he rode swiftly away.

Meanwhile Charlemagne lay encamped, awaiting Marsil's answer. And as one morning he sat beside his tent, with his lords and mighty men around him, a great cavalcade appeared in the distance. And presently Ganelon, the traitor, drew rein before him. Softly and smoothly he began his treacherous tale. "God keep you," he cried; "here I bring the keys of Saragossa, with treasure rich and rare, seven hundred camels' load of silver and gold and twenty hostages of the noblest of the heathen host. And King Marsil bids me say, thou shalt not blame him that his uncle the calif comes not too, for he is dead. I myself saw him as he set forth with three hundred thousand armed men upon the sea. Their vessels sank ere they had gone far from the land, and he and they were swallowed in the waves." Thus Ganelon told his lying tale.

"Now praised be Heaven!" cried Charlemagne. "And thanks, my trusty Ganelon, for well hast thou sped. At length my wars are done, and home to gentle France we ride."

So the trumpets were sounded, and soon the great army, with pennons waving and armor glittering in the sunshine, was rolling onward through the land, like a gleaming mighty river.

But following the Christian army, through valleys deep and dark, by pathways secret and unknown, crept the heathen host. They were clad in shining steel from head to foot, swords were by their sides, lances were in their hands, and bitter hatred in their hearts. Four hundred thousand strong they marched in stealthy silence. And, alas! the Franks knew it not.

When night came the Franks encamped upon the plain. And high upon the mountain-sides, in a dark forest the heathen kept watch upon them.

In the midst of his army King Charlemagne lay, and as he slept he dreamed he stood alone in the valley of Roncesvalles, spear in hand. There to him came Ganelon, who seized his spear and broke it in pieces before his eyes, and the noise of the breaking was as the noise of thunder. In his sleep Charlemagne stirred uneasily, but he did not wake. The vision passed, and again he dreamed. It seemed to him that he was now in his own city of Aix. Suddenly from out a forest a leopard sprang upon him. But even as its fangs closed upon his arm, a faithful hound came bounding from his hall and fell upon the savage beast with fury. Fiercely the hound grappled with the leopard. Snarling and growling they rolled over and over. Now the hound was uppermost, now the leopard. "'Tis a splendid fight!" cried the Franks who watched. But who should win, the Emperor knew not, for the vision faded, and still he slept.

The night passed and dawn came. A thousand trumpets sounded, the camp was all astir, and the Franks made ready once more to march.

But Charlemagne was grave and thoughtful, musing on the dream that he had dreamed. "My knights and barons," he said, "mark well the country through which we pass. These valleys are steep and straight. It would go ill with us did the false Saracen forget his oath, and fall upon us as we pass. To whom, therefore, shall I trust the rear-guard that we may march in surety?"

"Give the command to my stepson, Roland, there is none so brave as he," said Ganelon.

As Charlemagne listened he looked at Ganelon darkly. "Thou art a very demon," he said. "What rage possesseth thee? And if I give command of the rear to Roland, who, then, shall lead the van?"

"There is Ogier the Dane," said Ganelon quickly, "who better?"

Still Charlemagne looked darkly at him. He would not that Roland should hear, for well he knew his adventurous spirit.

But already Roland had heard. "I ought to love thee well, Sir Stepsire," he cried, "for this day hast thou named me for honor. I will take good heed that our Emperor lose not the least of his men, nor charger, palfrey, nor mule that is not paid for by stroke of sword."

"That know I right well," replied Ganelon, "therefore have I named thee."

Then to Charlemagne Roland turned, "Give me the bow of office, Sire, and let me take command," he said.

But the Emperor sat with bowed head. In and out of his long white beard he twisted his fingers. Tears stood in his eyes, and he kept silence. Such was his love for Roland and fear lest evil should befall him.

Then spoke Duke Naimes, "Give the command unto Roland, Sire; there is none better."

So, silently, Charlemagne held out the bow of office, and kneeling, Roland took it.

Then was Ganelon's wicked heart glad.

"Nephew," said Charlemagne, "half my host I leave with thee."

"Nay, Sire," answered Roland proudly, "twenty thousand only shall remain with me. The rest of ye may pass onward in all surety, for while I live ye have naught to fear."

Then in his heart Ganelon laughed.

So the mighty army passed onward through the vale of Roncesvalles without doubt or dread, for did not Roland the brave guard the rear? With him remained Oliver his friend, Turpin, the bold

Archbishop of Rheims, all the peers, and twenty thousand more of the bravest knights of France.

As the great army wound along, the hearts of the men were glad. For seven long years they had been far from home, and now soon they would see their dear ones again. But the Emperor rode among them sadly with bowed head. His fingers again twined themselves in his long white beard, tears once more stood in his eyes. Besides him rode Duke Naimes. "Tell me, Sire," he said, "what grief oppresseth thee?"

"Alas," said Charlemagne, "by Ganelon France is betrayed. This night I dreamed I saw him break my lance in twain. And this same Ganelon it is that puts my nephew in the rear-guard. And I, I have left him in a strange land. If he die, where shall I find such another?"

It was in vain that Duke Naimes tried to comfort the Emperor. He would not be comforted, and all the hearts of that great company were filled with fearful, boding dread for Roland.

ROLAND'S PRIDE

Meanwhile King Marsil was gathering all his host. From far and near came the heathen knights, all impatient to fight, each one eager to have the honor of slaying Roland with his own hand, each swearing that none of the twelve peers should ever again see France.

Among them was a great champion called Chernuble. He was huge and ugly and his strength was such that he could lift with ease a burden which four mules could scarcely carry. His face was inky black, his lips thick and hideous, and his coarse, long hair reached the ground. It was said that in the land from whence he came, the sun never shone, the rain never fell, and the very stones were black as coal. He, too, swearing that the Franks should die and that France should perish, joined the heathen host.

Very splendid were the Saracens as they moved along in the gleaming sunshine. Gold and silver shone upon their armor, pennons of white and purple floated over them, and from a thousand trumpets sounded their battle-song.

To the ears of the Frankish knights the sound was borne as they rode through the valley of Roncesvalles.

"Sir Comrade," said Oliver, "it seemeth me there is battle at hand with the Saracen foe."

"Please Heaven it may be so," said Roland. "Our duty is to hold this post for our Emperor. Let us strike mighty blows, that nothing be said or sung of us in scorn. Let us fight these heathen for our country and our faith."

As Oliver heard the sounds of battle come nearer, he climbed to the top of the hill, so that he could see far over the country. There before him he saw the Saracens marching in pride. Their helmets, inlaid with gold, gleamed in the sun. Gaily painted shields, hauberks of shining steel, spears and pennons waved and shone, rank upon rank in countless numbers.

Quickly Oliver came down from the hill, and went back to the Frankish army. "I have seen the heathen," he said to Roland. "Never on earth hath such a host been gathered. They march upon us many hundred thousand strong, with shield and spear and sword. Such battle as awaiteth us have we never fought before."

"Let him be accursed who fleeth!" cried the Franks. "There be few among us who fear death."

"It is Ganelon the felon, who hath betrayed us," said Oliver, "let him be accursed."

"Hush thee, Oliver," said Roland; "he is my stepsire. Let us hear no evil of him."

"The heathen are in fearful force," said Oliver, "and our Franks are but few. Friend Roland, sound upon thy horn. Then will Charlemagne hear and return with all his host to help us."

For round Roland's neck there hung a magic horn of carved ivory. If he blew upon this in case of need, the sound of it would be carried over hill and dale, far, far onward. If he sounded it now, Charlemagne would very surely hear, and return from his homeward march.

But Roland would not listen to Oliver. "Nay," he said, "I should indeed be mad to sound upon my horn. If I call for help, I, Roland, I should lose my fame in all fair France. Nay, I will not sound, but I shall strike such blows with my good sword Durindal that the blade shall be red to the gold of the hilt. Our Franks, too, shall strike such blows that the heathen shall rue the day. I tell thee, they be all dead men."

"Oh, Roland, friend, wind thy horn," pleaded Oliver. "To the ear of Charlemagne shall the sound be borne, and he and all his knights will return to help us."

"Now Heaven forbid that my kin should ever be pointed at in scorn because of me," said Roland, "or that fair France should fall to such dishonor. No! I will not sound upon my horn, but I shall strike such blows with my sword Durindal that the blade shall be dyed red in the blood of the heathen."

In vain Oliver implored. "I see no dishonor shouldst thou wind thy horn," he said, "for I have beheld the Saracen host. The valleys and the hills and all the plains are covered with them.

They are many and great, and we are but a little company."

"So much the better," cried Roland, "my desire to fight them grows the greater. All the angels of heaven forbid that France, through me, should lose one jot of fame. Death is better than dishonor. Let us strike such blows as our Emperor loveth to see."

Roland was rash as Oliver was wise, but both were knights of wondrous courage, and now Oliver pleaded no more. "Look," he cried, "look where the heathen come! Thou hast scorned, Roland, to sound thy horn, and our noble men will this day do their last deeds of bravery."

"Hush!" cried Roland, "shame to him who weareth a coward's heart."

And now Archbishop Turpin spurred his horse to a little hill in front of the army. "My lords and barons," he cried, turning to them, "Charlemagne hath left us here to guard the homeward march of his army. He is our King, and we are bound to die for him, if so need be. But now, before ye fight, confess your sins, and pray God to forgive them. If ye die, ye die as martyrs. In God's great paradise your places await you."

Then the Franks leapt from their horses and kneeled upon the ground while the archbishop blessed them, and absolved them from all their sins. "For penance I command that ye strike the heathen full sore," he said.

Then springing from their knees the Franks leapt again into their saddles, ready now to fight and die.

"Friend," said Roland, turning to Oliver, "thou wert right. It is Ganelon who is the traitor. But the Emperor will avenge us upon him. As for Marsil, he deemeth that he hath bought us, and that Ganelon hath sold us unto him. But he will find it is with our swords that we will pay him."

And now the battle began. "Montjoie!" shouted the Franks. It was the Emperor's own battle-cry. It means "My joy," and came from the name of his famous sword Joyeuse or joyous. This sword was the most wonderful ever seen. Thirty times a day the shimmering light with which it glowed changed. In the gold of the hilt was encased the head of the spear with which the side of Christ had been pierced. And because of this great honor the Emperor called his sword Joyeuse, and from that the Franks took their battle-cry "Montjoie." Now shouting it, and plunging spurs into their horses' sides, they dashed upon the foe. Never before had been such pride of chivalry, such splendor of knightly grace.

With boasting words, King Marsil's nephew came riding in front of the battle. "Ho, felon Franks!" he cried, "ye are met at last. Betrayed and sold are ye by your King. This day hath France lost her fair fame, and from Charlemagne is his right hand torn."

Roland heard him. With spur in side and slackened rein, he dashed upon the heathen, mad with rage. Through shield and hauberk pierced his spear, and the Saracen fell dead ere his scoffing words were done. "Thou dastard!" cried Roland, "no traitor is Charlemagne, but a right noble king and cavalier."

King Marsil's brother, sick at heart to see his nephew fall, rode out with mocking words upon his lips. "This day is the honor of France lost," he sneered.

But Oliver struck his golden spurs into his steed's side! "Caitiff, thy taunts are little worth," he cried, and, pierced through shield and buckler, the heathen fell.

Bishop Turpin, too, wielded both sword and lance. "Thou lying coward, be silent evermore!" he cried, as a scoffing heathen king fell beneath his blows. "Charlemagne our lord is true and good, and no Frank shall flee this day."

"Montjoie! Montjoie!" sounded high above the clang of battle, as heathen after heathen was laid low. Limbs were lopped, armor flew in splinters. Many a heathen knight was cloven from brow to saddle bow. The plain was strewn with the dying and the dead.

In Roland's hand his lance was shivered to the haft. Throwing the splintered wood away, he drew his famous Durindal. The naked blade shone in the sun and fell upon the helmet of Chernuble, Marsil's mighty champion. The sparkling gems with which it shone were scattered on the grass. Through cheek and chin, through flesh and bone, drove the shining steel, and Chernuble fell upon the ground, a black and hideous heap. "Lie there, caitiff!" cried Roland, "thy Mahomet cannot save thee. Not unto such as thou is the victory."

On through the press rode Roland. Durindal flashed and fell and flashed again, and many a heathen bit the dust. Oliver, too, did marvelous deeds. His spear, as Roland's, was shivered into atoms. But scarcely knowing what he did, he fought still with the broken shaft, and with it brought many a heathen to his death.

"Comrade, what dost thou?" said Roland. "Is it now the time to fight with staves? Where is thy sword called Hauteclere with its crystal pommel and golden guard?"

"I lacked time in which to draw it," replied Oliver, "there was such need to strike blows fast and hard."

But now he drew his shining Hauteclere from its scabbard, and with it he dealt such blows that

Roland cried, "My brother art thou, Oliver, from henceforth. Ah! such blows our Emperor would dearly love to see."

Furious and more furious waxed the fight. On all sides might be heard the cry of "Montjoie! Montjoie!" and many a blow did Frank and heathen give and take. But although thousand of Saracens lay dead, the Franks too had lost many of their bravest knights. Shield and spear, banner and pennon, broken, bloodstained and trampled, strewed the field.

Fiercer, wilder still, the battle grew. Roland, Oliver, Archbishop Turpin and all the twelve peers of France fought in the thickest of the press. Many of the heathen fled, but even in flight they were cut down.

Meanwhile over France burst a fearful storm. Thunder rolled, lightning flashed, the very earth shook and trembled. There was not a town in all the land but the walls of it were cracked and riven. The sky grew black at midday, rain and hail in torrents swept the land. "It is the end of the world," the people whispered in trembling fear.

Alas, they knew not! It was the earth's great mourning for the death of Roland, which was nigh.

The battle waxed horrible. The Saracens fled, and the Franks pursued till of that great heathen host but one was left. Of the Saracen army which had set out in such splendor, four hundred thousand strong, one heathen king alone remained. And he, King Margaris, sorely wounded, his spear broken, his shield pierced and battered, fled with the direful news to King Marsil.

The Franks had won the day, and now mournfully over the plain they moved, seeking their dead and dying comrades. Weary men and worn were they, sad at the death of many brother knights, yet glad at the might and victory of France.

ROLAND SOUNDS HIS HORN

Alone, King Margaris fled, weary and wounded, until he reached King Marsil, and fell panting at his feet.

"Ride! ride! Sire," he cried, "thy army is shattered, thy knights to the last man lie dead upon the field; but thou wilt find the Franks in evil plight. Full half of them also lie dead. The rest are sore wounded and weary. Their armor is broken, their swords and spears are shattered. They have naught wherewith to defend themselves. To avenge the death of thy knights were now easy. Ride! oh, ride!"

In terrible wrath and sorrow King Marsil gathered a new army. In twenty columns through the valleys they came marching. The sun shone upon the gems and goldwork of their helmets, upon lances and pennons, upon buckler and embroidered surcoat. Seven thousand trumpets sounded to the charge, and the wind carried the clamor afar.

"Oliver, my comrade," said Roland, when he heard it, "Oliver, my brother, the traitor Ganelon hath sworn our death. Here his treachery is plainly to be seen. But the Emperor will bring upon him a terrible vengeance. As for us, we must fight again a battle fierce and keen. I will strike with my trusty Durindal and thou with thy Hauteclere bright. We have already carried them with honor in many battles. With them we have won many a victory. No man may say scorn of us."

And so once again the Franks made ready for battle.

But King Marsil was a wily foe. "Hearken, my barons all," he cried, "Roland is a prince of wondrous strength. Two battles are not enough to vanquish him. He shall have three. Half of ye shall go forward now, and half remain with me until the Franks are utterly exhausted. Then shall ye attack them. Then shall we see the day when the might of Charlemagne shall fall and France shall perish in shame."

So King Marsil stayed upon the hillside while half of his knights marched upon the Franks with battle-cry and trumpet-call.

"Oh, Heaven, what cometh now!" cried the Franks as they heard the sound. "Wo, wo, that ever we saw Ganelon the felon."

Then spoke the brave archbishop to them. "Now it is certain that we shall die. But it is better to die sword in hand than in slothful ease. Now is the day when ye shall receive great honor. Now is the day that ye shall win your crown of flowers. The gates of paradise are glorious, but therein no coward shall enter."

"We will not fail to enter," cried the Franks. "It is true that we are but few, but we are bold and stanch," and striking their golden spurs into their chargers' flanks, they rode to meet the foe.

Once more the noise and dust of battle rose. Once more the plain was strewn with dead, and the green grass was crimson-dyed, and scattered wide were jewels and gold, splintered weapons, and shattered armor.

Fearful was the slaughter, mighty the deeds of valor done, until at last the heathen broke and fled amain. After them in hot pursuit rode the Franks. Their bright swords flashed and fell again and again, and all the way was marked with dead.

At length the heathen cries of despair reached even to where King Marsil stayed upon the hillside. "Marsil, oh our King! ride, ride, we have need of thee!" they cried.

Even to the King's feet the Franks pursued the fleeing foe, slaying them before his face.

Then Marsil, mounting upon his horse, led his last knights against the fearful foe.

The Franks were nigh exhausted, but still three hundred swords flashed in the sunlight, three hundred hearts still beat with hope and courage.

As Roland watched Oliver ever in the thickest of the fight, dealing blow upon blow unceasingly, his heart swelled anew with love for him. "Oh, my comrade leal and true," he cried, "alas! this day shall end our love. Alas! this day we shall part on earth for ever."

Oliver heard him and through the press of fighting he urged his horse to Roland's side. "Friend," he said, "keep near to me. So it please God we shall at least die together."

On went the fight, fiercer and fiercer yet, till but sixty weary Franks were left. Then, sadly gazing upon the stricken field, Roland turned to Oliver. "Behold! our bravest lie dead," he cried. "Well may France weep, for she is shorn of all her most valiant knights. Oh, my Emperor, my friend, alas, why wert thou not here? Oliver, my brother, how shall we speed him now our mournful news?"

"I know not," said Oliver sadly, "rather come death now than any craven deed."

"I will sound upon my horn," said Roland, all his pride broken and gone. "I will sound upon my horn. Charlemagne will hear it and the Franks will return to our aid."

"Shame would that be," cried Oliver. "Our kin would blush for us and be dishonored all their days. When I prayed of thee thou wouldst not sound thy horn, and now it is not I who will consent to it. Sound upon thy horn! No! there is no courage, no wisdom in that now. Had the Emperor been here we had been saved. But now it is too late, for all is lost. Nay," he cried in rising wrath, "if ever I see again my fair sister Aude, I swear to thee thou shalt never hold her in thine arms. Never shall she be bride of thine." For Roland loved Oliver's beautiful sister Aude and was loved by her, and when Roland would return to France she had promised to be his bride.

"Ah, Oliver, why dost thou speak to me with so much anger and hate," cried Roland sadly.

"Because it is thy fault that so many Franks lie dead this day," answered Oliver. "It is thy folly that hath slain them. Hadst thou done as I prayed thee our master Charlemagne had been here. This battle had been fought and won. Marsil had been taken and slain. Thy madness it is, Roland, that hath wrought our fate. Henceforth we can serve Charlemagne never more. And now here endeth our loyal friendship. Oh, bitter the parting this night shall see."

With terrible grief in his heart, stricken dumb with misery and pain, Roland gazed upon his friend. But Archbishop Turpin had heard the strife between the two, and setting spurs to his horse he rode swiftly towards them. "Sir Roland, and you, Sir Oliver," he cried, "I pray you strive not thus. See! we all must die, and thy horn, Roland, can avail nothing now. Great Karl is too far and would return too late. Yet it were well to sound it. For the Emperor when he hears it will come to avenge our fall, and the heathen will not return joyously to their homes. When the Franks come, they will alight from their horses, they will find our bodies, and will bury them with mourning and with tears, so we shall rest in hallowed graves, and the beasts of the field shall not tear our bones asunder."

"It is well said," cried Roland.

Then to his lips he laid his horn, and, taking a deep breath, he blew mightily upon it. With all the strength left in his weary body he blew.

Full, and clear, and high the horn sounded. From mountain peak to mountain peak the note was echoed, till to the camp of Charlemagne, full thirty leagues away, it came.

Then as he heard it, sweet and faint, borne upon the summer wind, the Emperor drew rein, and bent his ear to listen. "Our men give battle; it is the horn of Roland," he cried.

"Nay," laughed Ganelon scornfully, "nay, Sire, had any man but thee said it I had deemed he lied."

So slowly and sad at heart, with many a backward glance, the Emperor rode on.

Again Roland put his horn to his mouth. He was weary now and faint. Blood was upon his pale lips, the blue veins in his temples stood out like cords. Very mournfully he blew upon his horn, but the sound of it was carried far, very far, although it was so feeble and so low.

Again to the soft, sweet note Charlemagne bent his ear. Duke Naimes, too, and all the Frankish knights, paused at the sound. "It is the horn of Roland," cried the Emperor, "and very surely had there been no battle, he had not sounded it."

"There is no battle," said Ganelon in fretful tones. "Thou art grown old and fearful. Thou talkest as a frightened child. Well thou knowest the pride of Roland, the strong, bold, great and boastful Roland, that God hath suffered so long upon His earth. For one hare Roland would sound his horn all day long. Doubtless now he

laughs among his peers. And besides, who would dare to attack Roland? Who so bold? Of a truth there is none. Ride on, Sire, ride on. Why halt? Our fair land is still very far in front."

So again, yet more unwillingly, the Emperor rode on.

Crimson-stained were the lips of Roland. His cheeks were sunken and white, yet once again he raised his horn. Faintly now, in sadness and in anguish, once again he blew. The soft, sweet notes took on a tone so pitiful, they wrung the very heart of Charlemagne, where, full thirty leagues afar, he onward rode.

"That horn is very long of breath," he sighed, looking backward anxiously.

"It is Roland," cried Duke Naimes. "It is Roland who suffers yonder. On my soul, I swear, there is battle. Someone hath betrayed him. If I mistake not, it is he who now deceives thee. Arm, Sire, arm! Sound the trumpets of war. Long enough hast thou hearkened to the plaint of Roland."

Quickly the Emperor gave command. Quickly the army turned about, and came marching backward. The evening sunshine fell upon their pennons of crimson, gold and blue, it gleamed upon helmet and corslet, upon lance and shield. Fiercely rode the knights. "Oh, if we but reach Roland before he die," they cried, "oh, what blows we will strike for him."

Alas! alas! they are late, too late!

The evening darkened, night came, yet on they rode. Through all the night they rode, and when at length the rising sun gleamed like flame upon helmet, and hauberk and flowing pennon, they still pressed onward.

Foremost the Emperor rode, sunk in sad thought, his fingers twisted in his long, white beard which flowed over his cuirass, his eyes filled with tears. Behind him galloped his knights—strong men though they were, everyone of them with a sob in his throat, a prayer in his heart, for Roland, Roland the brave and fearless.

One knight only had anger in his heart. That knight was Ganelon. And he by order of the Emperor had been given over to the keeping of the kitchen knaves. Calling the chief among them, "Guard me well this felon," said Charlemagne, "guard him as a traitor, who hath sold all mine house to death."

Then the chief scullion and a hundred of his fellows surrounded Ganelon. They plucked him by the hair and buffeted him, each man giving him four sounding blows. Around his neck they then fastened a heavy chain, and leading him as one might lead a dancing bear, they set him upon a common baggage-horse. Thus they kept him until the time should come that Charlemagne would ask again for the felon knight.

THE RETURN OF CHARLEMAGNE

Roland was dead and bright angels had already carried his soul to heaven, when Charlemagne and all his host at last rode into the valley of Roncesvalles. What a dreadful sight was there! Not a path nor track, not a yard nor foot of ground but was covered with slain Franks and heathen lying side by side in death.

Charlemagne gazed upon the scene with grief and horror. "Where art thou, Roland?" he called. "The archbishop, where is he? Oliver, where art thou?" All the twelve peers he called by name. But none answered. The wind moaned over the field, fluttering here and there a fallen banner, but voice to answer there was none.

"Alas," sighed Charlemagne, "what sorrow is mine that I was not here ere this battle was fought!"

In and out of his long, white beard his fingers twisted, and tears of grief and anger stood in his eyes. Behind him, rank upon rank, crowded his knights and barons full of wrath and sorrow. Not one among them but had lost a son or brother, a friend or comrade. For a time they stood dumb with grief and horror.

Then spoke Duke Naimes. Wise in counsel, brave in battle was he. "Look, Sire," he cried, "look where two leagues from us the dust arises upon the great highway. There is gathered the army of the heathen. Ride, Sire, ride and avenge our wrongs.

And so it was, for those who had fled from the battlefield were gathered together and were now crowding onward to Saragossa.

"Alas!" said Charlemagne, "they are already far away. Yet they have taken from me the very flower of France, so for the sake of right and honor I will do as thou desirest."

Then the Emperor called to him four of his chief barons. "Rest here," he said, "guard the fields, the valleys and the hills. Leave the dead lying as they are, but watch well that neither lion nor any other savage beast come nigh to them. Neither shall any servant or squire touch them. I forbid ye to let man lay hand upon them till we return."

"Sire we will do thy will," answered the four.

Then, leaving a thousand knights to be with them, Charlemagne sounded his war-trumpets, and the army set forth upon the pursuit of the heathen. Furiously they rode and fast, but already the foe was far. Anxiously the Emperor looked to the sun. Night was at hand and the enemy still afar.

Then, alighting from his horse, Charlemagne kneeled upon the green grass. "Oh Lord, I pray thee," he cried, "make the sun to stop. Say thou to the night, 'wait.' Say thou to the day, 'remain.'" And as the Emperor prayed, his guardian angel stooped down and whispered to him, "Ride onward, Charlemagne! Light shall not fail thee. Thou hast lost the flower of France. The Lord knoweth it right well. But thou canst now avenge thee upon the wicked. Ride!"

Hearing these words, Charlemagne sprang once more to horse and rode onward.

And truly a miracle was done for him. The sun stood motionless in the sky, the heathen fled, the Franks pursued, until in the Valley of Darkness they fell upon them and beat them with great slaughter. The heathen still fled, but the Franks surrounded them, closing every path, and in front flowed the river Ebro wide and deep. Across it there was no bridge, upon it no boat, no barge. Calling upon their gods Tervagan and Apollin and upon Mahomet to save them, the heathen threw themselves into the water. But there no safety they found. Many, weighted with their heavy armor, sank beneath the waves. Others, carried by the tide, were swept away, and all were drowned, King Marsil alone fleeing towards Saragossa.

When Charlemagne saw that all his enemies were slain, he leapt from his horse, and, kneeling upon the ground, gave thanks to Heaven. And even as he rose from his knees the sun went down and all the land was dim in twilight.

"Now is the hour of rest," said the Emperor. "It is too late to return to Roncesvalles, for our steeds are weary and exhausted. Take off their saddles and their bridles, and let them refresh themselves upon the field."

"Sire, it is well said," replied the Franks.

So the knights, leaping from their horses, took saddle and bridle from them, and let them wander free upon the green meadows by the river-side. Then, being very weary, the Franks lay down upon the grass, all dressed as they were in their armor, and with their swords girded to their sides, and slept. So worn were they with battle and with grief, that none that night kept watch, but all alike slept.

The Emperor too slept upon the ground among his knights and barons. Like them he lay in his armor.

The night was clear and the moon shone brightly. And Charlemagne, lying on the grass, thought bitterly of Roland and of Oliver, and of all the twelve peers of France who lay dead upon the field of Roncesvalles. But at last, overcome with grief and weariness, he fell asleep.

As the Emperor slept, he dreamed. He thought he saw the sky grow black with thunder-clouds, then jagged lightning flashed and flamed, hail fell and wild winds howled. Such a storm the earth had never seen, and suddenly in all its fury it burst upon his army. Their lances were wrapped in flame, their shields of gold were melted, hauberks and helmets were crushed to pieces. Then bears and wolves from out the forests sprang upon the dismayed knights, devouring them. Monsters untold, serpents, fiery fiends, and more than thirty thousand griffins, all rushed upon the Franks with greedy, gaping jaws.

"Arm! arm! Sire," they cried to him. And Charlemagne, in his dream, struggled to reach his knights. But something, he knew not what, held him bound and helpless. Then from out the depths of the forest a lion rushed upon him. It was a fierce, terrible, and proud beast. It seized upon the Emperor, and together they struggled, he fighting with his naked hands. Who would win, who would be beaten, none knew, for the dream passed and the Emperor still slept.

As the first dim light of dawn crept across the sky, Charlemagne awoke. Soon all the camp was astir, and before the sun rose high the knights were riding back over the wide roads to Roncesvalles.

When once again they reached the dreadful field, Charlemagne wandered over all the plain until he came where Roland lay. Then taking him in his arms he made great moan. "My friend, my Roland, who shall now lead my army? My nephew, beautiful and brave, my pride, my glory, all are gone. Alas the day! alas!" Thus with tears and cries he mourned his loss.

Then said one, "Sire, grieve not overmuch. Command rather that we search the plain and gather together all our men who have been slain by the heathen. Then let us bury them with chant, and song and solemn ceremony, as befits such heroes."

"Yea," said Charlemagne, "it is well said. Sound your trumpets!"

So the trumpets were sounded, and over all the field the Franks searched, gathering their slain brothers and comrades.

With the army there were many bishops, abbots and monks, and so with chant and hymn, with prayer and incense, the Franks were laid to rest. With great honor they were buried. Then, for they could do no more, their comrades left them.

Only the bodies of Roland, Oliver and Archbishop Turpin, they did not lay in Spanish ground. In three white marble coffins covered with silken cloths they were placed on chariots, ready to be carried back to the fair land of France.

THE CID

ADAPTED BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

RODRIGO AND THE LEPER

Rodrigo forthwith set out upon the road, and took with him twenty knights. And as he went he did great good, and gave alms, feeding the poor and needy. And upon the way they found a leper, struggling in a quagmire, who cried out to them with a loud voice to help him for the love of God; and when Rodrigo heard this, he alighted from his beast and helped him, and placed him upon the beast before him, and carried him with him in this manner to the inn where he took up his lodging that night. At this were his knights little pleased.

When supper was ready he bade his knights take their seats, and he took the leper by the hand, and seated him next himself, and ate with him out of the same dish. The knights were greatly offended at his foul sight, insomuch that they rose up and left the chamber. But Rodrigo ordered a bed to be made ready for himself and for the leper, and they twain slept together. When it was midnight and Rodrigo was fast asleep, the leper breathed against him between his shoulders, and that breath was so strong that it passed through him, even through his breast; and he awoke, being astounded, and felt for the leper by him, and found him not; and he began to call him, but there was no reply. Then he arose in fear, and called for a light, and it was brought him; and he looked for the leper and could see nothing; so he returned into the bed, leaving the light burning. And he began to think within himself what had happened, and of that breath which had passed through him, and how the leper was not there. After a while, as he was thus musing, there appeared before him one in white garments, who said unto him, "Sleepest thou or wakest thou, Rodrigo?" and he answered and said, "I do not sleep: but who art thou that bringest with thee such brightness and so sweet an odor?"

Said he, "I am Saint Lazarus, and know that I was a leper to whom thou didst so much good and so great honor for the love of God; and because thou didst this for his sake hath God now granted thee a great gift; for whensoever that breath which thou hast felt shall come upon thee, whatever thing thou desirest to do, and shalt then begin, that shalt thou accomplish to thy heart's desire, whether it be in battle or aught else, so that thy honor shall go on increasing from day to day; and thou shalt be feared both by Moors and Christians, and thy enemies shall never prevail against thee, and thou shalt die an honorable death in thine own house, and in thy renown, for God hath blessed thee—therefore go thou on, and evermore persevere in doing good;" and with that he disappeared. And Rodrigo arose and prayed to our lady and intercessor St. Mary, that she would pray to her blessed son for him to watch over his body and soul in all his undertakings; and he continued in prayer till the day broke. Then he proceeded on his way, and performed his pilgrimage, doing much good for the love of God and of St. Mary.

THE KNIGHTING OF RODRIGO

Now it came to pass that while the King lay before Coimbra, there came a pilgrim from the land of Greece on pilgrimage to Santiago; his name was Estiano, and he was a bishop. And as he was praying in the church he heard certain of the towns men and of the pilgrims saying that Santiago was wont to appear in battle like a knight, in aid of the Christians. And when he heard this, it nothing pleased him, and he said unto them, "Friends, call him not a knight, but rather a fisherman." Upon this it pleased God that he should fall asleep, and in his sleep Santiago appeared to him with a good and cheerful countenance, holding in his hand a bunch of keys, and said unto him, "Thou thinkest it a fable that they should call me a knight, and sayest that I am not so: for this reason am I come unto thee that thou never more mayest doubt concerning my knighthood; for a knight of Jesus Christ I am, and a helper of the Christians against the Moors.

Then a horse was brought him the which was exceeding white, and the apostle Santiago mounted upon it, being well clad in bright and fair armor, after the manner of a knight. And he said to Estiano, "I go to help King Don Ferrando, who has lain these seven months before Coimbra, and tomorrow, with these keys which thou seest, will I open the gates of the city unto him at the third hour, and deliver it into his hand." Having said this, he departed. And the bishop, when he woke

in the morning, called together the clergy and people of Compostella, and told them what he had seen and heard. And as he said, even so did it come to pass; for tidings came, that on that day, and at the third hour, the gates of the city had been opened.

King Don Ferrando then assembled his counts and chief captains, and told them all that the monks of Lorvam had done, in bringing him to besiege the city, and in supplying his army in their time of need: and the counts and chief captains made answer and said, "Certes, O King, if the monks had not given us the stores of their monastery, thou couldest not have taken the city at this time." The King then called for the abbot and the brethren, for they were with him in the host, and said the hours to him daily, and mass in St. Andre's, and buried there and in their monastery as many as had died during the siege, either of arrow-wounds or by lances, or of their own infirmities. So they came before him and gave him joy of his conquest; and he said unto them, "Take ye now of this city as much as ye desire, since by God's favor and your counsel I have won it." But they made answer, "Thanks be to God and to you, and to your forefathers, we have enough and shall have, if so be that we have your favor and dwell among Christians. Only for the love of God, and for the remedy of your own soul, give us one church with its dwelling-houses within the city, and confirm unto us the gifts made to us in old times by your forefathers."

With that the King turned to his sons and his soldiers, and said, "Of a truth, by our Creator, they who desire so little are men of God. I would have given them half the city, and they will have only a single church! Now, therefore, since they require but this, on the part of God Almighty let us grant and confirm unto them what they ask, to the honor of God and St. Mamede." And the brethren brought him their charters of King Ramiro, and King Bermudo, and King Alfonso, and of Gonzalo Moniz, who was a knight and married a daughter of King Bermudo, and of other good men. And the King confirmed them, and he bade them make a writing of all which had passed between him and them at the siege of Coimbra; and when they brought him the writing, they brought him also a crown of silver and of gold, which had been King Bermudo's, and which Gonzalo Moniz had given to the monastery in honor of God and St. Mamede.

The King saw the crown, set with precious stones, and said, "To what end bring ye hither this crown?" And they said, "That you should take it, sire, in return for the good which you have done us." But he answered, "Far be it from me that I should take from your monastery what the good men before me have given to it! Take ye back the crown, and take also ten marks of silver, and make with the money a good cross, to remain with you forever. And he who shall befriend you, may God befriend him; but he who shall disturb you or your monastery, may he be cursed by the living God and by his saints." So the King signed the writing which he had commanded to be made, and his sons and chief captains signed it also, and in the writing he enjoined his children and his children's children, as many as should come after him, to honor and protect the monastery of Lorvam; upon his blessing he charged them so to do, because he had found the brethren better than all the other monks in his dominions.

Then King Don Ferrando knighted Rodrigo of Bivar in the great mosque of Coimbra, which he dedicated to St. Mary. And the ceremony was after this manner: the King girded on his sword, and gave him the kiss, but not the blow. To do him honor the Queen gave him his horse, and the Infanta Doña Urraca fastened on his spurs; and from that day forth he was called Ruydiez. Then the King commanded him to knight nine noble squires with his own hand; and he took his sword before the altar, and knighted them. The King then gave Coimbra to the keeping of Don Sisnando, Bishop of Iria; a man who, having more hardihood than religion, had by reason of his misdeeds gone over to the Moors, and sorely infested the Christians in Portugal. But during the siege he had come to the King's service, and bestirred himself well against the Moors; and, therefore, the King took him into his favor, and gave him the city to keep, which he kept, and did much evil to the Moors till the day of his death. And the King departed and went to Compostella, to return thanks to Santiago.

But then Benalfagi, who was the lord of many lands in Estremadura, gathered together a great power of the Moors and built up the walls of Montemor, and from thence waged war against Coimbra, so that they of Coimbra called upon the King for help. And the King came up against the town, and fought against it, and took it. Great honor did Ruydiez win at that siege; for having to protect the foragers, the enemy came out upon him, and thrice in one day was he beset by them; but he, though sorely pressed by them, and in great peril, nevertheless would not send to the camp for succor, but put forth his manhood and defeated them. And from that day the King gave more power into his hands, and made him head over all his household.

Now the men of Leon besought the King that he should repeople Zamora, which had lain deso-

late since it was destroyed by Almanzor. And he went thither and peopled the city, and gave to it good privileges. And while he was there came messengers from the five kings who were vassals to Ruydiez of Bivar, bringing him their tribute; and they came to him, he being with the King, and called him Cid, which signified lord, and would have kissed his hands, but he would not give them his hand till they had kissed the hand of the King. And Ruydiez took the tribute and offered the fifth thereof to the King, in token of his sovereignity; and the King thanked him, but would not receive it; and from that time he ordered that Ruydiez should be called the Cid, because the Moors had so called him.

HOW THE CID MADE A COWARD INTO A BRAVE MAN

At this time Martin Pelaez, the Asturian, came with a convoy of laden beasts, carrying provisions to the host of the Cid; and as he passed near the town the Moors sallied out in great numbers against him; but he, though he had few with him, defended the convoy right well, and did great hurt to the Moors, slaying many of them, and drove them into the town. This Martin Pelaez who is here spoken of, did the Cid make a right good knight, of a coward, as ye shall hear. When the Cid first began to lay siege to the city of Valencia, this Martin Pelaez came unto him; he was a knight, a native of Santillana in Asturias, a hidalgo, great of body and strong of limb, a well-made man and of goodly semblance, but withal a right coward at heart, which he had shown in many places when he was among feats of arms. And the Cid was sorry when he came unto him, though he would not let him perceive this; for he knew he was not fit to be of his company. Howbeit he thought that since he was come, he would make him brave, whether he would or not.

When the Cid began to war upon the town, and sent parties against it twice and thrice a day, for the Cid was alway upon the alert, there was fighting and tourneying every day. One day it fell out that the Cid and his kinsmen and friends and vassals were engaged in a great encounter, and this Martin Pelaez was well armed; and when he saw that the Moors and Christians were at it, he fled and betook himself to his lodging, and there hid himself till the Cid returned to dinner. And the Cid saw what Martin Pelaez did, and when he had conquered the Moors he returned to his lodging to dinner. Now it was the custom of the Cid to eat at a high table, seated on his bench, at the head. And Don Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez, and other precious knights, ate in another part, at high tables, full honorably, and none other knights whatsoever dared take their seats with them, unless they were such as deserved to be there; and the others who were not so approved in arms ate upon *estrados*, at tables with cushions. This was the order in the house of the Cid, and everyone knew the place where he was to sit at meat, and everyone strove all he could to gain the honor of sitting at the table of Don Alvar Fañez and his companions, by strenuously behaving himself in all feats of arms; and thus the honor of the Cid was advanced.

Martin Pelaez, thinking none had seen his badness, washed his hands in turn with the other knights, and would have taken his place among them. And the Cid went unto him, and took him by the hand and said, "You are not such a one as deserves to sit with these, for they are worth more than you or than me; but I will have you with me:" and he seated him with himself at table. And he, for lack of understanding, thought that the Cid did this to honor him above all the others. On the morrow the Cid and his company rode towards Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney; and Martin Pelaez went out well armed, and was among the foremost who charged the Moors, and when he was in among them he turned the reins, and went back to his lodging; and the Cid took heed to all that he did, and saw that though he had done badly he had done better than the first day. And when the Cid had driven the Moors into the town he returned to his lodging, and as he sat down to meat he took this Martin Pelaez by the hand, and seated him with himself, and bade him eat with him in the same dish, for he had deserved more that day than he had the first. And the knight gave heed to that saying, and was abashed; howbeit he did as the Cid commanded him: and after he had dined he went to his lodging and began to think upon what the Cid had said unto him, and perceived that he had seen all the baseness which he had done; and then he understood that for this cause he would not let him sit at board with the other knights who were precious in arms, but had seated him with himself, more to affront him than to do him honor, for there were other knights there better than he, and he did not show them that honor. Then resolved he in his heart to do better than he had done heretofore.

Another day it happened that the Cid and his company, along with Martin Pelaez, rode toward Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney full resolutely, and Martin Pelaez was among the first, and charged them right boldly; and he smote

down and slew presently a good knight, and he lost there all the bad fear which he had had, and was that day one of the best knights there: and as long as the tourney lasted there he remained, smiting and slaying and overthrowing the Moors, till they were driven within the gates, in such manner that the Moors marveled at him, and asked where that devil came from, for they had never seen him before. And the Cid was in a place where he could see all that was going on, and he gave good heed to him, and had great pleasure in beholding him, to see how well he had forgotten the great fear which he was wont to have. And when the Moors were shut up within the town, the Cid and all his people returned to their lodging, and Martin Pelaez full leisurely and quietly went to his lodging also, like a good knight. And when it was the hour of eating, the Cid waited for Martin Pelaez; and when he came, and they had washed, the Cid took him by the hand and said, "My friend, you are not such a one as deserves to sit with me from henceforth; but sit you here with Don Alvar Fañez, and with these other good knights, for the good feats which you have done this day have made you a companion for them;" and from that day forward he was placed in the company of the good.

The history saith that from that day forward this knight Martin Pelaez was a right good one, and a right valiant, and a right precious, in all places where he chanced among feats of arms, and he lived alway with the Cid, and served him right well and truly. And the history saith, that after the Cid had won the city of Valencia, on the day when they conquered and discomfited the King of Seville, this Martin Pelaez was so good a one, that setting aside the body of the Cid himself, there was no such good knight there, nor one who bore such part, as well in the battle as in the pursuit. And so great was the mortality which he made among the Moors that day, that when he returned from the business the sleeves of his mail were clotted with blood, up to the elbow; insomuch that for what he did that day his name is written in this history, that it may never die. And when the Cid saw him come in that guise, he did him great honor, such as he never had done to any knight before that day, and from thenceforth gave him a place in all his actions and in all his secrets, and he was his great friend. In this knight Martin Pelaez was fulfilled the example which saith, that he who betaketh himself to a good tree, hath good shade, and he who serves a good lord winneth good guerdon; for by reason of the good service which he did the Cid, he came to such good state that he was spoken of as ye have heard: for the Cid knew how to make a good knight, as a good groom knows how to make a good horse.

HOW THE CID RULED VALENCIA

On the following day after the Christians had taken possession of the town, the Cid entered it with a great company, and he ascended the highest tower of the wall and beheld all the city; and the Moors came unto him, and kissed his hand, saying he was welcome. And the Cid did great honor unto them. And then he gave order that all the windows of the towers which looked in upon the town should be closed up, that the Christians might not see what the Moors did in their houses; and the Moors thanked him for this greatly. And he commanded and requested the Christians that they should show great honor to the Moors, and respect them, and greet them when they met: and the Moors thanked the Cid greatly for the honor which the Christians did them, saying that they had never seen so good a man, nor one so honorable, nor one who had his people under such obedience.

Now Abeniaf thought to have the love of the Cid; and calling to mind the wrath with which he had formerly been received, because he had not taken a gift with him, he took now great riches which he had taken from those who sold bread for so great a price during the siege of Valencia, and this he carried to the Cid as a present. Among those who had sold it were some men from the islands of Majorca, and he took from them all that they had. This the Cid knew, and he would not accept his gifts. And the Cid caused proclamation to be made in the town and throughout the whole district thereof, that the honorable men and knights and castellans should assemble together in the garden of Villa Nueva where the Cid at that time sojourned. And when they were all assembled, he went out unto them, to a place which was made ready with carpets and with mats, and he made them take their seats before him full honorable, and began to speak unto them, saying: "I am a man who have never possessed a kingdom, neither I nor any man of my lineage. But the day when I first beheld this city I was well pleased therewith, and coveted it that I might be its lord; and I besought the Lord our God that he would give it me. See now what his power is, for the day when I sat down before Juballa I had no more than four loaves of bread, and now by God's mercy I have won Valencia.

"If I administer right and justice here, God will let me enjoy it; if I do evil, and demean myself proudly and wrongfully, I know that he will take it away. Now then, let everyone go

Reproduced through the courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America.

RUY DIAZ, OF BIVAR, THE CID CAMPEADOR
FROM A STATUE BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MUSEUM OF THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

to his own lands, and possess them even as he was wont to have and to hold them. He who shall find his field, or his vineyard, or his garden, desert, let him incontinently enter thereon; and he who shall find his husbanded, let him pay him that hath cultivated it the cost of his labor, and of the seed which he hath sown therein, and remain with his heritage, according to the law of the Moors. Moreover, I have given order that they who collect my dues take from you no more than the tenth, because so it is appointed by the custom of the Moors, and it is what ye have been wont to pay. And I have resolved in my heart to hear your complaints two days in the week, on the Monday and the Thursday; but if causes should arise which require haste, come to me when ye will and I will give judgment, for I do not retire with women to sing and to drink, as your lords have done, so that ye could obtain no justice, but will myself see to these things, and watch over ye as friend over his friend, and kinsman over his kinsman. And I will be cadi and guazil, and when dispute happens among ye I will decide it." When he had said these things, they all replied that they prayed God to preserve him through long and happy years; and four of the most honorable among them arose and kissed his hands, and the Cid bade them take their seats again.

Then the Cid spake unto them and said: "It is told me that Abeniaf hath done much evil, and committed great wrong toward some of ye, in that he hath taken great riches from ye to present them to me, saying, that this he did because ye sold food for a great price during the siege. But I will accept no such gift; for if I were minded to have your riches, I could take them, and need not ask them neither from him, nor from any other; but thing so unseemly as to take that which is his from any one, without just cause, I will not do. They who have gotten wealth thus, God hath given it them; let them go to Abeniaf, and take back what he hath forced from them, for I will order him to restore the whole." Then he said, "Ye see the riches which I took from the messengers who went to Murcia; it is mine by right, for I took it in war because they brake the covenant which they had made, and would have deceived me: nevertheless I will restore it to the uttermost centesimo, that nothing thereof shall be lost. And ye shall do homage to me that ye will not withdraw yourselves, but will abide here, and do my bidding in all things, and never depart from the covenant which ye make with me; for I love ye, and am grieved to think of the great evil and misery which ye endured from the great famine, and of the mortality which there was. And if ye had done that before which ye have done now, ye would not have been brought to these sufferings and have bought the *cafiz* of wheat at a thousand *maravedis;* but I trust in God to bring it to one *maravedi.* Be ye now secure in your lands, and till your fields, and rear cattle; for I have given order to my men that they offer ye no wrong, neither enter into the town to buy nor to sell; but that they carry on all their dealings in Alcudia, and this I do that ye may receive no displeasure. Moreover I command them not to take any captive into the town, but if this should be done, lay ye hands on the captive and set him free, without fear, and if any one should resist, kill him and fear not. I myself will not enter your city nor dwell therein, but I will build me a place beside the bridge of Alcantara, where I may go and disport myself at times, and repair when it is needful." When he had said these things he bade them go their way.

Well pleased were the Moors when they departed from him, and they marveled at the greatness of his promises, and they set their hearts at rest, and put away the fear which they had had, thinking all their troubles were over; for in all the promises which the Cid had made unto them, they believed that he spake truth; but he said these things only to quiet them, and to make them come to what he wished, even as came to pass. And when he had done, he sent his Almoxarife, Abdalla Adiz, to the custom-house, and made him appoint men to collect the rents of the town for him, which was done accordingly. And when the Cid had given order concerning his own affairs at his pleasure, the Moors would fain have entered again into possession of their heritages as he told them; but they found it all otherwise, for of all the fields which the Christians had husbanded, they would not yield up one; albeit they let them enter upon such as were left waste: some said that the Cid had given them the lands that year, instead of their pay, and other some that they rented them and had paid rent for the year.

The Moors waited till Thursday, when the Cid was to hear complaints, as he had said unto them. When Thursday came all the honorable men went to the garden, but the Cid sent to say unto them that he could not come out that day, because of other causes which he had to determine; and he desired that they would go their way for that time, and come again on the Monday; this was to show his mastery. And when it was Monday they assembled again in the garden, and the Cid came out to them, and took his seat upon the *estrado,* and the Moors made their complaint. And when he had heard them he began to make similitudes, and offer reasons which were not like those which

he had spoken the first day; for he said to them, "I ask of ye, whether it is well that I should be left without men? or if I were without them, I should be like unto one who hath lost his right arm, or to a bird that hath no wings, or to one who should do battle and hath neither spear nor sword. The first thing which I have to look to is to the well-being of my people, that they may live in wealth and honor, so that they may be able to serve me, and defend my honor: for since it has pleased God to give me the city of Valencia, I will not that there be any other lord here than me. Therefore I say unto you and command you, if you would be well with me, and would that I should show favor unto you, that ye see how to deliver that traitor Abeniaf into my hands. Ye all know the great treason which he committed upon King Yahia, his lord and yours, how he slew him, and the misery which he brought upon you in the siege; and since it is not fitting that a traitor who hath slain his lord should live among you, and that his treason should be confounded with your loyalty, see to the obeyment of my command."

When the honorable Moors heard this, they were dismayed; verily they knew that he spake truth touching the death of the King, but it troubled them that he departed from the promise which he had made; and they made answer that they would take counsel concerning what he had said, and then reply. Then five of the best and most honorable among them withdrew, and went to Abdalla Adiz, and said unto him, "Give us thy counsel now the best and truest that thou canst, for thou art of our law, and oughtest to do this: and the reason why we ask counsel of thee is this. The Cid promised us many things, and now behold he says nothing to us of what he said before, but moveth other new reasons, at which great dismay hath seized us. And because thou better knowest his ways, tell us now what is his pleasure, for albeit we might wish to do otherwise, this is not a time wherein anything but what he shall command can be done." When the Almoxarife heard this he made answer, "Good men, it is easy to understand what he would have, and to do what should be done. We all know the great treason which Abeniaf committed against ye all in killing your lord the King; for albeit at that time ye felt the burden of the Christians, yet was it nothing so great as after he had killed him, neither did ye suffer such misery. And since God hath brought him who was the cause to this state, see now by all means how ye may deliver him into the hands of the Cid; and fear not, neither take thought for the rest; for though the Cid may do his pleasure in some things, better is it to have him for lord than this traitor who hath brought so much evil upon ye. Moreover the things of this world soon pass away, and my heart tells me that we shall ere long come out of the bondage of the Cid, and of the Christians; for the Cid is well-nigh at the full of his days, and we who remain alive after his death shall then be masters of our city."

The good men thanked him much, and held themselves to be well advised, and said that they would do willingly what he bade them; and they returned forthwith to the Cid, and said unto him that they would fulfill his commandment. Incontinently did the good men dispeed themselves of the Cid, and they went into the city, and gathered together a great posse of armed men, and went to the place where Abeniaf dwelt; and they assaulted the house and brake the doors, and entered in and laid hands on him, and his son, and all his company, and carried them before the Cid. And the Cid ordered Abeniaf to be cast into prison, and all those who had taken counsel with him for the death of King Yahia.

When this was done, the Cid said unto the good men, "Now that ye have fulfilled my bidding, I hold it good to show favor unto you in that which ye yourselves shall understand to be fitting for me to grant. Say, therefore, what ye would have, and I will do that which I think behooveth me: but in this manner, that my dwelling-place be within the city of Valencia, in the Alcazar, and that my Christian men have all the fortresses in the city." And when the good men heard this, they were greatly troubled; howbeit they dissembled the sorrow which they resented, and said unto him, "Sir Cid, order it as you think good, and we consent thereto." Then said he unto them that he would observe towards them all the uses and customs of their law, and that he would have the power, and be lord of all; and they should till their fields and feed their flocks and herds, and give him his tenth, and he would take no more.

When the Moors heard this they were pleased; and since they were to remain in the town, and in their houses and their inheritances, and with their uses and customs, and that their mosques were to be left them, they held themselves not to be badly off. Then they asked the Cid to let their gauzil be the same as he had first appointed, and that he would give them for their cadi the Alfaqui Alhagi, and let him appoint whom he would to assist him in distributing justice to the Moors; and thus he himself would be relieved of the wearisomeness of hearing them, save only when any great occasion might befall. And the Cid granted this which they required, and they kissed his hand, and returned into the town. Nine months did the Cid hold Valencia besieged, and at the end of that

time it fell into his power, and he obtained possession of the walls, as ye have heard. And one month he was practicing with the Moors that he might keep them quiet, till Abeniaf was delivered into his hands; and thus ten months were fulfilled, and they were fulfilled on Thursday, the last day of June, in the year of the era one thousand one hundred and thirty and one, which was in the year one thousand ninety and three of the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. And when the Cid had finished all his dealings with the Moors, on this day he took horse with all his company in good array, his banner being carried before him, and his arms behind; and in this guise, with great rejoicings he entered the city of Valencia. And he alighted at the Alcazar, and gave order to lodge all his men round about it; and he bade them plant his banner upon the highest tower of the Alcazar. Glad was the Campeador, and all they who were with him, when they saw his banner planted in that place. And from that day forth was the Cid possessed of all the castles and fortresses which were in the kingdom of Valencia, and established in what God had given him, and he and all his people rejoiced.

THE CID'S LAST VICTORY

Three days after the Cid had died King Bucar came into the port of Valencia, and landed with all his power, which was so great that there is not a man in the world who could give account of the Moors whom he brought. And there came with him thirty and six kings, and one Moorish queen, who was a negress, and she brought with her two hundred horsewomen, all negresses like herself, all having their hair shorn save a tuft on the top, and this was in token that they came as if upon a pilgrimage, and to obtain the remission of their sins; and they were all armed in coats of mail and with Turkish bows. King Bucar ordered his tents to be pitched round about Valencia, and Abenalfarax, who wrote this history in Arabic, saith that there were full fifteen thousand tents; and he bade that Moorish negress with her archers to take their station near the city. And on the morrow they began to attack the city, and they fought against it three days strenuously; and the Moors received great loss, for they came blindly up to the walls and were slain there. And the Christians defended themselves right well; and every time that they went upon the walls, they sounded trumpets and tambours, and made great rejoicings, as the Cid had commanded. This continued for eight days or nine, till the companions of the Cid had made ready everything for their departure, as he had commanded. And King Bucar and his people thought that the Cid dared not come out against them; and they were the more encouraged, and began to think of making bastiles and engines wherewith to combat the city, for certes they weened that the Cid Ruydiez dared not come out against them, seeing that he tarried so long.

All this while the company of the Cid were preparing all things to go into Castile, as he had commanded before his death; and his trusty Gil Diaz did nothing else but labor at this. And the body of the Cid was thus prepared: first it was embalmed and anointed, and the virtue of the balsam and myrrh was such that the flesh remained firm and fair, having its natural color, and his countenance as it was wont to be, and the eyes open, and his long beard in order, so that there was not a man who would have thought him dead if he had seen him and not known it. And on the second day after he had departed, Gil Diaz placed the body upon a right noble saddle, and this saddle with the body upon it he put upon a frame; and he dressed the body in a *gambax* of fine sendal, next the skin. And he took two boards and fitted them to the body, one to the breast and the other to the shoulders; these were so hollowed out and fitted that they met at the sides and under the arms, and the hind one came up to the pole, and the other up to the beard. These boards were fastened into the saddle, so that the body could not move.

All this was done by the morning of the twelfth day; and all that day the people of the Cid were busied in making ready their arms, and in loading beasts with all that they had, so that they left nothing of any price in the whole city of Valencia, save only the empty houses. When it was midnight they took the body of the Cid, fastened to the saddle as it was, and placed it upon his horse Bavieca, and fastened the saddle well; and the body sat so upright and well that it seemed as if he was alive. And it had on painted hose of black and white, so cunningly painted that no man who saw them would have thought but that they were greaves and cuishes, unless he had laid his hand upon them; and they put on it a surcoat of green sendal, having his arms blazoned thereon, and a helmet of parchment, which was cunningly painted that everyone might have believed it to be iron; and his shield was hung round his neck, and they placed the sword Tizona in his hand, and they raised his arm, and fastened it up so subtlely that it was a marvel to see how upright he held the sword. And the Bishop Don Hieronymo went on one side of him, and the trusty Gil Diaz on the other, and he led the horse Bavieca, as the Cid had commanded him. And when all this had been

made ready, they went out from Valencia at midnight, through the gate of Roseros, which is towards Castile. Pero Bermudez went first with the banner of the Cid, and with him five hundred knights who guarded it, all well appointed. And after these came all the baggage. Then came the body of the Cid, with an hundred knights, all chosen men, and behind them Doña Ximena with all her company, and six hundred knights in the rear. All these went out so silently, and with such a measured pace, that it seemed as if there were only a score. And by the time that they had all gone out it was broad day.

Now Alvar Fañez Minaya had set the host in order, and while the Bishop Don Hieronymo and Gil Diaz led away the body of the Cid, and Doña Ximena, and the baggage, he fell upon the moors. First he attacked the tents of that Moorish queen the negress, who lay nearest to the city; and this onset was so sudden, that they killed full a hundred and fifty Moors before they had time to take arms or go to horse. But that Moorish negress was so skillful in drawing the Turkish bow, that it was held for a marvel; and it is said that they called her in Arabic *Nugueymat Turya,* which is to say, the Star of the Archers. And she was the first that got on horseback, and with some fifty that were with her, did some hurt to the company of the Cid; but in fine they slew her, and her people fled to the camp. And so great was the uproar and confusion, that few there were who took arms, but instead thereof they turned their backs and fled toward the sea. And when King Bucar and his kings saw this, they were astonished. And it seemed to them that there came against them on the part of the Christians full seventy thousand knights, all as white as snow: and before them a knight of great stature upon a white horse with a bloody cross, who bore in one hand a white banner, and in the other a sword which seemed to be of fire, and he made a great mortality among the Moors who were flying. And King Bucar and the other kings were so greatly dismayed that they never checked the reins till they had ridden into the sea; and the company of the Cid rode after them, smiting and slaying and giving them no respite; and they smote down so many that it was marvelous, for the Moors did not turn their heads to defend themselves. And when they came to the sea, so great was the press among them to get to the ships, that more than ten thousand died in the water. And of the six and thirty kings, twenty and two were slain. And King Bucar and they who escaped with him hoisted sails and went their way, and never more turned their heads.

Alvar Fañez and his people, when they had discomfited the Moors, spoiled the field, and the spoil thereof was so great that they could not carry it away. And they loaded camels and horses with the noblest things which they found, and went after the Bishop Don Hieronymo and Gil Diaz, who, with the body of the Cid, and Doña Ximena, and the baggage, had gone on till they were clear of the host, and then waited for those who were gone against the Moors. And so great was the spoil of that day, that there was no end to it: and they took up gold, and silver, and other precious things as they rode through the camp, so that the poorest man among the Christians, horseman or on foot, became rich with what he won that day.

WILLIAM TELL

ADAPTED BY H. E. MARSHALL

GESSLER'S TYRANNY

Far away in the heart of Europe there lies a little country called Switzerland. It seems wonderful that when great and powerful kings and princes swept over the world, fighting and conquering, little Switzerland should not have been conquered and swallowed up by one or other of the great countries which lay around. But the Swiss have always been a brave and fearless people.

At one time one of the great princes of Europe tried to conquer Switzerland and take away the freedom of its people. But the people fought so bravely that instead of being defeated they conquered the tyrants and drove them away.

In those far-off times the greatest ruler in Europe was the Emperor, and his empire was divided into many states, over each of which ruled a prince or king who acknowledged the Emperor as overlord. When an Emperor died the kings and princes met together and chose another Emperor from among their number.

Switzerland was one of the countries which owned the Emperor as overlord. But the Swiss were a free people. They had no king or prince

over them, but a governor only, who was appointed by the Emperor.

Austria was another of the states of the great empire, and at one time a Duke of Austria was made ruler of Switzerland. Because of its great beauty, this duke cast greedy eyes upon Switzerland and longed to possess it for his very own.

But the Swiss would not give up their freedom; and three cantons, as the divisions of Switzerland are called, joined together, and swore to stand by each other, and never to submit to Austria.

Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden were the names of these three cantons. A little later another canton joined the three. These four cantons lie round a lake which is called the Lake of the four Forest Cantons. When Albrecht, Duke of Austria, was chosen Emperor he said to himself that now truly he would be lord and master of Switzerland. So he sent two nobles to the Swiss to talk to them, and persuade them to own him as their king.

Some of the people of Switzerland were persuaded to belong to Austria, but all the people of the free cantons replied that they wished to remain free.

So the messengers went back to Albrecht and told him what the people said. When he heard the message he was very angry. "The proud peasants," he cried, "they will not yield. Then I will bend and break them. They will be soft and yielding enough when I have done with them."

Months went by and the Emperor appointed no ruler over Switzerland. At last the people, feeling that they must have a governor, sent messengers to the Emperor, begging him to appoint a ruler, as all the Emperors before him had done. "A governor you shall have," said Albrecht. "Go home and await his coming. Whom I send to you, him you must obey in all things."

When they had gone, Albrecht smiled grimly to himself. "They will not yield," he said, "but I will oppress them and ill-treat them until I force them to rebel. Then I will fight against them and conquer them, and at last Switzerland will be mine."

A few days later Albrecht made his friends Hermann Gessler and Beringer of Landenberg governors over the free cantons, telling them to take soldiers with them to enforce the law and to tax the people in order to pay the soldiers. "You will punish all wrong-doers severely," he said, "I will endure no rebels within my empire."

Hard and bitter days began when Gessler and Landenberg settled there. They delighted in oppressing the people. They loaded them with taxes; nothing could be either bought or sold but the governors claimed a great part of the money; the slightest fault was punished with long imprisonment and heavy fines. The people became sad and downcast, but still they would not yield to Austria.

Gessler lived in a great castle at Küssnacht in Schwyz. In it were dreadful dungeons where he imprisoned the people and tortured them according to his wicked will. But he was not pleased to have only one castle, and he made up his mind to build another in Uri. So he began to build one near the little town of Altorf, which lay at the other end of the Lake of the Forest Cantons. Gessler forced the men of Uri to build this castle, and he meant to use it not only as a house for himself, but as a prison for the people.

"What will you call your castle?" asked a friend one day, as they stood to watch the building. "I will call it the Curb of Uri," said Gessler, with a cruel laugh, "for with it I will curb the proud spirit of these peasants." After watching the work for some time, Gessler and his friend rode away. "My friend," said Gessler as he rode, "we will go back to Küssnacht by another way. I have heard that an insolent peasant called Werner Stauffacher has built himself a new house. I wish to see it. There is no end to the impudence of these peasants."

"But what will you do?" asked his friend.

"Do," said Gessler, "why, turn him out, to be sure. What need have these peasants for great houses?" So they rode on to Stauffacher's house. "Whose house is this?" he demanded. Stauffacher answered quietly, "My lord, this house belongs to the Emperor, and is yours and mine in fief to hold and use for his service." "I rule this land," said Gessler, "in the name of the Emperor, and I will not allow peasants to build houses without asking leave. I will have you understand that." And he rode from the doorway. Stauffacher told his wife what had happened and she advised him to call a secret meeting of his friends to plan to free themselves from the governor's rule.

Werner Stauffacher spent some days in going from village to village, trying to find out how the peasants and common people felt, and everywhere heard complaints and groans. Coming to Altorf, where his friend Walter Fürst lived, he heard in the market-place a great noise of shouting and trampling of feet.

Down the street a party of Austrian soldiers came marching. One of them carried a long pole, and another a red cap with a peacock's feather in it. Then the pole with the red cap on the top of it was firmly planted in the ground.

As soon as the pole was set up a herald stepped out, blew his trumpet and cried, "See ye this cap here set up? It is his Majesty's will and com-

mandment that ye do all bow the knee and bend the head as ye do pass it by."

This was a new insult to a free people. Stauffacher went to the house of Walter Fürst, where he met Arnold of Melchthal, who had suffered much from Landenberg. Calling upon God and his saints, these three men swore a solemn oath to protect each other and promised to meet in a little meadow called the Rütli, the Wednesday before Martinmas.

Three weeks passed, and in the darkness and quiet the men stole to the place of meeting with other friends of freedom whom they had brought. Near Walter Fürst stood a young man straight and tall with clear and honest eyes. "William Tell," said Arnold, "and the best shot in all Switzerland. I have seen him shoot an apple from a tree a hundred paces off."

Then they swore never to betray each other, to be true to the Emperor, but to drive the Austrian governor, his friends, his servants, and his soldiers out of the land.

WILLIAM TELL AND HIS GREAT SHOT

William Tell did not live in Altorf, but in another village some way off, called Bürglen. His wife, who was called Hedwig, was Walter Fürst's daughter. Tell and Hedwig had two sons, William and Walter. Walter, the younger, was about six years old.

William Tell loved his wife and his children very much, and they all lived happily together in a pretty little cottage at Bürglen.

"Hedwig," said Tell one morning, some days after the meeting mentioned above, "I am going into Altorf to see your father."

Hedwig looked troubled. "Do be careful, William," she said. "Must you really go? You know the governor is there just now, and he hates you."

"Oh, I am quite safe," said Tell; "I have done nothing for which he could punish me. But I will keep out of his way," and he lifted his crossbow and prepared to go.

"Do not take your bow," said Hedwig, still feeling uneasy. "Leave it here."

"Why, Hedwig, how you trouble yourself for nothing," said Tell, smiling at her. "Why should I leave my bow behind? I feel lost without it."

"O father, where are you going?" said Walter, running into the room at this minute.

"I am going to Altorf to see grandfather. Would you like to come?"

"Oh, may I? May I, mother?"

"Yes, dear, if you like," said Hedwig. "And you will be careful, won't you?" she added, turning to Tell.

"Yes, I will," he replied, and Walter, throwing his arms round her neck, said, "It's all right, mother, I will take care of father." Then they set off merrily together.

It was a great thing to go to Altorf with father, and Walter was so happy that he chattered all the way, asking questions about everything.

"How far can you shoot, father?"

"Oh, a good long way."

"As high as the sun?" asked Walter, looking up at it.

"Oh dear, no, not nearly so high as that."

"Well, how high? As high as the snow-mountains?"

"Oh no."

"Why is there always snow on the mountains, father?" asked Walter, thinking of something else. And so he went on, asking questions about one thing after another, until his father was quite tired of answering.

Walter was chattering so much that Tell forgot all about the hat upon the pole, and, instead of going round by another way to avoid it, as he had meant to do, he went straight through the market-place to reach Walter Fürst's house.

"Father, look," said Walter, "look, how funny! there is a hat stuck up on a pole. What is it for?"

"Don't look, Walter," said Tell, "the hat has nothing to do with us, don't look at it." And taking Walter by the hand, he led him hurriedly away.

But it was too late. The soldier, who stood beside the pole to guard it and see that people bowed in passing, pointed his spear at Tell and bade him stop. "Stand, in the Emperor's name," he cried.

"Let be, friend," said Tell, "let me past."

"Not till you obey the Emperor's command. Not till you bow to the hat."

"It is no command of the Emperor," said Tell. "It is Gessler's folly and tyranny. Let me go."

"Nay, but you must not speak of my lord the governor in such terms. And past you shall not go until you bow to the cap. And, if you bow not, to prison I will lead you. Such is my lord's command."

"Why should I bow to the cap?" said Tell, his voice shaking with rage. "Were the Emperor himself here, then would I bend the knee and bow my head to him with all reverence. But to a hat! Never!" and he tried to force his way past Heinz the soldier. But Heinz would not let him pass, and kept his spear pointed at Tell.

Hearing loud and angry voices, many people gathered to see what the cause might be. Soon there was quite a crowd around the two. Everyone talked at once, and the noise and confusion

were great. Heinz tried to take Tell prisoner, and the people tried to take him away. "Help! help!" shouted Heinz, hoping that some of his fellow-soldiers would hear him and come to his aid—"Help, help! treason, treason!"

Then over all the noise of the shouting there sounded the tramp of horses' hoofs and the clang and jangle of swords and armor.

"Room for the governor. Room, I say," cried a herald.

The shouting ceased and the crowd silently parted, as Gessler, richly dressed, haughty and gloomy, rode through it, followed by a gay company of his friends and soldiers. He checked his horse and, gazing angrily round the crowd, "What is this rioting?" he asked.

"My lord," said Heinz, stepping forward, "this scoundrel here will not bow to the cap, according to your lordship's command."

"Eh, what?" said Gessler, his dark face growing more dark and angry still. "Who dares to disobey my orders?"

"'Tis William Tell of Bürglen, my lord."

"Tell?" said Gessler, turning in his saddle and looking at Tell as he stood among the people, holding little Walter by the hand.

There was silence for a few minutes while Gessler gazed at Tell in anger.

"I hear you are a great shot, Tell," said Gessler at last, laughing scornfully, "they say you never miss."

"That is quite true," said Walter eagerly, for he was very proud of his father's shooting. "He can hit an apple on a tree a hundred yards off."

"Is that your boy?" said Gessler, looking at him with an ugly smile.

"Yes, my lord."

"Have you other children?"

"Another boy, my lord."

"You are very fond of your children, Tell?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Which of them do you love best?"

Tell hesitated. He looked down at little Walter with his rosy cheeks and curly hair. Then he thought of William at home with his pretty, loving ways. "I love them both alike, my lord," he said at last.

"Ah," said Gessler, and thought a minute. "Well, Tell," he said after a pause. "I have heard so much of this boast of yours about hitting apples, that I should like to see something of it. You shall shoot an apple off your boy's head at a hundred yards' distance. That will be easier than shooting off a tree."

"My lord," said Tell, turning pale, "you do not mean that? It is horrible. I will do anything rather than that."

"You will shoot an apple off your boy's head," repeated Gessler in a slow and scornful voice. "I want to see your wonderful skill, and I command you to do it at once. You have your crossbow there. Do it."

"I will die first," said Tell.

"Very well," said Gessler, "but you need not think in that way to save your boy. He shall die with you. Shoot, or die both of you. And, mark you, Tell, see that you aim well, for if you miss you will pay for it with your life."

Tell turned pale. His voice trembled as he replied, "My lord, it was but thoughtlessness. Forgive me this once, and I will always bow to the cap in future." Proud and brave although he was, Tell could not bear the thought that he might kill his own child.

"Have done with this delay," said Gessler, growing yet more angry. "You break the laws, and when, instead of punishing you as you deserve, I give you a chance of escape, you grumble and think yourself hardly used. Were peasants ever more unruly and discontented? Have done, I say. Heinz, bring me an apple."

The soldier hurried away.

"Bind the boy to that tree," said Gessler, pointing to a tall lime-tree near by.

Two soldiers seized Walter and bound him fast to the tree. He was not in the least afraid, but stood up against the trunk straight and quiet. Then, when the apple was brought, Gessler rode up to him and, bending from the saddle, himself placed the apple upon his head.

All this time the people crowded round silent and wondering, and Tell stood among them as if in a dream, watching everything with a look of horror in his eyes.

"Clear a path there," shouted Gessler, and the soldiers charged among the people, scattering them right and left.

When a path had been cleared, two soldiers, starting from the tree to which Walter was bound, marched over the ground, measuring one hundred paces, and halted.

"One hundred paces, my lord," they said, turning to Gessler.

Gessler rode to the spot, calling out, "Come, Tell, from here you shall shoot."

Tell took his place. He drew an arrow from his quiver, examined it carefully, and then, instead of fitting it to his bow, he stuck it in his belt. Then, still carefully, he chose another arrow and fitted it to his bow.

A deep silence fell upon everyone as Tell took one step forward. He raised his bow. A mist was before his eyes, his arm trembled, his bow dropped from his hand. He could not shoot. The

fear that he might kill his boy took away all his skill and courage.

A groan broke from the people as they watched. Then from far away under the lime tree came Walter's voice, "Shoot, father, I am not afraid. You cannot miss."

Once more Tell raised his bow. The silence seemed deeper than ever. The people of Altorf knew and loved Tell, and Fürst, and little Walter. And so they watched and waited with heavy hearts and anxious faces.

"Ping!" went the bowstring. The arrow seemed to sing through the frosty air, and, a second later, the silence was broken by cheer after cheer. The apple lay upon the ground pierced right through the center.

One man sprang forward and cut the rope with which Walter was bound to the tree; another picked up the apple and ran with it to Gessler. But Tell stood still, his bow clutched in his hand, his body bent forward, his eyes wild and staring, as if he were trying to follow the flight of the arrow. Yet he saw nothing, heard nothing.

"He has really done it!" exclaimed Gessler in astonishment, as he turned the apple round and round in his hand. "Who would have thought it? Right in the center, too."

Little Walter, quite delighted, came running to his father. "Father," he cried, "I knew you could do it. I knew you could, and I was not a bit afraid. Was it not splendid?" and he laughed and pressed his curly head against his father.

Then suddenly Tell seemed to wake out of his dream, and taking Walter in his arms he held him close, kissing him again and again. "You are safe, my boy. You are safe," was all he said. But strong man though he was his eyes were full of tears, and he was saying to himself, "I might have killed him. I might have killed my own boy."

Meanwhile Gessler sat upon his horse watching them with a cruel smile upon his wicked face. "Tell," he said at last, "that was a fine shot, but for what was the other arrow?"

Tell put Walter down and, holding his hand, turned to Gessler, "It is always an archer's custom, my lord, to have a second arrow ready," he said.

"Nay, nay," said Gessler, "that answer will not do, Tell. Speak the truth."

Tell was silent.

"Speak, man," said Gessler, "and if you speak the truth, whatever it may be, I promise you your life."

"Then," said Tell, throwing his shoulders back and looking straight at Gessler, "since you promise me my life, hear the truth. If that first arrow had struck my child, the second one was meant for you, and be sure I had not missed my mark a second time."

Gessler's face grew dark with rage. For a moment or two he could not speak. When at last he did speak, his voice was low and terrible, "You dare," he said, "you dare to tell me this! I promised you your life indeed. Your life you shall have, but you shall pass it in a dark and lonely prison, where neither sun nor moon shall send the least glimmer of light. There you shall lie, so that I may be safe from you. Ah, my fine archer, your bows and arrows will be of little use to you henceforth. Seize him, men, and bind him, lest he do murder even now."

In a moment the soldiers sprang forward, and Tell was seized and bound.

As Gessler sat watching them, he looked round at all the angry faces of the crowd. "Tell has too many friends here," he said to himself. "If I imprison him in the Curb of Uri, they may find some way to help him to escape. I will take him with me in my boat to Küssnacht. There he can have no friends. There he will be quite safe." Then aloud he said, "Follow me, my men. Bring him to the boat."

As he said these words, there was a loud murmur from the crowd. "That is against the law," cried many voices.

"Law, law?" growled Gessler. "Who makes the law, you or I?"

Walter Fürst had been standing among the crowd silent and anxious. Now he stepped forward and spoke boldly. "My lord," he said, "it has ever been a law among the Swiss that no one shall be imprisoned out of his own canton. If my son-in-law, William Tell, has done wrong, let him be tried and imprisoned here, in Uri, in Altorf. If you do otherwise you wrong our ancient freedom and rights."

"Your freedom! your rights!" said Gessler roughly. "I tell you, you are here to obey the laws, not to teach me how I shall rule." Then turning his horse and calling out, "On, men, to the boat with him," he rode towards the lake, where, at a little place called Flüelen, his boat was waiting for him.

But Walter clung to his father, crying bitterly. Tell could not take him in his arms to comfort him, for his hands were tied. But he bent over him to kiss him, saying, "Little Walter, little Walter, be brave. Go with thy grandfather and comfort thy mother."

So Tell was led to Gessler's boat, followed by the sorrowing people. Their hearts were full of hot anger against the tyrant. Yet what could they do? He was too strong for them.

Tell was roughly pushed into the boat, where

he sat closely guarded on either side by soldiers. His bow and arrows, which had been taken from him, were thrown upon a bench beside the steersman.

Gessler took his seat. The boat started, and was soon out on the blue water of the lake. As the people of Altorf watched Tell go, their hearts sank. They had not known, until they saw him bound and a prisoner, how much they had trusted and loved him.

THE ESCAPE OF WILLIAM TELL

On the lakes of Switzerland storms of wind arise very quickly. The Swiss used to dread these storms so much that they gave names to the winds as if they were people. The south wind, which is the fiercest, they called the Föhn. There used to be a law that when the Föhn arose, all fires were to be put out. For the wind whistled and blew down the wide chimneys like great bellows, till the fires flared up so fiercely that the houses, which were built of wood, were in danger of being burned to the ground. Now one of these fierce storms arose.

No one noticed when Gessler's boat pushed off from the shore how dark the sky had grown nor how keenly the wind was blowing. But before the boat had gone very far the waves began to rise, and the wind to blow fiercer and fiercer.

Soon the little boat was tossing wildly on great white-crested waves. The rowers bent to the oars and rowed with all their might. But in spite of all they could do, the waves broke over the boat, filling it with water. They were tossed here and there, until it seemed every minute that they would sink.

Pale with fear, the captain stood at the helm. He was an Austrian who knew nothing of the Swiss lakes, and he had never before been in such a storm. He was helpless, and he knew that very soon the boat would be a wreck.

Wrapped in his mantle, Gessler sat silent and still, watching the storm. He, too, knew the danger.

As the waves dashed over him, one of Gessler's servants staggered to his master's feet. "My lord," he said, "you see our need and danger, yet methinks there is one man on board who could save us."

"Who is that?" asked Gessler.

"William Tell, your prisoner," replied the man. "He is known to be one of the best sailors on this lake. He knows every inch of it. If anyone can save the boat, he can."

"Bring him here," said Gessler.

"It seems you are a sailor as well as an archer, Tell," said Gessler when his prisoner had been brought before him. "Can you save the boat and bring us to land?"

"Yes," said Tell.

"Unbind him, then," said Gessler to the soldier, "but mark you, Tell, you go not free. Even although you save us, you are still my prisoner. Do not think to have any reward."

The rope which bound Tell's hands was cut, and he took his place at the helm.

The waves still dashed high, the wind still howled, but under Tell's firm hand the boat seemed to steady itself, and the rowers bent to their work with new courage and strength in answer to his commanding voice.

Tell, leaning forward, peered through the darkness and the spray. There was one place where he knew it would be possible to land—where a bold and desperate man at least might land. He was looking for that place. Nearer and nearer to the shore he steered. At last he was quite close to it. He glanced quickly round. His bow and arrows lay beside him. He bent and seized them. Then with one great leap he sprang ashore, and as he leaped he gave the boat a backward push with his foot, sending it out again into the stormy waters of the lake.

There was a wild outcry from the sailors, but Tell was free, for no one dared to follow him. Quickly clambering up the mountain-side, he disappeared among the trees.

As Tell vanished, Gessler stood up and shouted in anger, but the little boat, rocking and tossing on the waves, drifted out into the lake, and the Austrian sailors, to whom the shore was unknown, dared not row near to it again, lest they should be dashed to pieces upon the rocks. Even as it was, they expected every moment that the boat would sink, and that all would be drowned. But despair seemed to give the sailors fresh strength, and soon the wind fell and the waves became quieter. A few hours later, wet, weary, but safe, Gessler and his company landed on the shore of Schwyz.

TELL'S SECOND SHOT

As soon as Gessler landed, he called for his horse, and silent and gloomy, his heart full of bitter hate against Tell and all the Swiss, he mounted and rode towards his castle at Küssnacht.

But Tell's heart, too, was full of hate and anger. That morning he had been a gentle, peace-loving man. Now all was changed. Gessler's cruel jest had made him hard and angry. He could not forget that he might have killed his own boy. He seemed to see always before him Walter bound to

the tree with the apple on his head. Tell made up his mind that Gessler should never make anyone else suffer so much. There was only one thing to do. That was to kill Gessler, and that Tell meant to do.

If Gessler escaped from the storm, Tell was sure that he would go straight to his castle at Küssnacht. There was only one road which led from the lake to the castle, and at a place called the Hollow Way it became very narrow, and the banks rose steep and rugged on either side. There Tell made up his mind to wait for Gessler. There he meant to free his country from the cruel tyrant.

Without stopping for food or rest, Tell hurried through the woods until he came to the Hollow Way. There he waited and watched. Many people passed along the road. There were herds with their flocks, and travelers of all kinds, among them a poor woman whose husband had been put in prison by Gessler, so that now she had no home, and had to wander about with her children begging. She stopped and spoke to Tell, and the story she told of Gessler's cruelty made Tell's heart burn with anger, and made him more sure than ever that the deed he meant to do was just and right.

The day went on, and still Gessler did not come, and still Tell waited. At last he heard the distant tramp of feet and the sound of voices. Surely he had come at last. But as the sounds came nearer, Tell knew that it could not be Gessler, for he heard music and laughter, and through the Hollow Way came a gaily dressed crowd. It was a wedding-party. Laughing and merry, the bride and bridegroom with their friends passed along. When they were out of sight the wind brought back the sound of their merry voices to Tell, as he waited upon the bank. They, at least, had for a time forgotten Gessler.

At last, as the sun was setting, Tell heard the tramp of horses, and a herald dashed along the road, shouting, "Room for the governor. Room, I say."

As Gessler came slowly on behind, Tell could hear him talking in a loud and angry voice to a friend. "Obedience I will have," he was saying. "I have been far too mild a ruler over this people. They grow too proud. But I will break their pride. Let them prate of freedom, indeed. I will crush——" The sentence was never finished. An arrow whizzed through the air, and with a groan Gessler fell, dead.

Tell's second arrow had found its mark.

Immediately everything was in confusion. Gessler's soldiers crowded round, trying to do something for their master. But it was useless. He was dead. Tell's aim had been true.

"Who has done this foul murder?" cried one of Gessler's friend, looking round.

"The shot was mine," answered Tell, from where he stood on the high bank. "But no murder have I done. I have but freed an unoffending people from a base and cowardly tyrant. My cause is just, let God be the judge."

At the sound of his voice everyone turned to look at Tell, as he stood above them calm and unafraid.

"Seize him!" cried the man who had already spoken, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment. "Seize him, it is Tell the archer."

Five or six men scrambled up the steep bank as fast as they could. But Tell slipped quietly through the bushes, and when they reached the top he was nowhere to be found.

The short winter's day was closing in fast, and Tell found it easy to escape in the darkness from Gessler's soldiers. They soon gave up the chase, and, returning to the road, took up their master's dead body and carried it to his castle at Küssnacht. There was little sorrow for him, for he had been a hard master. The Austrian soldiers did not grieve, and the Swiss, wherever they heard the news, rejoiced.

As soon as he was free of the soldiers, Tell turned and made for Stauffacher's house. All through the night he walked, until he came to the pretty house with its red roofs and many windows which had made Gessler so angry.

Now there was no light in any of the windows, and all was still and quiet. But Tell knew in which of the rooms Stauffacher slept, and he knocked softly upon the window until he had aroused his friend.

"William Tell!" said Stauffacher in astonishment. "I heard from Walter Fürst that you were a prisoner. Thank Heaven that you are free again."

"I am free," said Tell; "you, too, are free. Gessler is dead."

"Gessler dead!" exclaimed Stauffacher. "Now indeed have we cause for thankfulness. Tell me, how did it happen?" and he drew William Tell into the house.

Tell soon told all his story. Then Stauffacher, seeing how weary he was, gave him food and made him rest.

That night Tell slept well. All next day he remained hidden in Stauffacher's house. "You must not go," said his friend, "Gessler's soldiers will be searching for you." But when evening came Tell crept out into the dark again, and kind friends rowed him across the lake back to Flüelen. There, where a few days before he had been a prisoner, he landed, now free.

Tell went at once to Walter Fürst's house, and soon messengers were hurrying all through the land to gather together again the Confederates, as those who had met on that eventful night were called.

This time they gathered with less fear and less secrecy, for was not the dreaded governor dead? Not one but was glad, yet some of the Confederates blamed Tell, for they had all promised to wait until the first of January before doing anything.

"I know," said Tell, "but he drove me to it." And every man there who had left a little boy at home felt that he too might have done the same thing.

Now that Tell had struck the first blow, some of the Confederates wished to rise at once. But others said, "No, it is only a few weeks now until New Year's Day. Let us wait."

So they waited, and everything seemed quiet and peaceful in the land, for the Emperor sent no governor to take Gessler's place, as he was far away in Austria, too busy fighting and quarreling there to think of Switzerland in the meantime. "When I have finished this war," he said, "it will be time enough to crush these Swiss rebels."

WILLIAM TELL AND HIS FRIENDS

RUSTAM AND SOHRAB

ADAPTED BY EDWARD SHIRLEY

GREAT was the confusion in the royal city of Persia when the White Elephant of the Shah broke loose, and its mighty roaring shook the palace to its base. The sound roused the boy Rustam from his sleep, and, starting from his couch without hesitation, he rushed out into the roadway, to find the enraged animal trampling and crushing and goring all who came in its path. Then the boy, in defiance of the wise men, fetched a great club, and boldly set himself in the path of danger; and as the Elephant raised its trunk to seize and crush him he dealt it such a blow upon the skull that it sank down and died. After that the boy went back to bed, and to sleep, with his fame assured.

Thenceforward he was chosen for the work which others had not dared to attempt or had given up in despair. And by repeated labors, he proved his might, his wisdom, and his craft, being greatly helped by his charger Ruksh, which not only carried him into the fight, but often engaged the enemy while his master lay at rest, or took his own part in the contest, thereby doubling his master's strength and skill. It was whispered that Ruksh was really a magic horse and could fly on the wings of the wind.

One day, Rustam mounted his charger, and rode off to the hunt; and having spent a vigorous day in the forest, he lay down to sleep, Ruksh standing by on guard. Now, while Rustam slept there came a company of bandits, who coveted the horse, surrounded it, and captured it, but only after a stern fight in which two of their number were slain.

Rustam's sleep was heavy, for his fatigue had been great, and he only knew of his loss when he awoke. Then in deep concern, he followed the tracks of the noble horse, until they led him to the gates of a certain city, whose king was known to him, and known for good alone. The angry hero entered the city, and accused his friends of the robbery of his charger; but they professed their innocence, and hastened to honor him with a great feast.

When the banquet was ended, Rustam was conducted to his apartment; but before the night was far advanced he was suddenly aware of a light within the room, and rousing himself he saw before him the most beautiful maiden upon whom the eyes of a hero had ever gazed.

"Who art thou?" he asked in great amazement, and the maiden said: "No man but my father, the King, has yet beheld my face, but the fame of Rustam sets aside all custom and use; and in order to see thy face I sent men to take thy steed, knowing well that thou wouldst come hither in his tracks. I would fain be the wife of such a hero, and if thou wilt ask me of my father, I will restore Ruksh to thee at once."

Then Rustam, looking on the maiden, loved her for her beauty and her wisdom; and rising from his couch he sought out his friend the King, and asked the hand of his daughter; and the King was pleased to unite himself with so great a hero, whose fame had gone out into all lands. So the wedding feast was held, and the whole of the city rejoiced greatly until, one morning, Rustam heard above the sounds of merriment, the neighing of his charger Ruksh, and knew that he must leave the place and go out to seek fresh adventures.

So he left his weeping bride, and set out for his own country; and while he was absent a son was born to him, upon whose arm the mother bound the onyx stone that Rustam had left in her keeping, as a token of remembrance.

Now as soon as the boy came to his mother's arms, he laughed merrily, and, therefore, his name was Sohrab, which means the son of laughter. When he was a month old, he was as big and strong as a child of twelve months, and at the age of nine he was a hero, and could ride, hunt, and fight with the best. But, during all that time, Rustam came not to the palace where lived his wife and child, because, fearing to lose her son, the mother had sent him word that it was a daughter who had been born to him. And for this falsehood she paid with a life of loneliness.

One day, Sohrab came to his mother and complained to her that he was not able to tell his playfellows who his father was. "The name of thy sire, my son," said the mother proudly, "is Rustam, and of all great heroes he is the greatest." Then the boy smiled more than ever, and, seating himself at his mother's feet, he begged her to tell him stories of the great deeds done by his heroic father. The mother's look was lofty, and her head

raised high in pride as she told of the mighty tasks that Rustam had performed; but as she marked the effect of her stories upon the laughing boy, her heart grew cold with fear, and she begged him to put away the thought that she saw only too plainly was arising in his mind. But Sohrab's resolution was made, to seek out his glorious sire, and to fight by his side.

Regardless of his mother's tears and tender entreaties, the boy went at once to the royal stables where he chose as his charger a young horse which was the foal of Ruksh, saddled him forthwith, and rode off to conquer the kingdom of Persia for his heroic father.

Now, at that time, the kingdom of Persia was ruled by Kai Khosroo, for whom Rustam had fought valiantly, and especially against Afrasiab, the King of the Tartars; but now Rustam was old and out of favor, and came seldom to the court of his King. Sohrab joined himself to the Tartar King forthwith, and the two warriors crossed the borders of the Persian land. They came to take the kingdom for Rustam, but Kai Khosroo sent a letter to the aged hero, begging him to come once more to his aid; and after some delay, to prove that such a warrior had no need of unseemly haste, Rustam saddled Ruksh, and rode out to the camp of Kai Khosroo, questioning the messenger who had come to him of the appearance and reputation of the young warrior Sohrab who was reported to be like himself in appearance and almost his equal in valor. "I have a daughter in a far-off land," he said, "but she is a child at her mother's knee, and alas, I have no son."

Meanwhile Kai Khosroo had been very angry at Rustam's delay in answering his call for help. And when the hero at last made his appearance he upbraided and even threatened him. Then Rustam's heroic anger was aroused, and he reminded Kai Khosroo how he had remained true to him when he might have won the crown for himself; and at last he left the court in a fury, vowing that Sohrab and Afrasiab and all their hosts might sweep over the land and grind its towns to powder for all that the matter concerned him. Then the King, seeing his folly, humbled himself, for very great was his need, and Rustam at last put aside his anger and consented to take command of the army of defense.

Sohrab laughed according to his custom, when he saw the mighty host of Persians advancing toward him, and calling for a cup of wine he drank to the speedy destruction of his foes. Then he invited all the leaders of his army to a great banquet in order that they also might learn to laugh at the coming danger. To this banquet came an uninvited guest, none other indeed than Rustam, who had cleverly disguised himself and stood hidden behind a pillar while the feast proceeded. There he made his observations, and noted the grace and gallant bearing of Sohrab, whom he knew at once to be a leader worthy of his best efforts.

At early dawn on the following day, Sohrab rose, girt on his sword and sought the tent of the Tartar leader, Peran-Wisa, which was made of laths in the fashion of a dome with felts spread over them. He entered the tent to find the old warrior sleeping lightly, and as soon as he stepped near him he arose upon one arm, and asked for the name and errand of the visitor. Then Sohrab named his request. He wished to meet one man, and one only, namely, Rustam his father, and to win his praise as a warrior upon some well-fought field. So he begged the Tartar leader to let the two armies rest for that day while Sohrab sent a challenge to each of the Persian lords to meet him man to man. Then if he proved victorious Rustam would hear of his valor in a way which would not be possible in the stress of a general fight.

"Stay with us, my son," said the old warrior, "and share the battle's common chance. If you wish to seek out Rustam, seek him in peace and carry to his arms an unwounded son; for he is not with the army of Kai Khosroo, but keeps apart and sits at home. I would fain send you to him unhurt—but who can keep the lion's cub from ravening? Leave me, and I will grant you what you ask."

Then Sohrab left the tent to arm himself for the combat, while Peran-Wisa went out between the hosts which were preparing for the onset; and there he raised his spear for silence and lifting up his voice cried aloud: "Let there be peace between the armies this day, and you Persians, choose you a champion from among your lords to fight our champion Sohrab."

At these words a thrill ran through the Tartar ranks a thrill of pride and hope for Sohrab, who had won the love of all by his brave deeds and laughing ways; and among the pale Persians men held their breath with fear, for the fame of Sohrab was known to all.

Then the Persian leaders took counsel among themselves, and one of them said: "Shame commands that we should take up this challenge, but there is no man among us who can match this champion. Yet Rustam came to our host last night, though he keeps his tent apart. I will carry the challenge to him. Perchance he will forget his anger against our King, and take it up." The others agreed to this, and the speaker ran through the Persian host to the place where Rustam had pitched his tent of scarlet cloth. He found the

warrior seated before a table piled with meats, but Rustam sat heedless of the food, idly playing with a falcon which perched upon his wrist.

When the Persian lord entered the tent Rustam looked up and then sprang to his feet with hands extended in welcome. "What news?" he cried, and then added, "but sit down first to eat and drink."

"Not now," returned the messenger, "for a challenge has been brought from the Tartars to pick out a champion to fight with Sohrab in single combat; and at this time as of old all eyes turn to thee. Come down and help us, Rustam, or victory will fall to our foes and thine."

Rustam smiled as he answered, "Kai Khosroo favors the young men; let the young men rise at Sohrab's challenge."

"Nay," said the other, "shall men say of Rustam that he hoards his fame and fears to risk it against younger warriors?"

The eye of the old hero flashed fire. "Come," he said, "thou shalt see how Rustam hoards his fame. But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms."

Then without a word the Persian ran quickly through the camp while Rustam commanded his servants to fetch his arms and prepare him for the fight. The arms he chose were plain, and he selected a shield which bore no device; but his helmet was of gold, from the top of which waved a plume of horsehair as red as blood; and when he stepped forth his charger Ruksh followed him unbidden like a faithful hound.

He passed through the ranks of the watching host, and came out upon the sandy space beside the river between the two armies. There he stood alone, and watched Sohrab as he advanced toward him, eying him carefully as he came. He marked his air of spirit and wondered greatly whence he came, and what proud father had called him son in the days when he had learned the lessons of a warrior. Then a deep and tender pity entered his soul, and beckoning the youth toward him with his hand he said to him: "Young man, the breath of life is warm, but the grave is cold. Look at me. I am of mighty stature and clad in mail. I have fought with many a foe, and never yet been conquered. Take counsel; leave the Tartar host and come to me as a son to fight beneath my banner."

Sohrab looked at the mighty figure planted there like a strong tower upon the tawny sand; and as he looked a strange hope was born within his breast. He ran forward, and kneeling before the mighty warrior clasped his hand, saying: "Art thou not Rustam? Speak! art thou not he?" The aged warrior looked upon him calmly with eyes of mistrust, thinking that the young man wished to know his name in order that he might boast of the coming fight among his fellows. Then he said sternly: "Rise; why do you ask for Rustam? Rash boy, men look on Rustam's face and flee. Fight or yield."

Then the young warrior Sohrab rose to his feet, and raised his head, saying: "Thou wilt not fight me so! I am no girl to be made pale by words. As for that victory of which you are so sure, the event will prove to whom it is to fall."

Then, without answer, Rustam hurled his spear, straight from his shoulder. Sohrab stepped aside, and it hissed by him and buried itself in the sand. Sohrab's own spear rang sharp upon the shield of Rustam which turned it easily aside, and then the old warrior raised the club which none but he could wield. He struck one stroke, but Sohrab sprang so quickly aside that the club fell from Rustam's hand, and the old warrior sank to his knees with his fingers grasping the sand. This was Sohrab's opportunity, but he disdained to seize it, and drawing aside thus addressed his foe:

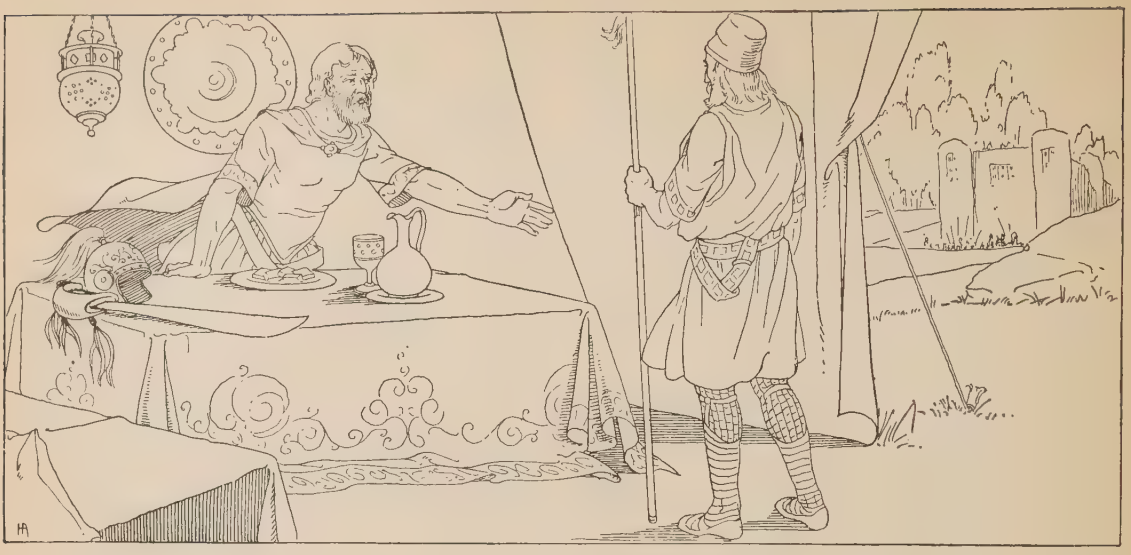
"Thy blow was weighty, but, boy as I am, I have seen battles stern and bloody. Come, let there be a truce between us two. Let us sit down upon the sand and pledge each other; and thou shalt tell me of the great deeds of Rustam. I cannot tell whence comes this warm desire to be at peace instead of enmity with thee."

Rustam had now risen once more to his feet, and had regained his spear, but the anger rose high within his breast, and for a time forbade his utterance. Then at last he spoke in taunting tone, calling Sohrab a girl and a dancer, who was more nimble with his feet than with his hands, and daring him once more to the combat. His scornful words roused the anger of the laughing Sohrab, who drew his sword and advanced upon his foe. Their shields clashed loudly together as they met, and it seemed as they closed in conflict as if Nature showed her sorrow at this unnatural fight; for the sky grew suddenly dark, and a moaning wind arose which swept across the plain and enveloped the fighters in a dense cloud of dust, while above the watching hosts the sky was clear and the sun shone brightly.

For a time the dreadful conflict waged while the armies held their breath. Then the cloud above the combatants suddenly dispersed and the watchers saw Rustam standing safe upon his feet, and Sohrab lying wounded upon the bloody sand.

With a bitter smile Rustam looked down upon his foe. "Fool," he said, "thou art slain and by an unknown hand."

"Nay," said the other, "it was not thou, but the name of Rustam that unmanned me for a moment.



And the mighty Rustam will avenge my death—Rustam, my father, whom I seek through all the world."

"What is this prating," asked the other, "of Rustam and of sons? The mighty Rustam never had a son."

"Ah, yes, he had," said Sohrab, "and that son am I. He will learn of this fight wherever he may be, and he will avenge me. Great will be his grief, as great, indeed, as his vengeance, but the grief of my mother will be greater, for she lives alone and has not seen his face for many years." Then the laughing boy ceased speaking, and his smiles changed to bitter tears as he thought of gloomy death and the grief of his mother, who had sent many a messenger to seek news of him in the field.

Meanwhile, Rustam stood silent, plunged in thought, looking down upon the gracious form spread out upon the tawny sands beneath his feet. After a while he spoke, and now his voice was changed. "O Sohrab," he said, "Rustam might well have been proud of such a son, but he had one child only, and that a mere girl."

The young man's anger arose, for his pain was great. "Dying men speak truth," he said fiercely. "See, here is the onyx stone which Rustam left with my mother as a token!" Then Rustam turned pale and gazed and gazed, and then stood speechless for a moment; and when at last he found his voice he cried aloud in bitter agony, "O boy—thy father?" and sank down upon the sand. With a great effort the dying youth crept up to him, kissing his lips and stroking his cheeks, as if to call him back to life. "Quick," he said, "my father, come and sit beside me on the sand and kiss my cheeks and say, *'My son!'*" Then the tears of Rustam fell fast into the sand. He threw his arms about the boy's neck, and kissed him, while deep awe fell upon all the watching host; and Ruksh, the horse of Rustam, drew near to the prostrate warriors, passing from one to the other, as if asking what their moving grief might mean.

Then in low tones of love and tenderness father and son spoke of home and kindred, the youth making arrangements for his burial, and the old man at first refusing to believe that his end was now drawing quickly nearer and nearer, and then telling him how every dying wish would be honored and how he would himself give up his life of bloodshed. At last death crept nearer to the youthful warrior, his head fell upon the sand and his limbs relaxed; then with a gentle sigh of regret for all the lovely world of youth his spirit fled.

Dead lay the laughing boy upon the tawny sand beside the river Oxus, while all through the night Rustam sat by him with his horseman's cloak drawn over his face, mourning his own fierceness, and the valor of his dear dead son.

"And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all . . .
And Rustam and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that lowland,
Into the frosty starlight . . . till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea."

CYRUS OF PERSIA

Cyrus was the son of a noble Persian named Cambyses. His mother was Mandane, daughter of Astyages, the last King of the Medes. The herdsman who took care of Cyrus was Mithradates, and Cyrus never forgot him or his wife, good Cyno. Cyrus became king in B. C. 559.

In the Bible you may read of a people called the Medes. They lived a long time ago, and their last King was a very odd man. He often had strange dreams, and was afraid that something would happen to him. Some of these dreams were about his own daughter, who was the wife of the king of another country, called Persia.

One night he dreamed that his daughter would have a son, who would become king of Persia, and also win the throne of the Medes. He did not like this dream, for he wanted no one else to be king. As soon as the baby was born, he sent a friend to his daughter's house to take it away from her. The friend gave the baby to a man who looked after the King's sheep and cattle.

"You must take the child to a lonely place, and leave it there," he said. "It is the King's will, and if you do not obey him, he will be angry with you."

The man took the baby home. His wife had just lost her own little child, and when he came in with the baby, she took it in her arms, and her tears fell on its face. "Do not take this little one from me," she said. "Let me keep it, and I will bring it up as our own child."

The man had a kind heart. "I would gladly do so, but for the King's order. And I do not like the task," he told her. "Then," said his wife, "if you must take a child to the mountains, take our own poor dead baby, for nothing can hurt it now. Let me have this dear child, who is alive and well."

This was just what the man wished. He gave her the little prince, and took the body of the other baby, which he left far away on the mountain. Then he went to the King's friend, and told him where the child had been placed. In a few days, some one went and buried the body, and the people were told that the little prince was dead.

But the prince was alive, and grew up a strong and happy child. His name was Cyrus. The kind man and his wife looked after him well, and he dearly loved his home in their hut.

One day, when Cyrus was about ten years old, he was playing in the village. The boys of the village made him king of their games. He said that some of the boys should be his soldiers, and some his builders. And they all seemed very happy in their play.

But one boy said he was not going to obey the son of a man who looked after goats and sheep. He was one of the Medes, and his father was a great man in that country. When he would not obey, Cyrus told the others to punish him. Then the boy became very angry, and he ran at once to tell his father. The father was a very proud man, and he hurried off to the palace, and told the King about the boy who had dared to beat his son. The King said that he would have such a rude boy punished at once. He sent for him to come to the palace.

As soon as he saw him, the King liked the boy, and his bold, fearless manner. "Who is this boy?" he asked, and he thought he looked very much like his own daughter.

When all the people had been sent away, he called the herdsman. "Whose son is this?" he asked again. The man was afraid and said: "He is my son, O King." But the King shook his head. "I want the truth," he said sharply. Then the man fell on his knees, and prayed to be forgiven. "This is your grandson, O King, the son of your own daughter," he said, while he shook with fear.

The King was now very angry with his friend, for giving the child away, and wanted to punish him. He sent for his Wise Men, and told them

how Cyrus had been found, and how he had been brought to the palace. When the Wise Men told the King that the boy could do no harm, he was more kind to him, and sent him to his father, the King of Persia.

His father and mother were glad to get back their son, and to see him so strong and healthy. He had a happy life in his new home, but he never forgot the kind herdsman and his wife. He was very brave, and he owed much of his health and strength to them, who had brought him up so carefully in their little home upon the mountain.

Cyrus lived to become a very great man. He led an army against the wicked King of the Medes, put him in prison, and took his city and country away from him. Thus the old King's dream became true.

Cyrus also became master of Persia, and many other countries, and he called himself "King of the world." He was a very wise King, and in the Bible you may read how kind he was to the Jews. One of the kings of the East had taken the Jews far away from their home to his own country. But Cyrus made himself King of that country, and sent the poor Jews back to their own land. When kings were both wise and good they helped to make the world happier.

THE STORY OF PINDAR

PINDAR was a poet of Greece. He was born about B. C. 522, and received lessons from two famous poetesses, named Corinna and Myrtis. He wrote many poems and odes for the Olympian and other games. He died in B. C. 443. Here we tell you certain things about him.

It was a very long time ago, as you see, more than five hundred years before Christ lived, that the boy Pindar was born in Greece. Now the people of that country were called Greeks, and they loved all things that were beautiful.

Pindar's family were fond of music, and some of them could play on the flute. Others were good poets, and took great delight in making songs, which were chiefly about the heroes of their country. When Pindar was still a baby, his nurse thought that he would become a very great poet.

One day, when it was bright and sunny, as it often is in Greece, she placed his cradle near the open window. Below was the large garden, full of sweet-smelling flowers. The gentle breeze waved the branches to and fro, while the sun made all things look very bright and gay.

A swarm of bees, who liked the sweet smell, flew quickly into the garden. Perhaps they came from a mountain close by, which was famous for its honey. They were very busy, and went from one flower to another, to gather more honey for their hives. When the bees saw the child lying asleep in its cradle, they flew round him, and gently waved their tiny wings, until they settled on his lips. They did not hurt the baby, and they only rested there a very short time.

The Greek nurse, who saw them, said she knew what this meant. "In the days to come," said she, "we shall be very proud of this boy. He will not fight, or use a sword. But he shall learn to say sweet things, and words of music shall fall, like honey, from his lips."

When he was a little older, Pindar was placed under the care of two ladies, who wrote songs, and were famous in the land. They taught him many useful lessons, and always to do his work well. "For it is better," they said, "to do a little at a time, and do that little well, than a great deal of work, which may be rather badly done."

Pindar learned his lessons well, and was soon winning prizes, for which his own teachers were also trying. He worked hard and wrote many verses and songs. He won great fame when he was still very young. His best songs were written in honor of heroes, and of those who were winners in the Greek games.

People came from all parts of Greece to see these games, which lasted for many days. There was much jumping, running, and racing during that time. It was a great honor to be the winner in these games, though the only prize was a crown of wild olive. Many poets praised the winner of the crown in songs, and no one could write such songs more sweetly than Pindar.

So much was the poet liked that kings were proud to be his friends, and the people made him many gifts. And so the story of the bees became true.

Many years after, the city in which the poet lived was pulled down by King Alexander, but Pindar's house was left standing, just as it was in his own days.

THE SPARTANS

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN

In times of war the Spartan women used to say to their husbands and sons, "Return with your shield, or on it," meaning that they must either conquer or die. There was no affection or indulgence shown toward the warriors who survived a defeat; for loyalty to the State was thought of more account than personal loss, and he who had not died striking his last blow for Sparta was deemed unworthy of remembrance, and could expect no mercy from those who had loved him and sent him to the battlefield "to conquer or die."

So this was how the Spartans felt about their warriors; and you can imagine their indignation as well as their dismay when, in the year 371 B. C., news reached Sparta that their army had been defeated at the battle of Leuctra by the Bœotians, a rival Grecian State, and that three hundred men had saved their lives in flight. The news was brought at the moment when some great festival was being celebrated in the city. The ephors commanded the names of the slain to be made known to their relatives, and the women were forbidden to mourn. But the mother of Eucrates could not at first hide her grief, and her neighbors said among themselves:

"Why should she be sorrowful? Her son had died bravely. If he had disgraced himself by flight, then only would she have the right to mourn."

The old man Phidon came in to see her, and found her spinning, busily engaged at her work, it is true, but with tears in her saddened eyes. He was a very stern old man, a Spartan every inch of him, and he spoke harshly to poor Ione.

"Ione," he said, "not one single tear should course down your cheeks, not one single pang of grief should assail your heart. I it is who should weep. I it is who should mourn. For Callias, my grandson, is not among the slain. Unlike your brave son Eucrates, my Callias has not died at his post of duty. He lives, and by living he has brought dishonor and shame on his family. How can I meet him? What can I say to him? Nay, I will not look upon his face. I will not vouchsafe one word of greeting to him. His father was the glory of my life, but he is the soul of its shame. The gods have been cruel to me in my old age; but they have been merciful to you, Ione. For your son, death with honor. For my Callias, life with dishonor. His father won the crown of wild olive in the Olympic games, and earned the right of fighting by the king's side, and died there; and I was proud of him. But woe is me that I cannot be proud of Callias."

And, Spartan mother as she truly was, Ione knew well that here was a grief far greater than her own loss of her beloved son. She brushed her last tear aside, and tried to comfort old Phidon, whom she had known all her life. Her son Eucrates and this very Callias had been friends together ever since they were children; and in the days gone by Phidon and Ione's father had fought side by side for Sparta.

"Maybe, Phidon," she said, "the gods have spared Callias and his comrades, so that they may yet serve Sparta, and help her to triumph over her enemies."

But he shook his head, and would hear no word of comfort, though, as the days went by, it seemed to ease his stern spirit to sit beside her, and watch her at her work. And then she would speak to him of Callias, and urge him not to be overhard on the lad when he returned.

"You must pardon him, Phidon," she said. "Perchance he will live to do great things for Sparta."

But the old man said proudly: "Nay, Ione, never a word will I speak to Callias again."

And it was in vain that Ione pleaded for the friend of Eucrates, always imploring the old man to believe that the gods in their wisdom had preserved Callias for some splendid act of service and sacrifice yet to come.

Full of these thoughts, and haunted by Phidon's unyielding severity, she had a strange dream one night. She dreamed that King Agesilaus was willing to pardon all those three hundred soldiers who had fled from the field of Leuctra; but that Phidon interposed and, standing in the Public Assembly, gave his vote against the pardon.

"My own grandson is one of the survivors," he cried. "Sparta may pardon him, but *I* never will."

The next day she told her dream to Phidon, and described to him how with her mind's eye she had

seen Callias standing lonely and forsaken, the only one of the three hundred survivors who had been spurned and unforgiven. His loneliness stabbed her to her heart, more even than the loss of her son; and because there was no one else, she had been impelled to stand by his side, to greet him, to encourage him, to reassure him. And just as he lifted his head, bowed in grief and shame, she awoke. When Phidon had heard her dream-story, his stern heart was softened.

"I will not turn from Callias," he said. "It may be that you are right, Ione. It may be that the gods will yet give him some great and glorious chance. I will steel my heart to receive him."

So Ione triumphed at last. And truly her dream would seem to have been some kind of divination, for, two or three days afterward, a decree was proposed by the king, and passed in the Assembly, to the effect that all those who had fled from the field of Leuctra were to be pardoned and received home without dishonor.

Ordinarily all survivors of a defeat were subject to penalties of civil offense, and so this was quite an unusual proceeding; but no doubt it was thought dangerous to take stern measures against such a large number of Spartan citizens. Well, whatever the reason was, there were many glad hearts in Sparta that day, and old Phidon himself owned in secret to Ione that he longed to see Callias once more.

"For I must needs forgive him wholeheartedly," he said, "since Sparta has forgiven him; but with my last breath I would tell you and all the world that I would far, far rather he had fallen by the side of the brave Eucrates. That would have been my glory."

As soon as news had come of the defeat of the Spartan army, the whole remaining military force of Sparta was sent to the rescue, and after some time returned to Sparta, bringing back the survivors from the disastrous field of Leuctra.

Then Spartan hearts were softened, and mothers, wives, and sisters stood waiting to greet those whom the gods had spared for further service. But Ione sat at home spinning. There were no tears in her eyes now, and her countenance was lit up by a calm pride. She had learned to be glad that she had no one to meet that day.

Suddenly the door opened, and Phidon came in. His manner was strangely excited.

"Callias is not among us," he cried. "I have asked for him, and no one knows. Could there have been some mistake, I wonder? Is it possible that——"

At that moment there came a loud knock at the door, and Ione opened it to Timotheus, a neighbor's son.

"Greetings to the mother of Eucrates," he said, as he stood before Ione. "I am from Leuctra. I saw Eucrates fighting in the thickest of the fray. I saw him fall; and there fell another by his side, fighting as gallantly as he—his comrade in death as well as in life."

"And who was it that died with my brave son?" asked Ione, whose hands were pressed together deep into her breast, and whose face was ashen, though tearless.

"It was Callias," answered the young man. "Farewell, honored mother of Eucrates. I must go and seek Phidon to tell him."

But Phidon rose to his full height, and there was a smile of triumph on his face and a new life in his bearing.

"Phidon has heard the news," he said, "and he thanks the gods for this crowning mercy. For though in his inmost heart he would fain have seen the face of his grandson once more, there was something dearer to him than the face of Callias—it was the honor of Callias."

Then, turning to Ione, he said: "Now we can think of them together, and share our pride in them, Ione."

For one fleeting moment Ione saw a vision of her young, fair son falling before the foe, but her voice never faltered as she said: "Yes, we can share our pride in them."

That was the true Spartan tribute to the heroes of Leuctra.

. . . . . .

You see, the Spartans would not admit of despair in their lives, they believed that while there was yet strength in the body there must needs be hope in the heart that the victory would be won. And so it was the duty of a true Spartan to fight and conquer and live, or to die, striving to conquer to the very last, with no thought of any possibility of failure.

What do you think about this grand old Spartan code of honor? Do you not think that we ourselves, each in our own way, young and old, man and woman, boy and girl, may find something helpful in it to bring to the service of our country?

FROM FAR AND WIDE DID THE GREEK HOSTS GATHER

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

ADAPTED BY JEANIE LANG

THE STORY OF WHAT LED TO THE SIEGE OF TROY

In the deep forest that clothes Mount Ida, not far from the strong city of Troy, Paris, son of King Priam, watched his father's flocks by night.

Suddenly through the dim woods he saw a light, as if the golden sun and silver moon shone both together.

And, lo! in the radiance of this light there stood before him the three fairest of the goddesses—queenly Hera, wise Athene, and lovely Aphrodite.

Like music stealing through the trees came the soft voice of Hera:

"Of all mortal men thou art the most beautiful, Paris, and to thee do we come for judgment. Tell us which of us is the fairest of all, and to that one whom thou so deemest, give this golden apple."

So spake Hera, and placed in the hand of Paris an apple of purest gold.

Again she spake: "If to me, Hera, queen of goddesses, and wife of mighty Zeus, king of all the gods, thou dost grant the prize of loveliness, Power immeasurable shall be thine. King shalt thou be of the lands where the gray dawn rises, and king even to where the red sun goes down. A hundred peoples shall call thee lord."

She was silent, and the voice of Athene, fair and pure as a silver moonbeam, broke the stillness of the starless night.

"To me award the prize," she said, "and wise as the gods shalt thou be. With me as thy friend and guide, all things will be possible to thee."

Last of all, standing in a rosy light, as of the dawning sunlight in the spring, spoke Aphrodite.

"What are Power and Wisdom, fair Paris?" she pled. "Wisdom and Power bring no joy at last. I will give thee Love, and for thy wife thou shalt have the fairest woman in all the world."

And Paris, the melody of her voice still in his ears, as he gazed spellbound on her face of wondrous beauty, handed to Aphrodite the golden prize.

So was it that the wrath of the gods came upon Paris, son of Priam. For Hera and Athene, filled with rage, vowed to be revenged upon Paris and all his race, and made all the gods pledge themselves to aid them in their vengeance.

Across far seas sailed Paris, with Aphrodite as his guide, to Sparta, where Menelaus was king.

A brave king was Menelaus, and happily he lived in his kingdom with Helen, his queen, fairest of all women. One child they had, a little maid, Hermione.

When to Sparta there came Paris, with eyes blue as the sea, and hair that gleamed like gold on his purple robe, gallant and brave, and more beautiful than any mortal man, glad was the welcome that he had from Menelaus.

And when Paris gazed on Helen's face, he knew that in all the world there was no woman half so fair as the wife of Menelaus.

Then did Aphrodite cast her magic upon Helen. No longer did she love her husband, nor did she remember little Hermione, her own dear child.

When Paris spoke to her words of love, and begged her to flee with him, and to be his wife, she knew only that she loved Paris more than all else. Gladly she went with him, and in his red-prowed ship together they sailed across the green waves to Troyland, where Mount Ida showed her snowy crown high above the forests.

An angry man was Menelaus when he found that Paris had stolen from him the fair wife who was to him as his own heart.

To his elder brother Agamemnon, overlord of all the Greeks, he went and told his grievous tale.

And from far and wide did the Greek hosts gather, until a hundred thousand men and eleven hundred fourscore and six ships were ready to cross the seas to Troyland.

Many were the heroes who sailed away from Greece to punish Paris and his kin, and to bring back fair Helen to her own land.

Few there were who came home, for ten long years of woe and of spilling of blood came to the men of Greece and of Troy from the fatal beauty of Helen the queen.

THE COUNCIL

That night both gods and men slept long; only Zeus, king of the gods, lay wakeful, pondering in his heart how best he might do honor to Achilles. "I shall send a Dream to beguile Agamemnon," at length he resolved.

Then did he call to a Dream, for by Dreams the gods sent their messages to mortal men.

"Go now, thou evil Dream," said Zeus, "go to where Agamemnon sleeps in his tent near to his fleet ships, and tell him every word as I shall tell it thee. Bid him call to arms with speed his warriors, for now he shall take the strong city of Troy."

To the tent of Agamemnon sped the Dream. Taking the form of the old warrior who had striven to make peace between Agamemnon and Achilles, the Dream stooped over the sleeping warrior, and thus to him it spoke:

"Sleepest thou, Agamemnon? Ill fits it for the overlord of so mighty a host to sleep all through the night. From Zeus I come, and to thee he sends this message: 'Call to arms with speed thy warriors, Agamemnon, for now shalt thou take the strong city of Troy.'"

Off then sped the Dream, winging its way like a strip of gray mist aloft to Mount Olympus.

Then Agamemnon awoke from sleep, and the voice of the Dream still rang in his ears.

Speedily he arose from his bed, donned his fair tunic, cast around him his great cloak, and bound his sandals on his feet. Then over his shoulder he cast his silver-studded sword, and with the scepter of his house, token of his overlordship, in his hand, he went down to where the Greek ships lay, and called a council together.

To his lords he told what had befallen him as they slept.

"Call to arms!" had been the message from Zeus. "Call to arms! for victory shall be thine."

Then said the old warrior in whose likeness the Dream had come:

"My friends, had any other told us this dream we might deem it false; but to our overlord the Dream hath come. Let us then call our men to arms."

So did all the lords follow his counsel, and quickly did the Greeks obey their summons. Like bees that pour from out their nests in some hollow rock, and fly to where the spring flowers grow most sweet, even so did the warriors pour forth from their ships and their huts by the sea. Loudly they shouted as they came, till all the earth echoed. Nine heralds sought to quiet them, but it was long before they would cease their noise, and sit silent to listen to the voice of Agamemnon their lord.

Then did Agamemnon prove his people. "Ill hath Zeus dealt with us, my friends," he said. "To us he promised ere we sailed hither that victory should be ours. But nine years have passed away, and our ships' timbers have rotted, and the rigging is worn. In our halls our wives and children still sit awaiting us, yet are we no nearer victory than we were on the day we came hither. Come then, let us flee with our ships to our dear native land for never shall Troy be ours."

So spake Agamemnon, and stirred the hearts of all that had not heard his secret council.

As the high sea-waves are swayed by the winds that rush upon them from the east and from the south, even so the Greek host was swayed. And even as the west wind sweeps over a cornfield and all the ears bow down before the blast, so were the warriors stirred.

Shouting, they hastened down to their ships. And the dust rose up in clouds from under their hurrying feet.

Quickly did they prepare their ships, and gladly did they make them ready to sail homeward across the bright salt sea.

Then would the Greeks have returned, even though fate willed it not. But Hera spoke to Athene.

"Shall we indeed allow the Greeks thus to flee homeward?" she cried. "Shame it will be to us if Helen is left in Troy, and Paris goes unpunished. Haste, then, and with thy gentle words hold back the men from setting forth in their ships for their own homeland."

Down from the peaks of Olympus darted the bright-eyed Athene, down to where the dark ships were being dragged to the launching ways.

By his ship stood Odysseus of the many devices, and heavy of heart was he.

As one who speaks aloud the thoughts of another, so then to Odysseus spake the fair goddess who was ever his guide.

"Will ye indeed fling yourselves upon your ships and flee homeward to your own land?" she said. "Will brave Odysseus leave Helen, for whose sake so many Greeks have died, to be the boast of the men of Troy? Hasten, then, and suffer not the Greeks to drag their ships down to the sea."

At the sound of the voice of Athene, Odysseus cast away his mantle and ran to meet Agamemnon. From him he received the scepter of overlordship, and bearing it he went among the ships.

Whenever he saw a chief, he would say to him with gentle words:

"Good sir, it fits thee ill to be a coward. Stay, now, for thou knowest not what is the will of Agamemnon. He is only making trial of thee. Hold back then thy people, and anger him not."

But when Odysseus met a common man hasting to the ships, with his scepter he smote him, saying:

"Sit still, sir, and listen to the words of thy betters. No warrior art thou, but a weakling. One king only hath Zeus given to us. Hearken then to the will of Agamemnon!"

Thus did Odysseus rule the people, driving them back from the ships to where sat Agamemnon.

And the noise they made in returning was as the noise of mighty waves of the sea, when they crash upon the beach and drive their roaring echoes far abroad.

Silence came upon them as they sat themselves down before Agamemnon and their lords. Upon all but one did silence fall. Thersites, bandy-legged, round-shouldered, lame of one foot, with ugly head covered with scanty stubble, most ill-favored of all men in the host, would not hold his peace.

Shrilly he poured his upbraidings upon Agamemnon.

"What lackest thou now?" he cried. "Surely thy huts are full of the spoils we have brought to thee each time we have taken a town. What more dost thou want? Soft fools, women, not men, are ye Greeks, else would ye return home now with the ships, and leave this fellow here in Troyland gorging himself on the spoils for which he himself hath never fought? To brave Achilles hath he done dishonor, a far better man than he!"

Straight to the side of Thersites came the goodly Odysseus.

"Hold thy peace," he sternly said. "Plainly I tell thee that if ever again I find thee raving as thou hast raved now, I myself will strip off thy mantle and tunic, with shameful blows beat thee out of the assembly, and send thee back weeping to the ships."

So spake Odysseus, and with his scepter smote Thersites on his back and shoulders. And Thersites bowed down, and big tears fell from his eyes, and a bloody weal from the golden scepter stood up from his back. Amazed he sat down, and in pain and amazement he wiped away a tear. The others, though they were sorry, laughed at his bewilderment.

"Many are the good deeds of Odysseus," said they, "but never did he do a better deed than when he stopped the tongue of this prating railer."

Then spake Odysseus, scepter in hand:

"Surely it is the wish of the Greeks to make thee the most despised of all kings, great Agamemnon," he said, "for like young children or mourning women do they wail that they must go home. Nine years have we stayed in this land, and small wonder is it that we long for our homes again. Yet shameful would it be to wait so long and to return with empty hands. Be of good heart, my friends, and wait a little, for surely Troy shall be ours. Do ye forget, on the day that we set sail for Troyland, the mighty portent that we saw? As we offered sacrifices to the gods beneath a fair plane tree whence flowed clear water, a snake, blood-red on the back and dreadful to look upon, glided from beneath the altar and darted to the tree. On the tree's topmost bough was a sparrow's nest, and in it eight tender nestlings, over which the mother bird spread her wings. Pitifully did the little ones cheep as the snake swallowed them all, and pitifully cried the mother as she fluttered over her nestlings. But of her, too, did the snake lay hold, coiling himself round her and crushing her life out. Then did the god who sent this sign show us that a sign from the gods in truth it was, for he turned the snake into stone. And Chalcas, our soothsayer, told us then the meaning of the sign. 'Nine years,' said he—for nine birds did the snake slay—'shall ye fight in Troyland, but in the tenth year the city shall fall before you.' So then, let us abide here, until we have taken the great city!"

When Odysseus had ceased to speak, the Greeks shouted aloud, until the ships echoed the praises of the goodly Odysseus.

Then said Agamemnon:

"Go now, all of you, and eat, that ye may be ready for battle. Let each man sharpen well his spear and see to his shield, and see to it that the horses are well fed and the chariots prepared. And whomsoever I see minded to stay far away from the fight, beside the ships here by the sea, for him shall there be no hope hereafter, but he shall be food for dogs and for birds of prey."

And when Agamemnon had spoken, the shouts of the Greeks were as the thunder of mighty breakers on a reef when the winds blow high.

Quickly then they scattered, and kindled fires, and made their evening meal, and offered sacrifices to the gods, praying for escape from death in the coming battle.

To Zeus did Agamemnon offer his sacrifice and to the mighty god he prayed:

"Great Zeus, god of the storm-cloud, let not the sun set nor the darkness fall until I have laid low the palaces of Troy and burned down its walls with fire."

So he prayed, but as yet Zeus heeded not his prayer. Then did the Greeks gather themselves together to battle, and among them went the bright-eyed Athene, urging on each one, and rousing in each man's heart the joy of strength and of battle.

As the red and golden blaze of a fire that devours a mighty forest is seen from afar, so was seen from afar the dazzling gleam of their bronze armor as they marched.

Like wild geese and cranes and swans that in long-drawn strings fly tirelessly onward, so poured they forth, while the earth echoed terribly under the tread of men and horses.

As flies that swarm in the spring when the herdsmen's milk-pails are full, so did the Greeks throng to battle, unnumbered as the leaves and the flowers upon which they trod in the flowery plain by the banks of the river Scamander.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN PARIS AND MENELAUS

To meet the great Greek host came the men of Troy. With loud shouting and clamor they came, noisy as the flocks of cranes that fly to far-off seas before the coming of winter and sudden rain.

But in silence marched the Greeks, shoulder to shoulder, their hearts full of courage.

Like the mist that rolls from the crest of the mountains until no man can see in front of him farther than the cast of a stone, so did the dust rise in clouds under the tread of the warriors' feet as they marched across the plain.

Front to front did the two armies stand at last, and from the Trojan ranks strode forth Paris the godlike, he who robbed Menelaus of her who was to him most dear.

From the shoulders of Paris swung a panther's skin. He bore a curved bow and sword, and, brandishing two bronze-headed spears, he challenged all the chieftains of the Greek host to fight him, man to man, in mortal fight.

As a hungry lion rejoices to see a great-horned stag coming to be his prey, even so did Menelaus rejoice when he saw Paris, the golden-haired and blue-eyed, stride proudly forth.

Straightway, in his armor, did Menelaus leap from his chariot to the ground.

But when Paris saw him to whom he had done so sore a wrong, his heart was smitten.

As a man who, in a mountain glen, suddenly sees a deadly snake and shrinks away from it with shaking limbs, even so did Paris shrink back among his comrades.

Scornfully did Hector, his brother, behold him.

"Fair in face thou art!" said Hector, "but shamed I am by thee! I ween these long-haired Greeks make sport of us because we have for champion one whose face and form are beautiful, but in whose heart is neither strength nor courage. Art thou a coward? and yet thou darest to sail across the sea and steal from her husband the fair woman who hath brought us so much harm. Thou shalt see what sort of warrior is he whose lovely wife thou hast taken. Thy harp and thy golden locks and fair face, and all the graces given to thee by Aphrodite, shall count for little when thou liest in the dust! Cowards must we Trojans be, else thou hadst been stoned to death ere this, for all the evil thou hast wrought."

Then answered Paris:

"No word hast thou said that I do not deserve, brave Hector. Yet scorn not the gifts of golden Aphrodite, for by his own desire can no man win the love and beauty that the goddess gives. But let me now do battle with Menelaus. Make the Trojans and the men of Greece sit down, while Menelaus and I fight for Helen. Let him who is conqueror have her and all that is hers for his own, and let the others take an oath of friendship so that the Greeks may depart in peace to their own land, and in peace the Trojans dwell in Troy."

Greatly did Hector rejoice at his brother's word. His spear grasped by the middle, he went through the Trojan ranks and bid the warriors hold back.

But as he went, the Greeks shot arrows at brave Hector and cast stones.

"Hold! hold! ye Greeks," called Agamemnon. "Hector of the glancing helm hath somewhat to say to us."

In silence, then, the two armies stood, while Hector told them the words of Paris, his brother.

When they had heard him, Menelaus spoke:

"Many ills have ye endured," he said, "for my sake and because of the sins of Paris. Yet now, I think, the end of this long war hath come. Let us fight, then, and death and fate shall decide which of us shall die. Let us offer sacrifice now to Zeus, and call hither Priam, King of Troy. I fear for the faith of his sons, Paris and Hector, but Priam is an old man and will not break faith."

Then were the Greeks and the Trojans glad. They came down from their chariots, and took off their arms, and laid them on the ground, while heralds went to tell Priam and to fetch lambs and a ram for the sacrifice.

While they went, Hera sent to Troy Iris, her messenger, in the guise of the fairest daughter of Priam.

To the hall where Helen sat came lovely Iris. And there she found Helen, fairest of women, her white arms swiftly moving back and forward as she wove a great purple web of double wool, and wrought thereon pictures of many battles of the Greeks and the men of Troy.

"Come hither, dear lady," said Iris, "and see a wondrous thing. For they that so fiercely fought with each other, now sit in silence. The battle is stayed; they lean upon their shields, and their tall spears are thrust in the earth by their sides. But for thee are Menelaus and Paris now going to fight, and thou shalt be the wife of the conqueror."

So spake lovely Iris, and into the sleeping heart

of Helen there came remembrance, and a hungry longing for her old home, and for Menelaus, and her father and mother, and for little Hermione, her child.

The tears rolled down her cheeks, but quickly she hid her face with a veil of fair linen, and hastened out, with her two handmaidens, to the place where the two armies lay.

At the Scæan gates sat Priam and other old warriors.

As Helen, in her fair white robes, drew near, the old men marveled at her loveliness.

"Small wonder is it," said they, "that Trojans and Greeks should suffer hardships and lay down their lives for one so beautiful. Yet well would it be for her to sail away upon the Greek ships rather than stay here to bring trouble upon us now, and upon our children hereafter."

Then Priam called to Helen:

"Come hither, dear child, and sit beside me, that thou may'st see the man who once was thy husband, and thy kinsmen, and thy friends. No blame do I give to thee for all our woes, but only to the gods who have chosen thee to be the cause of all this bloodshed."

Then did Priam ask her the names of the mighty heroes who stood by their spears in the Grecian ranks, and Helen, making answer to him, said:

"Dear father of Paris, my lord, would that I had died ere I left my own land and my little child, and all those that I loved, and followed thy son hither. Agamemnon, a goodly king and a mighty spearsman, is the Greek warrior whose name thou dost ask. Brother of him who was my husband is he. Ah! shameless me, who did leave mine own."

Of Odysseus also, and of many another warrior of great stature and brave looks, did Priam make inquiry. And Helen told him all she knew, while tears of longing stood in her eyes.

"My two brethren, Castor, tamer of horses, and Polydeuces, the skillful boxer, I do not see," she said; "mayhap they have not crossed the sea." For she knew not that her two brothers lay dead in her own beautiful land.

Then was the sacrifice to Zeus offered, and the vows made between Agamemnon and Priam, King of Troy.

When the sacrifice and vows were accomplished, Priam in haste mounted his chariot and drove away.

"Verily will I return to windy Ilios," said the old man, "for I cannot bear to watch the fight between Menelaus and my own dear son. Only Zeus and the gods know which one of them is to fall."

Then Hector and Odysseus marked out a space for the fight, and into a bronze helmet Hector placed two pebbles and shook them in the helmet, looking behind him. And the pebble of Paris leapt out the first, so that to him fell the lot to cast first his spear of bronze.

Then did Paris arm himself. Greaves of beauteous fashioning he placed upon his legs, and fastened them with silver ankle-clasps. Over his shoulders he put his silver-studded sword of bronze and his great shield. On his head he placed a helmet with nodding crest of horsehair, and in his hand he grasped his strong spear. In like manner did Menelaus arm himself.

One moment did they stand face to face, wrath and hatred in their hearts, their spears gripped firm in their hands.

Then did Paris hurl his spear and smite the shield of Menelaus. But the shield was strong and the spear could not pierce it.

His hand lifted up for the cast, Menelaus looked upwards and called to Zeus.

"Grant me revenge, great Zeus!" he cried. "On him that hath done me grievous wrong, grant me revenge, so that all men hereafter may shudder to wrong one who hath treated him as his honored guest."

Then hurled he his mighty spear. Through the bright shield it went, and through the shining breastplate, tearing the tunic of Paris on his thigh. But Paris swerved aside, and so escaped death.

Then Menelaus drew his silver-studded sword and drove it crashing down upon the helmet of Paris.

But in four pieces was the sword shattered, and fell from the hand of Menelaus.

"Surely art thou the most cruel of all the gods, Zeus!" angrily he cried. "My spear is cast in vain, and my sword shattered, and my vengeance is still to come!"

So saying, he leapt upon Paris. By the crest on his helmet he seized him, and, swinging him round, he dragged him towards the Greek host. The embroidered strap beneath the helmet of Paris strangled him, and so he would have shamefully died, had not Aphrodite marked his plight. Swiftly did she burst the leather strap, and the helmet was left empty in the grasp of Menelaus.

Casting the empty helmet, with a swing, to his comrades, Menelaus sprang back, ready, with another spear, to slay his enemy.

But Aphrodite snatched Paris up, and in thick mist she hid him, and bore him away to his home. Like a wild beast Menelaus strode through the host, searching for him. But no Trojan would have hidden him, for with a bitter hatred did the men of Troy hate Paris, most beautiful of mortal men.

Then said Agamemnon:

"Hearken to me, ye Trojans. Now hath Menelaus gained the victory. Give us back Helen, and all that is hers, and pay me the recompense that ye owe for all the evil days that are gone."

So spake he, and glad were the shouts of the Greeks as they heard the words of their king.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

From where the battle still raged went Hector, son of Priam. At the oak tree by the gates of Troy there came running to meet him wives and daughters of those who fought. For eagerly did they long for tidings of many a warrior who now lay dead on the field.

When he reached the beautiful, many-pillared palace of his father, his mother came to meet him.

His hand she took in hers, and gently spoke she to him.

"Art thou wearied that thou hast left the battle, Hector, my son?" she said. "Let me bring thee wine that thou may'st be refreshed and yet gain strength."

"Bring me no wine, dear mother," said Hector, "lest it take from me the strength and courage that I have. Rather go thou to the temple of Athene and offer her sacrifice, beseeching that she will have mercy on Troy and on the wives of the Trojans and their little children. So may she hold back Diomedes the destroyer. I go to Paris —would that he were dead!"

And the mother of Hector straightway, with other old women, the mothers of heroes, offered sacrifices and prayers to Athene. But Athene paid no heed.

To the palace of Paris, his mighty bronze spear in his hand, then strode Hector.

Paris, the golden-haired, sat in a room with Helen, idly handling his shining shield and breastplate and curved bow.

In bitter scorn spoke Hector to his brother.

"Our people die in battle for thy sake!" he cried, "while here thou sittest idle. Up then, ere the enemies that thou hast made for us burn our city to the ground!"

And Paris answered:

"Justly dost thou chide me, Hector. Even now hath Helen urged me to play the man and go back to battle. Only let me put on my armor, and soon will I overtake thee."

Never a word did Hector answer him.

But to Hector did Helen then speak:

"Brother Hector," she said, "unworthy am I to be sister of thine. Would that I had died on the day I was born, or would that the gods who have brought me this evil had given me for a husband one who was shamed by reproach and who feared dishonor. Rest thee here, my brother, who hast suffered so much for the sake of wretched me and for the sin of Paris. Well I know that for us cometh punishment of which men will sing in the far-off years that are yet to come."

"Of thy love, ask me not to stay, Helen," answered Hector. "For to help the men of Troy is my whole heart set, and they are now in want of me. But rouse this fellow, and make him hasten after me. I go now to see my dear wife and my babe, for I know not whether I shall return to them again."

In his own house Hector found not his fair wife Andromache, nor their little babe.

"Whither went thy mistress?" he asked in eagerness of the serving-women.

"Truly, my lord," answered one, "tidings came to us that the Trojans were sorely pressed and that with the Greeks was the victory. So then did Andromache, like one frenzied, hasten with her child and his nurse to the walls that she might see somewhat of what befell. There, on the tower, she stands now, weeping and wailing."

Back through the streets by which he had come then hastened Hector. And as he drew near the gates, Andromache, who had spied him from afar, ran to meet him.

As, hand clasped in hand, Andromache and Hector stood, Hector looked silently at the beautiful babe in his nurse's arms, and smiled.

Astyanax, "The City King," those of Troy called the child, because it was Hector his father who saved the city.

Then said Andromache:

"Dear lord, thy courage will bring thee death. Hast thou no pity for this babe nor for thy wife, who so soon shall be thy widow? Better would it be for me to die if to thee death should come. For if I lose thee, then sorrow must for evermore be mine. No father nor mother have I, and on one day were my seven brothers slain. Father and mother and brother art thou to me, Hector, and my dear loved husband as well. Have pity now, and stay with thy wife and thy little child."

"All these things know I well, my wife," answered Hector, "but black shame would be mine were I to shrink like a coward from battle. Ever it hath been mine to be where the fight was fiercest, and to win glory for my father's name, and for my own. But soon will that glory be gone, for my heart doth tell me that Troy must fall. Yet for the sorrows of the Trojans, and of my own father and mother and brethren, and of the many heroes that must perish, grieve I less bitterly than for the anguish that must come upon thee on that day when thou no longer hast a hus-

band to fight for thee and a Greek leads thee away a prisoner. May the earth be heaped up high above me ere I hear thy crying, Andromache!"

So spake Hector, and stretched out his arms to take his boy.

But from his father's bronze helmet with its fiercely nodding plume of horsehair the babe shrank back in terror and hid his face in his nurse's breast. Then did the little City King's father and his sweet mother laugh aloud, and on the ground Hector laid his helmet, and taking his little son in his arms he kissed him and gently dandled him. And as he did so, thus Hector prayed to Zeus and all the gods:

"O Zeus and all ye gods, grant that my son may be a brave warrior and a great king in Troyland. Let men say of him when he returns from battle, 'Far greater is he than his father,' and may he gladden his mother's heart."

Then did Hector lay his babe in Andromache's arms, and she held him to her bosom, smiling through her tears.

Full of love and pity and tenderness was the heart of Hector, and gently he caressed her and said:

"Dear one, I pray thee be not of over-sorrowful heart. No man shall slay me ere the time appointed for my death hath come. Go home and busy thyself with loom and distaff and see to the work of thy maidens. But war is for us men, and of all those who dwell in Troyland, most of all for me."

So spake Hector, and on his head he placed his crested helmet. And his wife went home, many times looking back to watch him she loved going forth to battle, with her eyes half blinded by her tears.

Not far behind Hector followed Paris, his armor glittering like the sun, and with a laugh on the face that was more full of beauty than that of any other man on earth. Like a noble charger that has broken its bonds and gallops exultantly across the plain, so did Paris stride onward.

"I fear I have delayed thee," he said to his brother when he overtook him.

"No man can speak lightly of thy courage," answered Hector, "only thou hast brought shame on thyself by holding back from battle. But now let us go forward and may the gods give the Greeks into our hands."

So went Hector and Paris together into battle, and many a Greek fell before them on that day.

While round the dark ships of Greece the fierce fight raged, Achilles, from afar, listened unmoved to the din of battle, and watched with stony eyes the men of Greece as they fell and died on the reddened ground.

To him came Patroclus.

"Why dost thou weep, Patroclus?" asked Achilles. "Like a fond little maid art thou that runs by her mother's side, plucking at her gown, hindering her as she walks, and with tearful eyes looking up at her until the mother lifts her in her arms. Like her, Patroclus, dost thou softly weep."

Then Patroclus, heavily groaning, made answer:

"Among the ships lie the bravest and best of the men of Greece sore wounded or dead. Pitiless art thou, Achilles, pitiless and unforgiving. Yet if thou dost still hold back from the battle, give me, I pray thee, thine armor, and send me forth in thy stead. Perchance the Trojans may take me for the mighty Achilles, and even now the victory be ours."

Then said Achilles, and heavy was his heart within him:

"These Greeks took from me my well-won prize, Patroclus. Yet let the past be past; no man may keep his anger for ever. I have said that until the men of Troy come to burn my own ships I will hold me back from the battle. But take you my armor; lead my men in the fight, and drive from the ships the men of Troy. But to others leave it to chase them across the plain."

HOW PATROCLUS FOUGHT AND DIED

Even as Achilles spoke, the strength of mighty Ajax had come to an end, and with furious rush did the Trojans board the ships. In their hands they bore blazing torches, and up to the sky rushed the fiercely roaring flames.

Then cried Achilles, smiting his thighs:

"Haste thee, Patroclus! They burn the ships! Arm thyself speedily, and I will call my men!"

Corselet and shield and helmet did Patroclus swiftly don, and girded on the silver-studded sword and took two strong lances in his hand.

In the chariot of Achilles he mounted, and Automedon, best and bravest of charioteers, took the reins.

Swift as the wild west wind were Bayard and Piebald, the two horses of Achilles, and in the side harness was Pedasus, a horse only less swift than they.

Gladly did the men of Achilles meet his call to arms, for fierce as wolves were they.

"Many times hast thou blamed me," cried Achilles, "because in my wrath I kept ye back from battle. Here for ye now is a mighty fight, such as ye love."

To battle they went, and while Patroclus led

them forth, Achilles in his tent offered up an offering to Zeus.

Like wasps that pour forth from their nests by the wayside to sting the boys who have stoned them, so now did the Greeks swarm from their ships.

Before the sword of Patroclus fell a mighty warrior, and when the men of Troy saw the shining armor of Achilles in his own chariot their hearts sank within them.

Out of the ships were they driven, the fire was quenched, and back to the trench rolled the tide of battle. In the trench writhed many a horse and many a man in dying agonies. But clear across it leaped the horses of Achilles, and close to the walls of Troy did Patroclus drive brave Hector before him.

His chariot then he turned, and headed off the fleeing Trojans, driving them down to the ships. Before the furious rush of his swift steeds, other horses were borne off their feet, other chariots cast in ruins on the ground, and men crushed to death under his wheels. Chief after chief did Patroclus slay. A mighty destroyer was he that day.

One only of the chiefs of Troy kept his courage before the destroyer who wore the shining arms of Achilles.

"Shame on ye!" cried Sarpedon to his men, "whither do ye flee? I myself will fight this man who deals death and destruction to the Trojan host."

From their chariots leaped Sarpedon and Patroclus.

With the first cast of his spear Patroclus missed Sarpedon, but slew his charioteer. Then did Sarpedon cast, and his spear whizzed past Patroclus, and smote the good horse Pedasus. With a dreadful scream Pedasus fell, kicking and struggling, in the dust. This way and that did the other two horses plunge and rear, until the yoke creaked and the reins became entangled. But the charioteer leaped down, with his sword slashed clear the traces from Pedasus, and the horses righted themselves.

Once again did Sarpedon cast his spear, and the point flew over the left shoulder of Patroclus. But Patroclus missed not. Through the heart of Sarpedon sped the fiercely hurled spear, and like a slim tree before the axe of the wood-cutter he fell, his dying hands clutching at the bloody dust.

Furious was the combat then over the body of Sarpedon. One brave warrior after another did Patroclus lay dead.

And more terrible still was the fight because in the ranks of the men of Troy there fought now, in all-devouring wrath, the god Apollo.

Nine men, good warriors all, did Patroclus slay; then, waxing bolder, he tried to climb the very walls of Troy.

Three times did Apollo thrust him back, and when, a fourth time, he attacked, the god cried aloud to him in anger, warning him not to dare so much.

Against Patroclus did Hector then drive his war-horses, but Patroclus, leaping from his chariot, hurled at Hector a jagged stone. In the eyes it smote the charioteer of Hector, and the slain man dropped to the ground.

"How nimble a man is this!" jeered Patroclus. "How lightly he diveth! Were this the sea, how good an oyster-seeker would this fellow be!"

Then from his chariot leaped Hector and met Patroclus, and the noise of the battle was as the noise of a mighty gale in the forest when great trees fall crashing to the ground.

When the sun went down, victory was with the Greeks. Three mighty charges did Patroclus make, and each time he slew nine men. But when, a fourth time, he charged, Apollo met him. In thick mist he met him, and Patroclus knew not that he fought with a god. With a fierce downstroke from behind, Apollo smote his broad shoulders, and from off his head the helmet of Achilles fell with a clang, rattling under the hoofs of the horses. Before the smiting of the god, Patroclus stood stricken, stupid and amazed. Shattered in his hands was the spear of Achilles, and his mighty shield clanged on the ground.

Ere he could know who was the smiter, a Trojan ally drove a spear between his shoulders, and Patroclus, sore wounded, fell back.

Marking his dismay, Hector pressed forward, and clean through his body drove his bronze spear. With a crash Patroclus fell.

"Thou that didst boast that thou wouldst sack my town, here shall vultures devour thee!" cried Hector.

And in a faint voice Patroclus made answer:

"Not to thee do I owe my doom, great Hector. Twenty such as thou would I have fought and conquered, but the gods have slain me. Yet verily I tell thee that thou thyself hast not long to live. Even now doth Death stand beside thee!"

As he spoke, the shadow of Death fell upon Patroclus. No more in his ears roared the din of battle; still and silent for ever he lay.

THE ROUSING OF ACHILLES

Fierce had been the fight before Patroclus died. More fiercely yet it raged when he lay dead.

From his body did Hector take the arms of Achilles, and the dead Patroclus would the Tro-

ANDROMACHE IN CAPTIVITY
From a Painting by Sir Frederick Leighton

jans fain have dragged to their city, there to bring shame to him and to all the Greek host.

But for him fought the Greeks, until the earth was wet with blood and the very skies echoed the clang of battle.

To Achilles came Antilochos, a messenger fleet of foot.

"Fallen is Patroclus!" he cried, "and around his naked body do they fight, for his armor is held by Hector."

Then did Achilles moan aloud. On the ground he lay, and in his hair he poured black ashes. And the sound of his terrible lament was heard by his mother, Thetis, the goddess, as she sat in her palace down under the depths of the green sea.

Up from under the waves swiftly came she to Achilles, and tenderly did she listen while he poured forth to her the tale of the death of his dear comrade.

Then said Thetis:

"Not long, methinks, shall Hector glory in the armor that was thine, for Death presseth hard upon him. Go not forth to battle, my son, until I return, bearing with me new and fair armor for thee."

But when Thetis had departed, to Achilles in his sorrow came Iris, fair messenger of the gods.

"Unto windy Ilios will the Trojans drag the body of Patroclus unless thou comest now. Thou needst not fight, Achilles, only show thyself to the men of Troy, for sore is the need of Patroclus thy friend."

Then, all unarmed, did Achilles go forth, and stood beside the trench. With a mighty voice he shouted, and at the sound of his voice terror fell upon the Trojans. Backward in flight they went, and from among the dead did the Greeks draw the body of Patroclus, and hot were the tears that Achilles shed for the friend whom he had sent forth to battle.

All that night, in the house of the Immortals, resounded the clang of hammer on anvil as Hephaistus, the lame god, fashioned new arms for Achilles.

Bronze and silver and gold he threw in his fire, and golden handmaidens helped their master to wield the great bellows, and to send on the crucibles blasts that made the ruddy flames dance.

No fairer shield was ever borne by man than that which Hephaistus made for Achilles. For him also he wrought a corselet brighter than a flame of fire, and a helmet with a golden crest.

And in the morning light did Thetis dart down from snowy Olympus, bearing in her arms the splendid gift of a god.

Glad was Achilles as he put on the armor, and terrible was his war-cry as he roused the Greek warriors. No man, however sore his wounds, held back when the voice of Achilles called him to the fight once more. Wounded was Agamemnon, overlord of the Greeks, but forth also came he. And there, while the sun rose on many a warrior who would fight no more, did Achilles and Agamemnon speak as friends once again, their long strife ended.

Hungry for war, with Achilles as their leader, did the Greeks then meet the Trojans on the plain. And as a fierce fire rages through the forest, its flames driven by the wind, so did Achilles in his wrath drive through the host of Troy.

Down to the Scamander he drove the fleeing Trojans, and the water reddened with blood, as he smote and spared not.

Merciless was Achilles; pitilessly did he exult as one brave man after another was sent by him to dye red the swift flood of the Scamander.

At length, at his lack of mercy, did even the river grow wrathful.

"Choked is my stream with dead men!" it cried, "and still thou slayest!"

But when Achilles heeded not, in fierce flood the river uprose against him, sweeping the slain before it, and in furious spate seeking to destroy Achilles. But as its waves smote against his shield, Achilles grasped a tall elm, and uprooting it, cast it into the river to dam the torrent. For the moment only was the angry river stayed. In fear did Achilles flee across the plain, but with a mighty roar it pursued him, and caught him.

To the gods then cried Achilles, and to his aid came Athene, and close to the walls of Troy again did Achilles chase the Trojan men.

From the city walls old Priam saw the dreadful things Achilles wrought.

And when, his armor blazing like the brightest stars of the sky, he drew near, and Hector would have gone to meet him, in grief did Priam cry to his dearly loved son:

"Hector, beloved son, I pray thee go not alone to meet this man; mightier far than thou is he."

But all eager for the fight was Hector. Of all the men of Troy he alone still stood unafraid. Then did the mother of Hector beseech him to hold back from what must surely mean death. Yet Hector held not back, but on his shining shield leaned against a tower, awaiting the coming of the great destroyer.

And at last they met, face to face, spear to spear. As a shooting star in the darkness so flashed the spear of Achilles as he hurled it home to pierce the neck of Hector. Gods and men had deserted Hector, and alone before the walls of Troy he fell and died.

Thus ended the fight.

For twelve days did the Greek host rejoice, and all through the days Hector's body lay unburied. For at the heels of swift horses had the Greeks dragged him to the ships, while from the battlements his mother and his wife Andromache watched, wailing in agony, with hearts that broke.

Then at length went old Priam to the camp of the Greeks. And before Achilles he fell, beseeching him to have mercy and to give him back the body of his son.

So was the heart of Achilles moved, and the body of Hector ransomed; and with wailing of women did the people of Troy welcome home their hero.

Over him lamented his old mother, for of all her sons was he to her most dear, and over him wept, with burning tears, his wife Andromache.

And to his bier came Helen, and with breaking heart did she sob forth her sorrow:

"Dearest of my brothers," she said, "from thee have I heard neither reproach nor evil word. With kind words and gentle heart hast thou ever stood by me. Lost, lost is my one true friend. No more in Troyland is any left to pity me."

On lofty funeral pyre then laid they the dead Hector, and when the flames had consumed his body his comrades placed his white bones in a golden urn, and over it with great stones did they raise a mighty mound that all might see where he rested.

Yet still was the warfare between Greeks and Trojans not ended.

To Achilles death came in a shaft from the bow of Paris. By a poisoned arrow driven at venture and at dark midnight from the bow of an outcast leper was fair Paris slain. While winter snow lay white on Ida, in Helen's arms did his life ebb away.

Then came there a day when the Greeks burned their camp and sailed homeward across the gray water.

Behind them they left a mighty horse of wood, and the men of Troy came and drew it into the city as trophy and sign of victory over those who had made it. But inside the horse were hidden many of the bravest warriors of Greece, and at night, when the Trojans feasted, the Greeks came out of their hiding-place and threw open the gates.

And up from the sea came the Greek host, and in fire and in blood fell the city of Troy.

Yet did not Helen perish. Back to his own kingdom by the sea Menelaus took her, to reign, in peace, a queen, she who had brought grief and death to so many, and to the city of Troy unutterable woe.

The fate of Andromache was still entangled in the meshes of the gods. Grief, heavy grief, was her portion although she was an innocent victim of the dire events, and in no way their cause, as was the fair Helen.

The untimely death of Hector, her husband, was not the only sorrow which weighed heavily upon the heart of Andromache. She had likewise lost her father and seven brothers in the cruel fighting which raged about the walls of Troy. And at the death of the noble Hector, her heart was nigh to breaking.

Her tears were not yet dried when the city was taken. The war-mad Greeks rushed in like ravening wolves. No home was sacred, from that of the aged Priam down to that of the lowest menial. Wives were snatched from their husbands; daughters from their mothers, to become captors' spoils, sold into slavery.

The little son of Andromache, her sole memento of Hector, was torn from her arms and dashed to his death from the walls of the doomed city.

Then came the fierce Achilles, conqueror of Hector, and by his side his stalwart son, Neoptolemus.

"It is not meet that so fair a daughter of Ilium should become a slave," quoth Achilles, pointing to the dark-robed Andromache. "Take her to wife."

And Neoptolemus, nothing loath, took Andromache into his own home, albeit he already had one wife, Hermione, whose eyes were fired with jealousy when she saw the lovely captive. Secretly Hermione plotted to destroy her.

Not until she was ransomed, and become the wife of Helenus, brother of her idolized Hector, did the troubled soul of Andromache find peace.

THE MARCH OF THE TEN THOUSAND

Of all the successful struggles against overwhelming odds that history relates, few can compare with the great march known as "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand." Famous in ancient times as a wonderful military achievement, it remains to this day a stirring record of courage and endurance.

In 401 B. C., Cyrus, son of Darius, made war against his brother Artaxerxes, who had succeeded to the throne of Persia. By various pretexts and deceptions he secured the services of about thirteen thousand Greeks, who marched with the rest of his army into Asia. At Cunaxa, near Babylon, Cyrus was defeated and slain, and the Greeks found themselves alone in the heart of a hostile continent. They endeavored to come to an agreement with Tissaphernes, the victorious general, to allow them to return safely. Tissaphernes met them with fair words; but when he had won their confidence he invited their leaders to a magnificent banquet, and treacherously slew all who came.

We may picture the plight of the unfortunate Greek army, deprived of many of their leaders, thousands of miles from home and kindred, and surrounded on all sides by hostile forces. It was impossible for them to push on into the unknown country; it was impossible for them to remain where they were. There was nothing for them but retreat, and retreat involved a long and terrible march through rough lands peopled by savage races. For the moment they were in the depths of despair.

In this perilous moment, when all seemed lost, a leader was found—a man who had joined the army as a simple volunteer for love of adventure. As the soldiers lay about, listless and dejected, Xenophon, an Athenian knight, asked himself: "Why do I lie here? The night is creeping on. The morning will probably bring the enemy, and defeat will be followed by insults, torture, and death. Am I to wait and do nothing until some officer comes forward to give counsel and to act? To whom am I to look for this; and am I not old enough for the task?"

He arose and summoned the captains. To them he explained the danger of their position, and showed them that their only hope lay in their weapons and right arms. He himself, he said, was willing either to follow or to lead. His eloquence won them over. They acclaimed him as their leader, and at once preparations were made for the retreat.

The wonderful march began. All the baggage that could be spared was burned, in order to leave as many soldiers as possible ready for action. Their course was marked out for them—they could only strive to reach the coast. They crossed a broad river, and encountered the first attack of the enemy. Slingers and mounted bowmen, whose weapons carried farther than those of the Greeks, hung on their rear and flanks and harassed them. Xenophon tried to repel the attack, but was defeated with great loss. To restore the spirit of his men, the leader took the blame of the defeat on himself, and reorganized his forces.

The Greeks marched on. Soon they came to a country which presented enormous difficulties to their retreat. Their hearts sank as they saw the terrible rocks and narrow ravines of a land inhabited by a fierce fighting race of hillmen. Had they once been caught in the narrow passes of this country, they would have been overwhelmed. They could only escape destruction by moving with almost incredible swiftness from height to height before the enemy could reach them.

Day after day they made their gallant marches till wild Armenia stretched before them. This country was swept by great winds and heavy snows, making it almost impassable. The Greeks were crossing it at the most terrible season of the year—the winter.

Buffeted by tempests, drenched and blinded by raging snows, they struggled along. Their wonderful spirit urged them on; and not only did they repel the attacks of their foes, but they assumed the offensive, stormed the camp of the ruler of the province, and carried away much booty.

Then they crossed the Euphrates near its source, and encountered a wind of piercing coldness, while they forced their way with dogged persistence through snow that lay six feet deep. On they pressed, hampered by the presence of many sick and wounded soldiers. Behind them were the enemy, ready to fall upon them at any moment. A feigned attack drove these away, and the Greeks began to approach the region of the plains.

Their way was now impeded by a river, which they crossed, only to find that the pass leading to

the open country beyond was blocked by the tribesmen of the district. Although hampered by their ignorance of the country, and fighting in the darkness of night, they carried the pass and emerged victorious into the plain.

Another river lay in their path. They crossed it, and neared a large town, the inhabitants of which sent a guide to direct them. For five days they followed the guide, and then they saw before them Mount Theches. The tired and sorely tried warriors climbed painfully to its summit, and there in the distance lay before their gaze the blue waters of the Euxine Sea, which we now call the Black Sea.

The pent-up emotion of the long march burst forth, and the men, crying "The sea! The sea!" threw themselves into one another's arms Then with a sudden impulse, they set themselves to gather stones; and where they first gazed upon the sea they raised a mighty monument. The remnant of the ten thousand had forced their way to safety!

Even now their troubles were not ended. They had reached the sea, but transports could not be found for all of them, and the fearful prospect of being compelled to march along the shores of the Black Sea made them discontented and almost mutinous. The sick men and those men over forty years of age were taken on ships, while the rest of the army marched till they came to the nearest port.

Here a review was held, and it was found that about six thousand men still survived. About three thousand men had been lost at Cunaxa and nearly four thousand on the grim march. This number was small indeed when the terrible forced marches they had undergone and the dread regions they had passed so painfully through are considered.

Their fame spread from one Greek city to another. Their exploit left a wonderful impression on the Greek world, but, although their monument of stones at Mount Theches has long been leveled to dust, the memory of the gallant and laborious march lives wherever bravery and courage are honored.

ALFRED THE GREAT

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY J. CHAPMAN

CATO THE YOUNGER

Cato the Younger was a Roman, born in B. C. 95, and brought up by Drusus, his mother's brother. He was a man of simple life, and had great love for his brother, Cæpio, and for his country, which he served in many ways.

Cato's father and mother died when he was quite a little child. His mother's brother was a very kind man. He took Cato and his sister and brother to his own home, where they lived quite happily. Cato was a quiet boy, who did not often smile or laugh. He learned his lessons slowly, but he never forgot what he was carefully taught.

The boy was fond of reading history. Perhaps he used the books which his great-grandfather, Cato the Elder, had written in very large letters, so that his own children might find it easy to read them.

Cato the Younger was a true Roman, who dearly loved his own country, and hated its foes. When he was a small child, the people of some other places in Italy wanted to have the same rights as the city of Rome. Their leader was a very strong man of the name of Silo. He was also a friend of Cato's uncle, in whose house he stayed while in Rome. He tried to win the uncle over to his side, and while talking to him, he called to the boys, and said: "Come, my good young people, and ask your uncle to help us."

One of the brothers smiled, and ran to him at once. But the other, Cato, sat down, and looked at the man without saying a word. "And what do you say?" said Silo to him. "Will you not be friendly, like your brother?"

Still Cato would say nothing, and looked as if he did not like the man. Silo became angry. "I have a good mind to throw you out of the window," he said, at the same time giving the boy a shaking.

The child did not show any signs of fear, and the strong man put him down again. Then turning to his friends, Silo said: "This child is the glory of Rome. If he were a man, I believe we would not get one vote."

Another time, a friend of Cato asked him, with some other boys, to go to a birthday party. This was a great treat, and the boys much enjoyed themselves. They played many games, and when they grew tired of these, they said they would hold a court of justice. One of them should be the prisoner, and the rest should try him. If he were guilty, he would be put in the prison, which they made in a corner of the courtyard.

Roman children were very fond of this sort of game. They also liked to play at being kings and generals, and they marched about as soldiers. On this day, a bright little lad was chosen to be the prisoner. A much bigger and stronger boy was his judge. The smaller lad was tried, and shut up in the prison. The bigger boy was rough in his play, and hurt the little one, who became afraid, and called loudly to Cato to help him.

Now Cato liked games of this kind as much as the others, but he also liked fair play, and did not wish any one to be hurt. As soon as he heard the lad's cry, he ran to the place they called the prison. He pushed away the boys who acted as guards, and who tried to stop him. Taking hold of the child, he carried him off to his own home in great anger.

Many of the other children went with him, because they looked up to him as their leader, knowing that he loved fair play, and was pained to see a mean or unkind act.

The great men of Rome liked to see boys at their games. For they wanted their children to grow up strong, truthful and noble. The chief man in Rome at that time was Sulla, and he asked the boys to play an old game called Troy. In this game two bands of boys were chosen. They had captains over them, and they all carried swords and shields.

Sulla chose the boys who were going to play, and he gave them two captains. But one of the bands did not care for their captain, though he was the son of a very great man in the city. They would not obey him, and the noise they made brought Sulla to see what they were doing. When he heard the cause of it all, he asked, "Who, then, will you have as your captain?" With one voice, all the boys shouted "Cato!" They liked him as a leader in their games, and did what he told them.

Of all the boys he knew, Cato loved his brother best. When he was quite a little boy, some one asked him who was his best friend in the world, and Cato at once said, "My brother." "And whom do you love next?" he was asked. Again Cato spoke the same words, "My brother." "And whom do you love in the third place?" This time Cato smiled, as he said once more, "My brother," and the man who had asked him then went away.

As Cato grew older he became even more fond of his brother. The two always went together, and there was no pleasure for one unless it was shared by the other. It was a great grief to Cato when his dear brother died. He shed many tears,

and could hardly bear to leave the dead body. As was often done in those days, he spent much money in spices and rich clothing for the body, and then had it burned. The ashes were kept with great care in an urn or vase.

Cato became a very great man in Rome. He was a brave soldier and a wise ruler, and people came in crowds to hear him speak in public places, just as people come nowadays to hear a famous speaker.

EDWIN AND THE KING OF THE NORTH

Edwin was the son of Ella, a King of Northumbria. In 617 Ethelfrith, another King of the North, fought against Redwald, King of the East Angles, who sheltered Edwin. Their armies met by the river Idle, and Ethelfrith was killed. Edwin now became King, and he married a princess from Kent, who brought Paulinus to Northumbria.

When Edwin was quite a little child, his father died, and he was left alone with few friends. A wicked King of the North now came with an army. He made himself lord of Edwin's country and joined it to his own. He also tried to take the boy away with him.

The friends of Edwin loved their young prince; and they carried him from place to place, in search of shelter and safety. For many months, the boy had no home of his own.

At last they came to the court of the King of the East Angles. Edwin went to the King to beg that he might live in his country. "O King," he said, "let me stay among your people, for I want to hide from a cruel foe." The King was a kind man, and liked the little prince. "You shall stay with me," he said, "and no one shall harm you, or give you into the hands of your foe."

Edwin became the King's friend, and was very happy in his new home. The Queen was also so very fond of him that she almost looked upon him as her own son.

The wicked King of the North became very angry, when he heard how the young prince had found shelter; and he wanted to get hold of Edwin more than ever. He sent some of his most trusted men to the King of the East Angles, and they spoke fair words to the King, saying, "If you will give up Edwin, we will bring you as much gold and silver as you wish." But Edwin's new friend would not listen to them. "Go back to your King," he said, "and tell him that the boy shall live in peace at my house."

For some time the young prince again felt happy. He played where he liked, and he was quite safe under the King's care. But very soon, the same men came back, saying, "Our King will send you still greater gifts, if you will be his friend, and give up the boy." But Edwin's friend was quite firm. "Tell your King," he said, "that I will do nothing of the kind, and he can keep his gifts for himself."

After this, Edwin and his friend thought they would have no more trouble. But the cruel King was more angry than ever, and said he was going to make war on them both.

The King of the North was very strong, and had many soldiers. He got a large army ready, but before he made war, he once more tried to get the other King to do as he wished. He again sent men to him with these words: "Give Edwin up to me, and I will send you such things as you have never seen or heard of. But if you do not, I will fight against you and kill you and your people."

Now the King of the East Angles was very much afraid when he heard this. He knew what a cruel man the King of the North was, and how bold he was in war. "Stay a little while in my house," he said to the men, "for I must think over these things." They were glad, as they thought they were now going to have their own way.

The King took a long time to make up his mind. While he was thinking, a friend ran to Edwin, to tell him what was going on. Night had fallen, and it was quite dark. The friend spoke softly to him. "Come outside, for I have something to tell you."

Edwin went out and sat on a large stone before the house. "The King will surely give you up," said the friend, "but come with me, and I will hide you. I know a place where no one can find you." "I thank you well for your kindness," said Edwin, "but I must not go. I have said that I will live in the King's house, and I cannot break my word." Then his friend left him. Above the stars were shining; the night wind was cold, and the whole land was quiet. And Edwin sat there alone through the night.

The King could not sleep. He was awake all that night, and felt very unhappy. His Queen came to him, and asked him: "Who are these strange men, and why does their coming make you so sad?" He told her how afraid he was of

PUBLICK BAPTISM of EDWIN the first Christian KING of Northumberland
by PAULINUS at York

the King of the North. "He is very strong," he said, "and his anger is great. Besides he will send me many gifts, if I will do as he wishes. And so I have said that I will give up the boy."

The good Queen cried. "O King," she said, "do not give up, or sell for gold, or any other gifts, the friend who is in trouble. And do not, for the sake of riches, lose your honor, which is of greater price than all jewels." Her words so stirred the King that he sent away the men, saying that he would not be false to the boy, who trusted in him.

The King had a better gift, for in the war his own men won the day, and among those slain was the wicked King of the North, who wanted to take Edwin's life.

Edwin now got back his kingdom. He grew up to be a wise and good ruler. In his days, the people of the North were taught to give up their false gods, and to become Christians.

THE BOYHOOD OF A GREAT SAINT

CUTHBERT, a shepherd boy, who was born about 635, became a famous bishop. He went to the monastery of Old Melrose, of which he became the prior or head. When an old man, he was made Bishop of Lindisfarne (or Holy Island). He died in 687.

In the green valley of the river Tweed lived this boy. There he took care of his sheep, as they roamed over the hills and dales, for in those days there were many wild animals in the land.

He was a merry boy, and he liked to play at ball with his friends, when his work was done. One day, as they were at their game, he saw a fair young child coming toward him. When he drew near, he said: "Leave these games. Set not your heart upon them, but read your books, and you will, one day, be a great man."

The boy loved fun. He would not listen to the child, and went on playing as before. Then the fair child threw himself on the grass, and cried very much. The boy now felt quite sorry, and he ran to see what was the matter. "I am crying," said the child, "because you like your sports better than your books."

After he had spoken, the fair child sprang up, and went away so quickly that no one knew where he had gone. When he began to think about it, the boy felt sure this was an angel, who had spoken to him, for, in those days, people believed that angels sometimes came to the earth in this way.

From that day, the shepherd boy gave much of his time to his lessons, and his teachers were pleased with him. He was a boy who often had very strange dreams, by day as well as by night. Once, when he was sitting by the side of the river, quietly watching his sheep, and looking from time to time at the beautiful stars, he thought he saw some angels, who were carrying the soul of his dear teacher, Aidan, to heaven.

This dream seemed so true, that the boy left his sheep, and went to the abbey at Melrose, where he set himself to learn all that the holy men wished to teach him. At the abbey a school was kept, and to it went many boys, who wanted to read, and to become useful in the world.

Cuthbert was a brave lad, always ready to help those who were in trouble. Walking by the river Tyne one day, he saw a crowd of people on the banks. They were laughing, and making a great noise.

The good monks who lived near the mouth of that river had sent some ships to bring timber for the building of a part of their house. As these ships were coming back, a strong wind arose, which blew them away from the land. When the monks at home saw the danger, they ran down the cliffs to the beach. Here they jumped into smaller boats, so as to go and help their friends, who were on board the ships. So high were the waves, and so strong was the gale, that they themselves were now in fear of being lost. Other monks came quickly down. But when they saw the sea, they knew they could do nothing. Then they fell on their knees, and prayed that God would save their friends, who were in such great danger.

All this time, the crowds of men on the cliffs stood looking on. They liked to see the big waves dashing over the rocks, and they laughed loudly at the monks. These men knew nothing about the true God. "Look at the monks," they cried. "They do not like our gods, and they will not live as we do. Let them die in the waves."

Now the brave boy was very sorry to hear these words, and he came nearer. "Why are you not trying to help them?" he asked. "They may be drowned before your eyes; you might, at least, pray that they may be saved." The country people turned their anger upon him. "No one shall pray for them," they shouted, "for they have taken away our old customs."

Then the boy knelt down before them, and as he prayed, it seemed as if the wind died away,

and the waves sank lower. A great calm fell on the sea, and slowly the boats turned their heads to the shore, and the monks landed in safety. Then the angry crowd felt much ashamed. "These men," they said, "must speak the truth, when they tell us their God has power over land and sea."

In after days the boy became a great preacher. He lived on a little island, where he dug a well, and sowed barley and other crops. And in memory of him the name of that place was changed to Holy Island.

His life was a busy one. He taught the children, preached to the people, and went about doing good in many ways. When he died he was buried in a grave near the spot where he had lived for so many years. But later his body was carried to Durham, where his tomb may still be seen. He did much good, as we have said, while he lived, and his fame grew after his death.

THE STORY OF BEDE

Bede was born in 673 at Wearmouth, and was brought up at the monastery there. He afterward moved to another house at Jarrow, where he lived till his death in 735. He wrote many books, and was a great teacher. This is his story.

The little boy Bede was brought by friends to some good monks who lived on the banks of the river Wear. He was a very quiet, gentle lad. He seemed quite alone; for both his father and mother had died of a sickness that carried off many of the people. The little boy had no one left to care much for him.

The monks were kind men, and they took charge of little Bede, and began to teach him many things. One good man, who was known as John the Chanter, taught him to sing. John had a fine voice, and he sang so sweetly that many people came to hear him.

Some of the monks removed to a new house at Jarrow, on the Tyne, and they took with them the little boy Bede. He was very useful to them, and they all loved him. He worked in the garden and in the fields round the house. He was very fond of his books, and he helped the good monks to sing in the church.

In his day a great sickness broke out in the country. Large numbers of people died, while others were very ill. At one time so many of the monks were ill that there was only one old man and the little boy Bede left to do the daily singing in the church. These two went through every part of the service. The old man sang one verse, and the little boy another. It was their duty, and they did it well.

When they were in good health, all the monks did some work or other. John, with the young Bede, liked to go and gather in the corn, after it was ready. They had to feed the lambs and calves, and to bake the bread. And then, says Bede himself, "I took pleasure in learning, or teaching, or writing something."

The head of the house in which Bede lived at Jarrow was a wise man named Benedict. He loved books, and had many of them. Every time that he went to France or to Rome he came back with some books of great price. Young Bede could always find some good book to read, and when his work was done, he would go to the window that looked over the wide river Tyne. Here, in the quiet hour of the evening, he would read, and store his mind with knowledge. His master would smile when he saw how eager the boy was to learn. Other wise and clever monks were also glad to help him, and they taught him all they knew. In that way the boy became a great scholar.

Bede not only wanted to learn himself, but was very willing to help others. He was known as a very great teacher. His school was large, for no less than six hundred young men were under his care. He liked his work, and was quite happy with his simple life. He never wished to travel, or to leave Jarrow. But it is said that many people in other lands wanted to see him. He was asked to go to Rome, but he never went very far from Jarrow.

In those days there were many kings in England. The King who ruled in the North, where Bede lived, was very fond of learning. He also liked clever men, and was so very friendly with Bede that he asked him to write a book, in which he told the story of his own land. This book has come down to us, and from it we learn how the English of those days lived, and how they came to know the true God.

At that time Jarrow must have been rather a nice place. The river was clear and wide; the noise of the sea could be heard; and in the large house there was always a welcome for strangers. No wonder that many people came there to see Bede and to read his books. These books were carefully copied by others, and used in the schools of England and other countries.

Bede wrote forty-five books during his life; so he must have worked very hard. He was so much loved that men spoke of him as the "most dear master."

THE STORY OF ALFRED

ALFRED, son of Ethelwulf, King of the West Saxons, in England, became king in 871, after the death of his brother Ethelred. Alfred was wise and brave, and governed his country well. He was the youngest son of his father. His mother died when he was quite a little child, and his father married another lady, who seems to have been very kind to the King's children.

When Alfred was a boy of twelve, he was fond of hunting, and of other sports and games. But he had not been taught to read, nor did he yet seem to like learning. One day, the Queen brought a big book of songs, and showed it to young Alfred and his brothers. She knew that Alfred loved music, and took pleasure in singing to his friends. When he saw this fine book, full of the songs he liked, he was in great joy. The pretty pictures, painted with rich colors, also pleased him much.

Now the books of those days cost much time to make, and were worth large sums of money. Only very rich people could buy them. They were not printed on paper, as are the books we have now. Clever men wrote them, word by word, with their pens, on very fine skin. The pictures, too, were all done by hand in many colors, and the big letters were painted in red and blue and gold. Any boy would have been glad to have such a book as that, and it is no wonder that Alfred wanted it.

"I will give this book to the child who shall first be able to read it," said the Queen. "And I shall try to win it," said Alfred. And he at once went to look for a teacher. He found a kind and clever man, who was able to spend some hours every day over his lessons.

At last, the day came when he was able to go to the Queen, and ask to see the book. As he stood by her side, he read the stories and the songs that were in the book. She was very glad to see how well he could read, and willingly gave him the book for his own.

Alfred became quite a clever boy, and he was fond of trying to find out new things. He was also very brave, and though young, took a leading part in the wars against the Danes, who were sea-robbers, just as the English had once been. They landed from their ships in many places, burned houses and churches, and carried off all the gold and silver they could get.

Those were dark days for the English. The Danes had a large army in the field, and did much harm to the people. Alfred and his brother, who was now the King, fought hard against them, but though they won many battles, a great part of the country was lost.

They led their people to the marshy lands of the west. Here they built small forts, and dug ditches, full of water all round them. The Danes came after them, and gave them no rest. But Alfred was a very bold leader, and never lost hope. The Danes said they would spare his life if he only gave up the fight. Alfred told them that he would live or die with his men, and thus he showed himself worthy to lead them.

During the fighting with the Danes, the English King was so badly hurt that he died soon after. Young Alfred was now chosen King by the people. He won a great victory over the Danes, and brought peace to the whole land. He was one of England's best and wisest kings, and is called Alfred the Great.

BRIAN, KING OF ERIN

BRIAN, who lived in 948, was a bright Irish boy, who saved his country from the Danes. He became king, after his brother Mahon, and ruled for many years.

In a beautiful part of Erin lived the boy Brian. He was a brave, bright lad, the son of the King of that part. The men and boys of Brian's times were dressed, as we should think, rather strangely. They all wore a sort of kilt, and Brian's kilt would have a fringe of gold, for he was a king's son. He would also wear a twisted collar of gold, and a big brooch to keep his long plaid in its place.

Just then, it was a time of war. The Danes were on the coasts, and they were always trying to land, first in one place and then in another. To keep them out, all the kings brought their men to the same place, so as to make a large army. Even young Brian had his band of men, who carried pikes and other arms, and were his soldiers.

There was a great battle, and the Danes won the day. Many of the kings and chiefs of the country were killed, and other princes fell into the hands of the Danes. Among those who were killed were Brian's father and two of his own

BEDE AND HIS PUPILS

brothers. Only Brian and the eldest brother, who was named Mahon, were left of all that brave family.

The Danes were so pleased at winning that they went all over the country, burning, killing, and carrying off the people. Even Mahon, who was now King, had to leave his home.

With his brother, young Brian fled to the forests, and here they were safe for a while. Every now and then they would gather their men, and march quickly through the forest, to fight the Danes. Great was their joy when they were able to take some cattle from them. In this way, they let the Danes see that the Irish were still alive, and would give them a great deal of trouble yet.

As the two brothers had made their home among thick trees and rocks, it was not easy for the Danes to come and find them out. Still they lived in great danger.

King Mahon grew tired of all this fighting, and so he made terms of peace with the Danes. "Let me live quietly, in my own house," he said to Brian, "and you may do as you like."

Young as he was, Brian would not follow his brother and make peace. He took his men and went right away into the forests once more. From here he began to make attacks upon the Danes. Very soon the name of Brian was known all over the land, as that of a brave boy, who feared no foe. His men fell, and some were taken by the Danes; but he never lost hope. Once the Danes said, "We have put an end to Brian," but they heard of him again in another part, and the brave lad kept on fighting.

All this while, Mahon had been watching his young brother. He saw how brave he was, and wished to join him again, and try to set their land free. He sent for Brian, and they flung out their old flag from the tower of their castle, which was built on the Rock of Cashel. As soon as the news spread, many of their friends came up to the castle.

All who hated the Danes, and loved old Erin, seized a pike, and followed the two brothers. There were many great battles in those days, and Brian always led his men. It was his voice that cheered them on when they grew tired, and in the end it was he who drove the Danes from point to point, until they were glad to ask for mercy.

What cheers went up when the Danes were beaten! They had been very cruel. They had burned houses, and taken and killed numbers of people. Now Brian had driven them away, and the country was free.

The people liked the boy better than his brother because he was so much braver. When Mahon died, young Brian was at once crowned King of Erin. He was a wise King. He liked to fight for his country. He was also a true friend of learning, and to this day, the people love the name of Brian.

OLAF THE BRAVE

Olaf of Norway was quite young when he conquered the Swedes. Afterward, he went to help England against her enemies. He became King of Norway in 1015. He was a Christian, and tried to make his people worship God and give up their false religion. Here is our first glimpse of him:

A fair-skinned boy of thirteen stood on the deck of a great dragon-ship, which his mother, the Queen of Norway, had built for him. Behind this ship sailed three others, for the people loved the boy, and were ready at all times to follow him. They called him Olaf the Brave.

Over these ships floated huge banners, on which the shapes of snakes, or serpents, were worked in bright silks. At the helm of Olaf's ship stood the trusty soldier Rane, into whose charge the Queen always gave her son. He was a wise man, and knew the world. They had a quarrel to settle, for Olaf's father had been put to death by the people of Sweden, and Olaf felt he would like to punish them.

The Swedes had heard of the coming of the dragon-ships, and meant to do them harm. By their King's orders, long chains of iron had been stretched across a narrow channel, through which the ships had to pass. Beyond these chains big stones and huge pieces of rock had been placed so that the ships might be wrecked, even if they passed the chains.

The King of Sweden laughed when he saw all the things piled up for young Olaf. But he and his men did not know Olaf, and they were soon to see that he was not so easily caught.

Olaf called his friend Rane and his other wise men. They sat down to think of the best means of getting out of this clever trap placed in the river. "There is only one way," said Olaf. "Let us wait until night falls. Then, when all is quiet and dark, we must dig a way for our ships through the low fenlands."

Now, there had been much rain in that country. Every little stream ran as a broad river over the low fenlands, making the place look like a

sea. In the dark night, the strong Norsemen began their task of digging a way for the ships. Here and there they lighted torches, so as to see what they were doing. But they were careful to hide the light, lest the Swedes should find them out. It was hard work, but what cared they? They loved work, as they loved war. They did not shrink from either, and their young leader worked just as hard as the rest.

When the first beams of light were seen in the morning, an open canal lay before them, through which the waters rushed toward the sea. The tired Norsemen leaped on board their ships, and were full of joy.

"Sound the war-horns, and hoist the sails," cried their leader. And as the breeze filled the big sails, the ships swept through the new canal into the wide sea. They soon left the Swedes, their chains, and their rocks, far behind them. The remains of this canal may still be seen in that country.

The fame of young Olaf, boy as he was, spread over many lands, until it reached the ears of the English King. For some years, England had been troubled by the Danes. The English King was not a brave man, and did not feel strong enough to fight them. So he gave them money to go away. The Danes soon spent the money, and came back with a large army. The King now sent to Olaf and asked him to come and help him.

Olaf turned his ships toward the English coast, and sailed for the river Thames. Here he found the King waiting for him with a tale of war. "The Danes are in my city of London," said the King. "They have placed towers on the bridge that crosses the river and from these towers they throw stones at all who come near."

"We can pull down the bridge," said Olaf. Now, the bridge of that time was built upon strong piles of wood, driven deeply into the bed of the river. It was a wide bridge for those days, and two carts could pass each other upon it. It was not an easy thing to pull down such a bridge. But Olaf had thought of a plan by which he could make a way for the ships to pass.

He covered the ships with roofs of timber, and so the men were safely out of sight, and could get no harm, though the Danes flung many stones at them. Heavy chains were placed round the piles of wood, and at a word from Olaf, the ships began to pull at the chains. At last, the piles became loose, and with a loud noise, the towers fell, with the bridge, into the river Thames.

Now there was great joy. With the English behind him, Olaf and his men made haste to enter the city. They drove the Danes out, and that night the singing-men of Olaf's army sang a new song.

The King was very thankful to Olaf, and asked him to stay with him. But there came a day when Olaf had to go home, and fight for his own land. Hakon was the name of a young man, whose father had been King of Norway, though he had no right to the throne. When Olaf was away, this young man thought he had only to land in Norway, and he would get the crown which had been his father's.

There was a great battle between the friends of the two, and Hakon's men were beaten. But Olaf had a kind heart, and treated him well. He made Hakon promise that he would not again try to take the crown. He then fitted out his ship, and made it look quite as good as new. When all was ready, Hakon and his men sailed away, to look for a new country. They went to England, where his uncle, Canute, was then King.

Olaf remained in Norway, and found himself quite a hero among his own people. They had heard with pride of his brave deeds on land and sea. When he was only eighteen he was crowned King of all Norway, and he ruled for fifteen years.

But stormy days came again. Olaf was a Christian, while many of his people did not believe in the true God. He wanted to burn all their false gods. Then there were long years of war, and Olaf died on the field of battle.

His people were very sorry for his death. Many called him a saint, and as Saint Olaf he is still known in the church where he was buried.

THE KNIGHTS OF CHIVALRY

BY FLORENCE ASTON

To GUARD themselves from dangerous neighbors, the knights of the Middle Ages built castles in commanding positions on the hills, and having given names to them, they then added the name of the castle to their own names.

These castles were surrounded by a moat filled with water, and a drawbridge led up to the castle gates. This bridge was drawn up at night or in time of danger, so that the castle was completely cut off by the water from the rest of the world.

Within the outside walls lay the castle courtyard, containing buildings which served for stables and store-chambers and servants' quarters. The chapel adjoined the castle proper. The chief room in the castle itself was always a large banqueting hall—the hall which has been the scene of many a ballad and story of the knights of yore.

In such a hall sat Charlemagne when young Roland stole the cup, and in "the high hall of his fathers" the King of Thule quaffed for the last time the golden goblet of his love.

Round the walls hung trophies of victory in war and of the chase, weapons, and even paintings of honored forefathers. From the hall opened rooms belonging to the ladies and children of the family, and a castle usually contained one chamber, known as the armory, in which were stored those weapons that were served out in time of war.

Over the building itself rose the great castle tower, on the top of which, day and night, the warders watched to announce with blasts of their horns the arrival of friendly visitors, or to spy the first sign of foes.

Warders watched too at the gates, and at a signal from those above, who would be the first to catch sight of arrivals, they would run out to welcome friends and lead them to their lord, or to draw up the huge chains of the bridge and close the great gates in the face of the foe.

The sons of noblemen were educated with the object of fitting them for the life of a knight.

At seven years of age it was usual for a boy to be removed from the women's apartments and sent to serve as a page in the house of some neighboring knight. There, from his seventh to his fourteenth year, he would run messages, serve at table, ride horses, and learn to shoot with the bow and arrows and practice sword exercise. He would run and wrestle, ride and box, until his growing body was toughened and inured to hardships.

In the best days of knighthood and chivalry, while he indulged in athletic exercises, the gentler arts were not forgotten, for the page was generally instructed in singing and playing on the lute, and would often learn to converse in a foreign language. But above all, he was never suffered to forget the great duties of knighthood—loyalty to God and His servants the priests, fidelity to the lord, service to ladies, and protection of the weak.

A beautiful description of the British knight Lancelot was given by one of his sorrowing companions as he gazed upon the dead face of that mighty warrior: "Thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield," he said. "Thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse, and thou wert the truest lover among sinful men that ever loved woman, and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword, and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among the press of knights, and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies, and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in breast."

Although these words described a knight who was supposed to have lived in the sixth century, they were actually written at a much later date, and represent the spirit of chivalry at its best.

In the early days of chivalry, as depicted in the "Song of Roland," prominence is given to the service of the feudal lord and to the duty of fighting the infidel. But later on, when the Crusades were over, and the knights sought adventures nearer home, the ideal conduct of the valorous gentleman toward the lady of his choice finds expression.

As soon as he was fifteen years of age, the page accompanied his lord to war, and performed the offices of squire. He cared for his lord's horse and armor, fought by his side and shared his honor if successful, or, when the worst befell, dragged him wounded from the fight and brought him home, living or dead, to his lady.

The young ladies of noble family had also many duties to perform. They, too, entered the houses

of noble lords, and took their place among the ladies-in-waiting who surrounded the mistress of the castle. On festive occasions these ladies would grace the board at the banquet and receive honored guests, or distribute the prizes at tournaments, but usually they lived a quiet life in the retirement of the women's apartments. Here their chief employments were weaving, spinning, and embroidery, beautiful specimens of which still exist, mute expressions of the thoughts and ideals of these ladies of olden times.

When a squire received the order of knighthood, or indeed on any occasion of rejoicing in knightly families, a tournament was usually held to celebrate the occasion.

The lists, so called because barriers were raised, covered with a certain rough kind of cloth named list, were erected on the market-place of the little town which generally grew up round a castle. Or sometimes a plain outside the city walls would be used for the purpose, or the foot of the hill on which the castle stood, or even the courtyard itself inside the castle walls. Scaffolding for seats would be erected round the lists, with a special place of honor for the lord, his family, and guests. The arena was spread with sand to prevent the horses from slipping in the mud.

A herald invited the guests, traveling from castle to castle and town to town, and they would arrive with trumpets blowing and banners displayed, each knight bringing the ladies of his family and a company of squires and servants, who encamped within the castle or were quartered in the town, or even, in the summer, dwelt in tents upon the castle hill.

After greetings exchanged and weapons proved for the last time, all would take their places for the tournament. The knights usually attacked each other in companies with large swords, seeking to unhorse their opponent or cut off the crest of his shining helmet. And afterward would take place the single combats, in which the young knights showed their prowess against experienced and proven warriors, while the squires and pages watched with envious eyes, longing for the day when they too would be admitted to such noble sport.

Last of all, some noble lady would name as victor the knight who had acquitted himself the most bravely, and the gay company would break up to banquet in the castle, and dance in the stately hall.

Other interest was provided by the landless knights, who traveled from town to town seeking adventures, and serving any lord in an honorable cause. These knights were very welcome as the winter days drew on, for when winds blew chill and rain beat against the castle walls, no pastime could be indulged in save the chase. Minstrels, too, were received with joy and the household would gather round the blazing wood fire to hear songs and stories of adventure. But when snow blocked the passes and admitted of no access, the days were dark and dreary, and life was very dull to the dwellers in the castle. The stone rooms of the castle were draughty and cold, and it might even happen that actual want was felt when necessities were difficult to procure.

KNIGHTLY LEGENDS IN SONG

We learn much of the days of chivalry from songs and epics which have been preserved. Some of the legends are so grand and noble that they must have fired the imagination and stirred the higher nature of many a boy, and thus exercised a widespread influence upon social life. Fine old songs relate the deeds of the twelve Paladins or Peers, which was the name given to the twelve chief knights of Charlemagne's court.

As time passed, these deeds were exaggerated by the records handed on by word of mouth from father to son. The knights were said to have overcome giants, to have tamed wild beasts, slain winged dragons, and done other marvels, which shows how wondrous myths gather round the names of ancient heroes. But apart from exaggeration we can see that these men were nobler, gentler, more chivalrous than the ordinary men of their day.

ROLAND AND OLIVER

The two most famous of Charlemagne's knights were Roland and Oliver. To decide a dispute of their lords they were selected to fight in single combat, but since each wore a helmet that hid his face, neither knew that he was fighting his dearest friend. Two long hours they strove, and neither gained the advantage. At last they paused, panting and trembling, and then, with a wild bound, sprang upon each other. Roland's sword pierced Oliver's shield, and Oliver's sword shivered against Roland's breastplate and broke off at the hilt. Then, with arms outstretched, they sprang upon one another once more, and wrestled fiercely, each succeeding in tearing the other's helmet off.

Great was their surprise when each recognized his friend. "I yield," said Roland quietly. "I yield," said Oliver, each wishing to give the honor of victory to his friend. From this incident arose the expression, which is still used: "A Roland for an Oliver."

THE FIRST CRUSADERS

BY FLORENCE ASTON

The great Constantine, Emperor of the eastern half of the Roman Empire, was a Christian, having been carefully brought up by his mother, whom the world knows as Saint Helena, finder of "the true cross."

Helena is believed to have been a little maid in a Yorkshire inn in the days when Britain was garrisoned by troops of Roman soldiers.

Having attracted the attention of a Roman officer named Constantius by her sweetness and simple dignity of bearing, she became his wife and was carried far away from Britain to the East, where her husband was raised to the imperial throne of Constantinople, and where she bore the son who is called Constantine the Great, although English people like to think that he was born at York.

THE SHRINE OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

After the death of Jesus the sepulchre where His body had rested became the spot of special veneration to Christians, and so more and more people made pilgrimages to visit the sacred city of Jerusalem, and the scenes of His labors and sufferings.

In honor of the Christ, Constantine built a magnificent marble temple around the simple cave in the garden where the sacred body had lain, and erected a noble cathedral, which is called the Church of the Resurrection. The pious Helena, too, when growing old in years, undertook a pilgrimage to these holy places, and founded several churches and chapels. She caused excavations on Mount Calvary to be made, and discovered there remains of the crosses used by the cruel Romans for the crucifixion of their victims. Believing one of these to be the remains of the cross on which Christ died, she brought it back to Europe, and fragments were kept as holy relics by numbers of monasteries and churches.

The desire to pray beside the Holy Sepulchre, to visit the scenes of Christ's sufferings, and the belief that such a pilgrimage would atone for sins committed and open the gates of heaven, led many a man to undertake the terrible journey and brave the perils of the way.

The pilgrim would first kneel before the altar of his church at home, and there receive from the priest a simple robe of coarse black serge, a rosary of beads with which to pray, a slouched hat to shield his face from the sun, a wallet to hold his food, and an iron-shod staff to help him on his way.

THE PILGRIM'S QUEST

Thus equipped, he would wander forth, and if he managed to survive the many dangers on his journey, he would visit the sacred places and pray, lay his rosary on the Holy Sepulchre, and bring it back sanctified by this act, bathe in the river Jordan, where Jesus was baptized, and stitch the cockleshells from the seashore round his hat. Years afterward, wayworn and old, he would perhaps return to his native place, bearing a faded palm leaf in his hand to lay upon the altar as a token of his pilgrimage to the sepulchre of Christ.

After the year 1000 the number of these pilgrims increased and they found that it was much safer to travel together in companies for mutual protection on the way. Also when they saw the beautiful silks and carpets, steel and brasswork of the East, they would take money or goods from home and exchange them for the foreign treasures, thereby combining the advantages of a pilgrimage with those of a trading expedition.

When the Arabs took possession of the Holy Land in the seventh century they left the Christian pilgrims in peace to visit their holy places. Indeed the great Charlemagne had made an agreement with the famous Haroun al Raschid, by which, in return for a small tribute, the Caliph undertook that they should not only remain unmolested, but should be granted protection. The Arabs also aided them in the erection of churches, and of a hospital which was dedicated to Saint John the Baptist. But when Palestine fell into the hands of the Turks, the position of the pilgrims became unbearable. The holy places were plundered and desecrated and the pilgrims themselves not only disturbed in their devotions, but ill treated and robbed, or captured and sold as slaves. Rumors of these abuses soon reached Europe, where it was felt a shameful thing that Jerusalem should remain in the hands of unbelievers.

Pope Gregory VII was justly indignant, and conceived the idea of fitting out an expedition to go and take the city by force from the hands of

the Turks, but he was too much occupied with his quarrels with the Emperor Henry IV to make any practical arrangements, and it was left to a simple hermit to rouse Christendom.

PETER THE HERMIT

This man was a Frenchman named Pierre of Amiens, whose name has become familiar to us as Peter the Hermit. In his youth he had been a soldier, but, finding no pleasure in his calling, had exchanged the breastplate for the monk's frock, and had gained a great reputation for holiness by his sanctity of life.

He, too, had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and had been horrified at what he had seen, and at the fearful stories he had heard of the sufferings of Christians at the hands of the Turks. Kneeling in the Church of the Resurrection at Jerusalem and meditating on these things, he heard a voice from heaven which said: "Rise, Peter! Hasten to accomplish the work begun. Declare the sorrows of My people, that they may gain help and the Holy Place freedom from the hands of the unfaithful."

So Peter arose, and came with all speed to Rome, where he was received by Pope Urban II, to whom he told his story. And the Holy Father commended him for his simple pious life, gave him a blessing on his mission, and letters to various princes, asking them to receive him and listen to his words.

So he traversed Italy and France, haggard and wayworn, barefoot and girt with a rope around his waist, mounted on a sorry ass and holding the crucifix in his hand. And the people ran out to see this strange man, who told the story of his vision and of his interview with Pope Urban, and who preached with such fiery eloquence that he melted his hearers to tears, and they would declare themselves ready to go wherever he chose to lead them.

He was honored as a saint, and happy were those who could press near enough to touch the hem of his garments. Even the hairs of the ass were plucked out and kept as relics of its pious master.

Meanwhile the Eastern Emperor, Alexius, sent a swift messenger to Rome, begging for help, relating the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks upon the Christian pilgrims, and, what proved to be only too true, their determination to fall on Constantinople and take the Eastern Kingdom for their own.

Pope Urban saw that no time was to be lost, so he convoked a meeting at Piacenza in the north of Italy, which was attended by so many people that no building could hold them and he had to speak in the open air.

So moved was the multitude by his words, that a large portion of the assembly made a solemn vow to aid the Eastern Emperor against the enemies of Christendom. Encouraged by their interest, Urban crossed the Alps, and in the year 1095 entered France, summoning the clergy and laity to meet him at a great general council to be held at Clermont in Auvergne.

So great was the enthusiasm roused by the preaching of Peter the Hermit that vast crowds flocked to Clermont to hear the Pope's wishes, and the town could not hold them. All the towns and villages in the neighborhood were crowded, and in spite of the cold November weather, hundreds slept in tents or in the open, refusing to go away.

After the ordinary affairs of the Church had been settled, Peter the Hermit addressed the vast assembly, describing all he had seen in the Holy Land with fiery eloquence that had a wonderful effect upon his hearers.

Then Pope Urban himself took up the word, pleading so piteously for the cause of Christ and exhorting them so powerfully to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, that the multitude burst into one great shout: "It is the will of God! It is the will of God!"

HOW THE CRUSADERS GOT THEIR NAME

Next Bishop Ademar of Puy approached, and, kneeling before the Pope, entreated permission to accompany the expedition to Palestine. He was followed by almost all the clergy and laity present, and each one sewed on his shoulder a cross of red cloth, from which the expedition received the name of Crusade.

After the assembly was dismissed and had departed home, the clergy preached the Crusade in all directions, and the laity told what they had heard and enkindled enthusiasm everywhere.

Forgiveness of sins was promised to all who joined, and hundreds pressed forward in the hope of thus gaining eternal life.

Many serfs took the cross, for in this way they might gain freedom from cruel lords, and debtors saw in the expedition a means of leaving their burdens behind them.

Enthusiasm at length became fanaticism, and signs and wonders abounded throughout the whole of France. Stones fell from heaven, comets and northern lights appeared; one man saw a great city in the sky, another a long road leading eastward, and another a sea of blood. A priest dis-

cerned a sword in the heavens, another an army, and a third found warriors fighting with crosses in their hands. It was even rumored that the great Charlemagne had risen from the dead to lead the band in person, and a fever which was devastating the country at the time was called the Holy Fire and was accepted as a punishment for delay in setting out.

In the spring of 1096, Peter the Hermit found himself at the head of a motley multitude, ill armed, ill disciplined, destitute of money, horses, armor, or any other provision for the way, destitute of everything except an unreasoning enthusiasm which would lead them to the death. They crossed the Rhine and entered Germany, where they were received with ridicule by the people, only being joined by the Bishop of Strasburg and the Abbot of Schaffhausen.

Having passed onward into Hungary and Bulgaria, they were fallen upon by the fierce tribes of those countries, plundered and murdered, and of the enormous crowds that set forth, 100,000 men met their deaths without having set eyes on the Holy Land.

Peter the Hermit, with a handful of men, managed to press forward as far as Asia Minor, but being attacked there by the Turks, turned back, and thankfully took refuge in the city of Constantinople.

A second rabble, after having risen and massacred 12,000 Jews because their ancestors had crucified the Lord, met in Hungary the same fate as their predecessors.

THE SECOND CRUSADE

Meanwhile, the expeditions of the serfs and vassals having so miserably failed, the nobles were preparing a band with much more knowledge and forethought, and by the next August they too started on their way. Many eminent men were with them, of whom the most distinguished were Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine; his brother Baldwin, Count of Flanders; Hugh de Vermandois, brother of the King of France; Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, and Boemund, Prince of Tarento, who was accompanied by his nephew Tancred, one of the most famous warriors of the age.

This force was a great contrast to the motley rabble who had wandered eastward a few months before. They passed in good order down the river Danube, and the Duke of Lorraine, with 80,000 men, marched safely through Hungary to Constantinople, where he was met by Hugh de Vermandois with the French force.

Others soon joined them, and altogether they formed an army of 600,000 men, of which Godfrey of Bouillon was chosen as leader.

His gentle piety, courage, and splendid honesty fitted him for this position, and he has ever been renowned as one of the most gallant knights of history. As a youth he had fought for the Emperor Henry IV against his rival Rudolph, and had borne the banner in the fight, with the end of which he had given Rudolph such a mighty blow in the chest that within a few days he had died, and as a reward for this deed the young standard-bearer had been granted lands in Lorraine. The other nobles looked up to him as their chief, for besides his nobility of character he possessed an unusually handsome person and a clever, practical mind.

Alexius, the Eastern Emperor, was somewhat nervous at the approach of so alarming a multitude, and took an oath of allegiance from each leader before he allowed them to take ship for Asia Minor. Here they were joined by Peter the Hermit and his poor remnant, and they stormed the city of Nicæa, famous in church history for its councils.

As they marched southward they took Edessa, which was given to Boemund of Tarento, and then attacked Antioch, which was only captured after fierce resistance on the part of the inhabitants.

No sooner had the Christians taken possession of the city, than an army of Turks appeared, and they in their turn suffered all the horrors of a siege.

Unprovided with food, they were on the point of surrendering, when a monk declared that in a vision he had seen, hidden in one of the ancient churches of the city, the spear that pierced the side of Jesus Christ. Search was made, and an old spear-head was discovered in the indicated spot, and when it was elevated on the ramparts the Crusaders' courage revived. The Archangel Michael, they declared, was distinctly visible fighting in the ranks, and such was the enthusiasm roused by this belief that the Turks were utterly routed, leaving rich booty in the hands of the victors, and the Christian army swept on to a position within sight of Jerusalem.

Here they fell on their knees and kissed the sacred earth, but a terrible struggle awaited them.

Pestilence and war and the inroads of marauding Turks had miserably reduced their numbers, and Jerusalem was guarded by at least 40,000 men. But from the Mount of Olives, the very scene of our Lord's agony in the Garden, Peter the Hermit addressed the Crusaders, his ancient

fire by no means quenched in spite of the hardships he had endured, and with desperate courage, amid cries of "God with us! God willeth it!" they broke through the gates, and Jerusalem was won.

After fearful slaughter of men, women, and children, for all infidels were considered enemies of God, the Crusaders washed the blood stains from their hands, laid aside their swords, and, bare-headed and barefoot, they formed a procession, and filed into the Church of the Resurrection to give thanks for victory.

After this Boemund was made governor of Edessa and Baldwin governor of Antioch. Godfrey of Bouillon was unanimously elected king of Jerusalem, but he refused to bear the title or to wear a crown of gold in the city where the Saviour had worn a crown of thorns, so he governed Jerusalem under the simple title of protector of the Holy City.

Two years later, worn out by the hardships of the Crusade, the pious Godfrey died, and his brother Baldwin succeeded to his throne.

Peter the Hermit reached Europe in safety and lived eighteen more years to stir men's hearts by his wondrous eloquence.

THE LATER CRUSADES

There were four great Crusades in all, but the later ones were really marauding expeditions, without the unselfish enthusiasm of the first two. We may except from this statement the strange Children's Crusade of 1212, when a shepherd boy, Stephen of Vendôme, bearing a letter which he said he had received from Jesus Christ himself, proclaimed that the Holy Sepulchre could be redeemed only by innocent children. Nearly 40,000 boys and girls were started on pilgrimage, all of whom were drowned or murdered by pirates or sold into slavery.

In 1517 the Holy Land came into the hands of the Turks, who held it until, in 1917 and 1918, the gallant English General Allenby won it back for Christendom.

The effects of the Crusades on Europe were deep and far-reaching. The religious fervor which they enkindled naturally increased the power of the Church, and since princes and nobles followed the Crusades, bishops and abbots remained at home with extended powers. Thus the results upon the whole were good, since a spirit of true religion and chivalry was developed which contributed to raise the moral tone of society.

The citizens, too, benefitted much, since new channels for commerce were opened, and industries introduced which had never existed before.

Adventurous spirits followed in the wake of the armies and obtained much useful knowledge in the preparation of medicines and the healing of wounds, for such things were better understood in the East in those days than in the west of Europe. Eastern furniture and stuffs, Eastern fruits, flowers and spices, Eastern carving, weapons and pottery found their way into Europe, bringing wealth and prosperity to the people.

Thus the cities grew great and flourishing and were able to maintain their own against the encroachments of lawless nobles, which contributed greatly to the safety and consolidation of the land.

THE TROUBADOURS

BY GEORGE FOSTER BARNES

Placed in the broad light of our practical times, the history of those old days when the troubadours flourished seems like a story.

The troubadours were men who made the composition and recitation of poetry a profession. Many of them were actors, and mimics, and jugglers, and the profession was at one time a very lucrative one, its members frequently retiring from business loaded with gold and valuable goods given them by the wealthy people whom they had amused. An old song relates how one of them was paid from the king's own long purse with much gold and "white monie."

To be a troubadour, then, was to be a juggler, a poet, a musician, a master of dancing, a conjurer, a wrestler, a performer of sleight-of-hand, a boxer, and a trainer of animals. Their variety of accomplishments is indicated by the figures on the front of a chapel in France, erected by their united contributions. It was consecrated in September, 1335. One of the figures represented a troubadour, one a minstrel, and one a juggler, "each with his various instruments." Like others occupied in a trade or profession at that time and since, they bound themselves into one great society, or "trade union"; and we are told that they had a king. It is certain that they often traveled in companies from place to place in search of employment, and often in midwinter they appeared before the castle gates at nightfall, a

group of crimson, and violet, and velvet-black, relieved against the shadowed snow.

HOW TROUBADOURS LIVED

The richer class of troubadours did not travel at this season. They remained at home during the winter and composed, or learned, new verses, and thus prepared themselves for a fresh campaign; and with the first upspringing of the grass they came forth like song birds, flocking joyously from city to city, from castle to castle, with their flutes and rebecs, their wonderful stories of Arthur's Round Table, of wild horses of the forest bearing fair maidens lashed to their backs forever, of towers dragon-guarded.

The life of the wandering troubadour must needs have been one of romance and adventure. Not infrequently did he picture to the life in his lyric some well-known character of the day and the neighborhood; and it followed that if the hero of the song or recital was of a revengeful nature, the troubadour was frequently waylaid and well pounded. It is related of one that while returning from a visit to a certain lord, having reached a deep and dangerous forest, he was suddenly set upon by thieves who haunted these gloomy shades. They took from him his horse, his money, and even his clothing, and were about to kill him, when the captive troubadour begged to be allowed to sing one more song before he died. Obtaining consent, he began to sing most melodiously in praise of thievery and of these particular thieves, whom he so delighted with his sweet compliments and admiration that they "returned him his horse, his money, and everything they had taken from him!"

But there were often pleasanter scenes "under the greenwood tree." Picture to yourself a company of the merry singers, in fantastic array, halted beneath the broad and protecting boughs. Can you not hear the jest go round, the free laugh ring out and echo in the old woodland, as these troubadours, those human songsters, revel in the joy of their out-of-door life, and breathe the healthful airs of the forest? What is the world of war and loss, burning castles and tumbling thrones to them? What but so much material for moving, thrilling song?

These roving minstrels were often of great secret service to armies in time of war, for they could travel where others could not, and many were the momentous missions they undertook. The troubadour was always free to go and come, a welcome guest, a jolly good fellow. The campfires might be burning, armies moving from base to base, but amid the tramp of marching men and the shifting of military posts he was secure in his privilege as a neutral person. As a song, the turning of three somersaults, or a new jest was sufficient password to hostile camps, it naturally followed that he should often be employed as a spy or messenger, penetrating outer lines, and into castles whose gates were closed by armed men.

Imagine him spiritedly reciting some heroic tale to a group of rough and iron-clad warriors—restless soldiers of fortune, who listen to him with savage interest, clinking their swords as an accompaniment to his song. While they make jokes at his expense, they house and feed him. They reward him with curious trinkets taken in battle, a quaint ring, or ancient bracelet, a gem-crusted drinking cup, which serves to swell his possessions. But the cunning troubadour takes the number of their spears. He spies the secret gates where the men go in and out at night bearing supplies of provisions and arms. He learns the plans for tomorrow's foraging. In short, a song, a simple story, a few amusing tricks, secretly turns the tide of battle, settles the fate of kings and queens.

HOW A SONG BROUGHT ON A WAR

Among the many unhappy queens of merry England, Eleanora of Aquitaine stands in her place. Her reign was full of trouble and misfortune, although Henry the Second was a most peace-loving king of his time. Referring to her ambitious and captive son, Richard Cœur de Lion, who, by the way, was a troubadour, she describes herself in one of her letters to the Pope: "Eleanora, by the wrath of God, Queen of England."

Well, the turbulence of her reign was often due to the war songs of troubadours; for if ever it occurred that her impetuous sons were inclined to a season of peace, the troubadours always broke into their retirement with passionate and boastful *tensons* which urged them to revolt and battle. As the "Marseillaise" has resounded in the streets of Paris, inspiring men and women with feelings of enthusiasm and reckless valor, so certain subtle recitations of the minstrels roused the insurgent sons of Eleanora to rebellion and deeds of blood. The peace of a kingdom, the ties of kindred, the affairs of state, were overturned by a mere song. Chief of these political troubadours, and a personal friend of these warlike sons of Eleanora, was the Baron Bertrand de Bosn. This French nobleman was a born revolutionist, impetuous, violent, and his verses on the lips of troubadours penetrated England, France, and Spain, exciting passion, distrust, and hatred among high and low. Elea-

nora herself was the granddaughter of one of the earliest troubadours, whose works have reached down to our day; and many of the songs of that day are addressed to her. One of her troubadour train, after a life of devotion to poetry and romance, became a monk and ended his days amid the sober scenes and subduing influences of an abbey in the Limousin.

Retiring from the world into the bosom of the Church seems to have been a favorite closing act among the troubadours. Many of them did so from ignoble or selfish motives, but some were actuated by religious convictions, no doubt. Great ladies, also, whose beauty had been made famous by the troubadours, frequently sought in the end peaceful nunneries from which they never came forth again.

Many of the productions of the troubadours contained from fifteen to twenty thousand verses, and, therefore, required much time in the delivery, especially as they were accompanied by music.

HOW POETS-LAUREATE CAME TO BE

When one performer became weary, another took his place, and thus continued the linked sweetness to an almost endless length. The troubadour was a reformer of manners and the creator of many pleasing offices, some of which exist to this day. For instance: In the reign of Eleanor of Provence, queen of England, we have our first glimpse of a poet-laureate; and the office since became so glorious with song, undoubtedly sprung out of the literary tastes of the Provencal queen, who was herself a singer, and had been surrounded in her youth by troubadours and minstrels. But this kindly harboring of troubadours came near being the death of the king, her husband; for one night a gentleman known as "a mad poet" was so well used in the hall that he got into high spirits and amused the royal household by "joculating for their entertainment, and singing some choice minstrelsy." But he seems all the while to have had another end in view, for at a convenient moment he crept into the king's bedchamber armed with a very sharp knife which he plunged into the royal couch. Fortunately the king was not there, and although the mad poet called loudly for Henry, demanding that he show himself and be killed, the search was in vain. The poor poet had to pay for this attempt, being executed at Coventry.

THE LAST MINSTREL

For many years the troubadours continued to sing at ancient windows and in lordly halls. But their numbers gradually grew less, until few were left of all that happy profession. As times grew more peaceful, and pleasanter occupations increased, the romance of chivalry, the wild legendry of feudal courts and fields waned in interest for the people, until only an occasional stroller was seen, no more in princely dress, slowly traveling along some lonely road in quest of such warmth or comfort as a charitable or inquisitive person might give him by listening to his worn-out songs. Instead of receiving a cloak of cloth of silver inwoven with gold as a reward, he was content with a bed of straw. There is much pathos in those lines of Walter Scott which describe the last minstrel as forsaken by all except an orphan boy:

> The bigots of the iron time
> Had called his harmless art a crime.
> A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
> He begged his bread from door to door;
> And turned to please a peasant's ear,
> The harp a king had loved to hear.

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

BY J. EDWARD PARROTT

Clad in coat of mail, his shield blazoned with the leopards of England, his surcoat broidered with the Red Cross, Richard I is the very beau-ideal of a knight. Tall, stalwart, handsome, fair-haired, and blue-eyed, the gaze of all men lingers admiringly on him. A good general, a skillful engineer, a wise judge of men, he might have been a renowned king; but, alas, his lust for war, his thirst for adventure, his fierce delight in conflict made him a mere soldier—the foremost of his time, it is true, but nevertheless a killer of men, and not a builder of states or a benefactor of his land. Still, he shines beyond all other English kings as the hero of song and story, and as the mirror of the knighthood which prevailed in his day.

Richard figures in history as the outstanding hero of the third Crusade.

Sixteen years before this Crusade a new conqueror arose in the East, the great Sultan Saladin, a knight worthy to cross swords with Richard himself. Jerusalem was now in his hands, and pious Christians felt a deep pang of shame that it should be so. Once more a Crusade was preached, and once more the good and the bad, the pious and the impious, the just and the unjust of Christendom swore to drive the Saracen from the holy soil which his foot polluted.

Never was Richard so busy, never was he in higher spirits. He worked all day, snatching an hour or two in the evening to spend with his loved troubadours. In the August of the year 1189 his galley "Trenche-mer" set sail from Marseilles, and spread its sails for Messina, where Richard and Philip of France were to foregather. Winter was to be spent peacefully under Sicilian skies; but trouble was not long in brewing. The townsfolk having beaten and insulted his men, Richard forthwith stormed their city. As a notable squire of dames, he then took up the cause of his widowed sister Joan, who had been despoiled of her dowry by her brother-in-law, the new king. Restitution was made perforce, and Richard, by his gallantry and lavish bounty, soon became the theme of all tongues. Philip of France, as proud and haughty as Richard himself, looked on sullenly, and a passionate jealousy of the English king began to take possession of him. In the spring Philip set sail for Palestine, leaving Richard to follow him.

The Lady Berengaria, the beautiful daughter of the king of Navarre, now joined Richard. He had fallen in love with her three years before at her father's court, and she had promised to be his wife. Her flower-like beauty and her girlishness were a strong contrast to the robust frame and towering height of her kingly lover. But in spite of her delicacy and youth, Berengaria must have had some of the lion in her heart too, to have braved so many dangers and difficulties as such a journey and life in a camp meant in those days.

The English fleet now set sail, encountering terrible storms. Three of the ships, on one of which was Berengaria, were driven on to the coast of the island of Cyprus. The ruler of the island would not allow the princess' ship to shelter in the harbor, and when the other two ships were wrecked in the tempest, he seized the goods of those that were drowned, and imprisoned those who escaped to the land.

When Richard discovered his lost ships, and learned from the captain of the one still afloat how they had been treated, he was greatly enraged. However, three times he sent messengers to the ruler, begging him to free the crusaders and restore the food he had seized. But all these requests were haughtily refused.

Then Richard made war on the ruler, and they fought till night fell, and the ruler and those of his army left to him fled into the mountains. At break of day, Richard and his men, marching along without any noise, came upon the camp and found them all sleeping. With a great and terrible cry they entered the tents and fell upon the sleeping host like wolves. The ruler and a few of his followers escaped, but they left behind them precious treasures, horses, arms, beautiful tents, and a wonderful banner all inwrought with gold, which Richard at once sent to the monastery at Bury St. Edmunds. One of the horses, a fleet and beautiful bay, he took for himself, and it carried him through many battles in the Holy Land.

The fight went on until the whole of the island was subdued and the ruler taken prisoner. Then, having freed his knights, Richard turned his thoughts once more to Palestine. But first he and the Lady Berengaria were married, and for a few days the clash of arms gave place to the songs of minstrels, and the spirit of revelry reigned throughout the Christian camp.

Three weeks later, Richard having left the island in charge of trustworthy men, his fleet set out for the Holy Land. They arrived at Acre, a seaport town on the coast of Palestine, and found the French king at the head of a large army of crusaders besieging the town, but little progress had been made.

A change came over the spirit of the attackers when Cœur de Lion arrived. Up rose a great wooden castle to top the walls; here and there huge catapults hurled missiles into the town; while beneath the pent-houses was heard the sound of pick and spade as the sappers undermined the walls. Now ague seized the king, but his ardent spirit would not let him rest. Carried in a litter to the trenches, he himself pulled a bow against the Saracens on the ramparts, and by example, stirring words, and promises of reward, encouraged his soldiers to press the siege with all possible vigor.

Early in July the town was yielded, and in the first moment of success bickerings began among the Christian leaders.

When the Crusaders entered the city, Richard perceived Leopold of Austria's flag planted side by side with his own on St. George's Mount. "Who has dared," he said, laying his hand upon the Austrian standard, and speaking in a voice

like the sound which precedes an earthquake, "who has dared to place this paltry rag beside the banner of England?"

"It was I, Leopold of Austria."

"Then shall Leopold of Austria presently see the rate at which his banner and his pretensions are held by Richard of England."

So saying, he pulled up the standard-spear, splintered it to pieces, threw the banner itself on the ground, and placed his foot upon it.

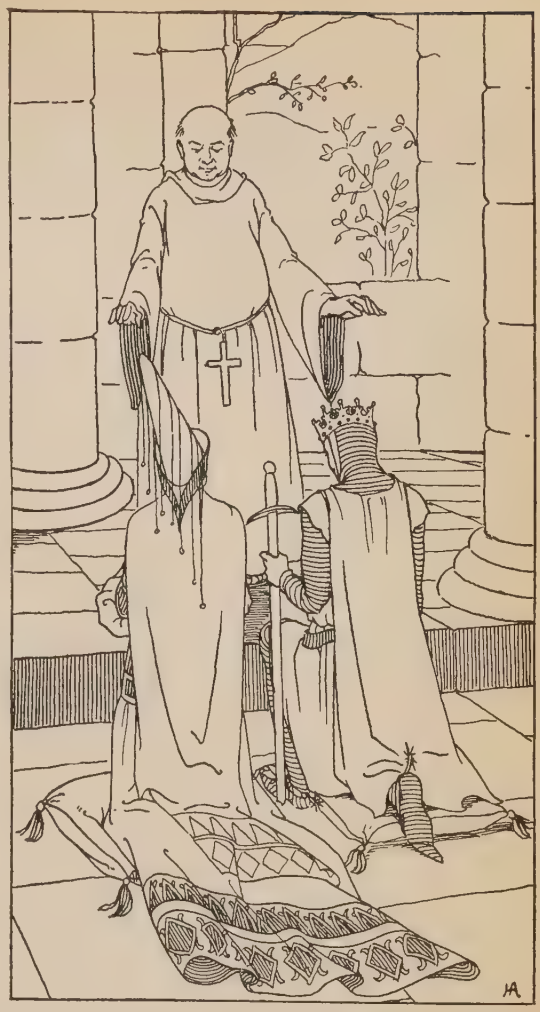
"Thus," said he, "I trample on the banner of Austria."

In these words does Sir Walter Scott recount the story. Peace was ultimately made between the two, but Richard had made another foe, who was soon to take ample revenge on the haughty island king.

The fame of Richard dwarfed that of every knight who wore the Cross in Palestine, and the bruit of his valorous deeds made him a terror to every Saracen in the land. For years after, an Arab would cry to the steed that stumbled, "Fool, dost thou think thou sawest King Richard?" But the odds were fearfully against him. Every day disease thinned his ranks, and in the long march from Acre along the coast his men suffered terribly, though they turned in wrath and smote, hip and thigh, the Saracens who harried them. Barely, too, did Richard escape the daggers of the assassins sent to do their murderous work by the Old Man of the Mountain, who dwelt at Lebanon. One of them entered Richard's tent, and was about to strike when the English king caught up the stool on which he had been sitting, and with it crashed in his assailant's skull. No wonder men believed that he bore a charmed life.

And now he turned his steps to Jerusalem itself, but the Frenchmen forsook him, lest it should be said that an English king had recovered the Holy Sepulchre. Never was he so cast down as at this defection. Without their aid his little army could not hope to succeed. As he wrestled with his grievous disappointment, a knight begged him to ascend a mount from which he might gaze upon Jerusalem. But the king snapped the switch which he held in his hand, and cast his surcoat over his head, while the angry tears gushed forth. "O Lord God," he prayed, "suffer not mine eyes to behold Thy holy city, since Thou wilt not grant that I deliver it from the hands of Thy foes!"

Back again over the weary sands of the desert he toiled, sick at heart and sick of body, but not so sick that he could not again drive the enemy before him. But he had failed, though he had done all that man could do. Saladin agreed to a truce of three months, three days, and three hours. The great Saladin himself, who had a deep regard



HE AND LADY BERENGARIA WERE MARRIED

for his noble foe, sent him snow from the mountains, and pears and peaches from his own gardens; and his brother Saphadin visited his sick friend, and wept over his helplessness.

With this poor result Richard was forced to be content. So he left the Holy Land, never to return.

Richard, however, was never long without the adventures which he so ardently sought. On the homeward voyage he landed at Ragusa, on the Adriatic shore, meaning to pass through Germany in disguise. But the gloves in the belt of his page betrayed him as a great personage, and he fell into the hands of his foe, Leopold of Austria, who at length found himself able to pay off old scores. Ultimately Richard was sold to the emperor, who put him in chains, and raked the past

for offenses wherewith to accuse his royal captive. For a time Richard disappeared entirely from view, but the place of his captivity leaked out at last. An old story tells us that his whereabouts were discovered by the minstrel Blondel, who loved the king, and set out on a weary quest to seek him. From castle to castle he passed, singing under the walls a song which Richard had composed. One day, to his great delight, he heard a voice which he knew full well troll out the second verse of the song from a dungeon cell. Forthwith he hastened to England and told the news. Historians, however, frown upon this pleasing story.

Richard was tried at a Great Council, where he defended himself boldly, and cleared himself of all the charges urged against him. Nevertheless, his captor would not let him go without ransom, which was valued at twenty-seven times the king's weight, and amounted to the colossal sum for those days of $500,000. Richard wrote home to his ministers and begged them to collect the money as speedily as possible, as he was weary of captivity. While they were raising the ransom, which was a grievous burden even to rich England, Richard whiled away the weary hours by writing ballads, one of which ran thus:

Never can captive make a song so fair
As he can make that has no cause for care,
Yet may he strive by song his grief to cheer.
I lack not friends, but sadly lack their gold!
Shamed are they, if unransomed I lie here a second
Yule in hold.

But his people were not "shamed." The Pope and other Christian powers were indignant at the ill usage to which the champion of the Cross had been subjected, and the emperor thought it wise to yield to that public opinion which almost unanimously condemned him. So when three-fourths of the ransom had been paid, Richard was set free, and sailed with all speed for England.

Not even now was peace to be his lot, for his false brother John was in arms against him. John, however, was soon pleading that forgiveness which Richard of the generous heart was always ready to grant. Then he was crowned afresh, to rid him of the stain of his captivity; and now that his kingdom was regained and all was peaceful, he looked about for new battles to fight.

He had not far to look. Philip of France was an old enemy, and he had treacherously supported John in his endeavors to gain the English crown while Richard was "in hold." An uneasy peace followed a French defeat, but a few years later war broke out again, and once more a truce was proclaimed.

Soon after, Richard's subjects in Poitou were in rebellion, and Richard went south to quell the rising. By chance he learned that one of his vassals had unearthed a rich treasure-trove in the shape of a golden chess-table and men. Richard claimed the prize, but his vassal was unwilling to surrender it, whereupon the king laid siege to his castle of Chaluz.

During the siege an archer in the beleaguered keep shot at the king and hit him in the breast. The wound was not serious, but the doctor who attended him soon made it mortal. Ere long the king knew that he must die. As he lay on his deathbed the keep was taken, and the archer who had shot the fatal arrow was brought before him.

"What have I done to thee, that thou shouldst slay me?" demanded the dying king.

"Thou hast slain my father and my brothers with thine own hand," replied the man undauntedly. "Torture me as thou wilt, I shall die gladly, since I have slain him who did me so much ill."

"Well, I forgive thee," said Richard, always generous to a bold foe. Then he bade his servants give the man money and dismiss him unhurt. Let us ever remember that, with all his faults, all his pride, his love of pleasure, his vainglory, his animal passion for warfare, Richard's dying request was for mercy to the man who had robbed him of life.

He had been King of England for ten years, not one of which he had spent in his own country. The higher duties of kingship—the making of good laws, the patient study of his people's needs, the example of his own life among them—had no attraction for Richard. He was an adventurous warrior, and war was the business and joy of his life. But he had noble qualities that placed him far above many of the kings and great warriors of his day; qualities that made him the very center of the romance and chivalry of that knightly age, and even yet make Richard Cœur de Lion a name of great renown.

WILLIAM WALLACE

He wes cummyn of Gentil-men,
In sympil state set he wes then;
Hys Fadyre wes a manly Knycht;
Hys Modyre wes a Lady Brycht.

Now let the great patriot hero whom Scotland delights to honor, even after the lapse of six centuries, tread the scene. He is William Wallace of Elderslie, a young knight of some twenty-seven years, massive of build and mighty of thew and sinew, fit foe for Edward himself. His face is long and fair, his hair light brown, his eye clear and piercing, his expression solemn and sad.

A foul outrage has driven him to the hills, where he is nursing his wrath and biding his time. An English officer has encountered him and his nine followers in the streets of Lanark and has taunted him with insulting words. His long sword has leaped from its scabbard and the insulter has been laid low. The alarm has been sounded, and armed men have rushed to the spot; but Wallace has fought his way through them, and has found a refuge at last in an inn, where, seeing his pursuers close upon him, the good wife disguised him in a gown and set him down to the spinning-wheel, at which he sang and worked while the English searched the house. At night he escaped to Richardtown, in Ayrshire, where lived his uncle, Sir Richard Crawfurd.

Here again the insolence of an English lord and his servants caused a fatal quarrel. Wallace was fishing in Irvine water, his well-filled basket being held by a boy at his side. Lord Percy and his train passed by and saw the fish. Presently five of the servants returned and rudely demanded the basket of fish. Wallace, struggling against his indignation, offered half, but without more words one of the men seized the basket from the boy.

Wallace protested against the injustice, and for answer the man drew his sword. Wallace immediately struck him down with his fishing-rod and, seizing his sword, killed two of the other men, while two of them fled.

With such experiences as these, and others of the same kind, we can understand the growth of his hatred, and realize the enthusiasm he felt when John Baliol at last defied King Edward and gathered an army together to cast off the power of the English. And when the attempt failed and the conqueror marched through the country, receiving homage as he went, Wallace and a few other brave Scots still refused to bend the knee to the English king.

This defiance placed their lives in constant peril. They were outlaws; that is to say, they were proclaimed to be outside the law, and were, therefore, without its protection. An outlaw might be killed without punishment falling on his murderer, and a sum of money was paid to any who delivered him up to justice.

So the faithful few betook themselves to the woods and hills and lived a wild, free life, descending now and again, as opportunity served them, upon their enemies, terrifying them by their daring deeds. Wallace became their chief, and they worshiped him, loyally obeying his every direction and following wherever he led. Their life was one of constant adventure, with but one object—that of harassing and terrifying the hated conquerors of their country. Perhaps they would surprise and take a castle, or waylay a baggage-party, or spring upon a band of English soldiers on their way from one garrison to another. On one day they would be heard of in one part of the country, and the next news would be received of them in another part far away.

Wallace's faithful band grew less as time went on; one was captured and another slain, until at last he found himself a lonely wanderer. His heart often sank in his solitude, but his proud soul would not yield to Edward.

In the midst of his despair an event happened that increased all his old hatred and strengthened his spirit of rebellion. Some years before he had loved and married Marian Bradfute, daughter of Hew de Bradfute. For certain reasons their marriage was secret, and Wallace only dared to visit his wife at her house in Lanark in disguise. One day, when he was on his way to her and but a few yards from the house, some idle English soldiers standing in the street began to make insolent remarks about him.

He would have passed them by, but, walking beside him, they continued their insults. Unable any longer to bear with them, he drew his sword, and a fight began. The clash of arms drew other soldiers to the spot, and Wallace would have been overpowered but that his wife, seeing his danger, at that moment opened her door, and he rushed into shelter and made his escape from the back of the house.

But the news spread that Wallace had again escaped from his enemies, and when Marian proudly admitted to the governor that she was Wallace's wife, she and all her household were put to death, and the house was burned to the ground. It was a terrible blow to Wallace. Heart-broken and desperate, he returned to Lanark, where he found himself surrounded by trusty friends, who were weary of the tyranny of the governor, whose last inhuman act had nerved them to rebellion. A swift vengeance fell upon the wretched man. Wallace and his followers forced their way into his house at night, dragged him from his bed into the street, and there killed him. Then they did not rest until all the English were driven out of the town.

THE SCOTCH REBELLION

This was the beginning of an open and determined defiance of the oppressors. Wallace found himself at last the leader of an army that was ever increasing. Several victorious battles were fought, and every victory brought fresh men to his standard—men who were weary of Edward's rule, and who saw in their heroic and dauntless leader one who would lead them to freedom.

Many of the nobles now joined Wallace, and among them Sir John the Grahame, who, to the end of his life, was Wallace's faithful friend and companion. But they made many difficulties, and disappointed Wallace by their jealousy of him and their quarrels between themselves; and, fearful of losing their estates, they deserted him when the chances of success seemed to be against him.

The first great battle with the English army was near the town of Stirling. The English general sent messengers to Wallace offering a pardon to all if they would lay down their arms. "Go back," said Wallace calmly, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the king of England. We have come here, not for peace, but to free our country."

The battle ended in a great victory for Wallace, which was followed up with others till gradually Scotland was won back to the Scots, and there was but one castle remaining in the hands of the English—that of Roxburgh.

It was a wonderful success, chiefly due to the fact that Wallace did not depend upon the help of the nobles, but called upon the people themselves to fight—the stout peasants who had never been used as soldiers. Each of these men was fighting for his own precious freedom—this inspired them with enthusiasm, and their leader inspired them with love, and there was the secret of their strength.

Wallace was now chosen by the people as guardian of the country, and he set to work to insure their comfort and contentment by every means in his power.

Now, each of the Scottish nobles had in his train a very large number of fighting men, but so great was their jealousy of Wallace, that many of them were not willing to give him the help he now so sorely needed. But Wallace's determined spirit never left him. The middle, and especially the lower classes of the people loved him, and were faithful to him, and with them he marched boldly against the enemy.

The armies were in no way equal. The English had a large body of the finest horse-soldiers in the world, all clothed in complete armor. Wallace had but one thousand horse-soldiers, poorly armed, less skilled, and with weaker horses.

Wallace drew up his spearmen in four circles. Between these were his tall, handsome archers from the forests of Selkirk and Ettrick. His small and doubtful force of cavalry was marshaled in the rear. It included the Scottish knights, many of whom were jealous of Wallace, and only half-hearted in Scotland's cause.

The trumpets sounded, and the English cavalry charged. At the first onset the Scottish horsemen, led by traitor lords, turned bridle and rode from the field. Then the English knights swooped down upon the Scottish archers, and after a terrible struggle slew them to a man. But again and again they recoiled from the "dark, impenetrable wood" of the spearmen. The bristling hedge of spears could not be broken by the shock of horse and man, but there were other and deadlier means available. The English archers won the first of those signal victories which made them the terror of the age. Drawn up in security scarce a hundred paces away, they shot their clothyard shafts with unerring aim. Thick and fast they fell amid the spearmen, and soon the living walls were breached. The English cavalry charged into the gaps where the dead and dying lay, and an awful slaughter raged. The battle over, the Scots betook themselves to flight, and Wallace barely escaped into Torwood Forest.

But even this victory did not lay Scotland at Edward's feet. Everywhere he found the country

devastated, and he must either retreat or starve. Less than a month after the battle of Falkirk he sullenly led his army, stricken by famine and disease, southward to England. But he withdrew like the panther, only to spring again. Five successive times he led his army northward, and Scotland, exhausted by her long and heart-rending struggles, at length lay at the conqueror's feet.

WALLACE IS BETRAYED

Once more Wallace was an outlaw on the hills. Edward had marked him down for death, and there was a price on his head. He lurked in the greenwood, hunted from cover to cover, with scarce a comrade to trust, and none to aid him. His former friend, Sir John Menteith, at length won the blood-money. Wallace was seized in his sleep, bound with cords, and hurried south. As he entered London the streets swarmed with spectators, all eager to see this renowned warrior of the North. His trial was a mockery. Vainly he protested that he was no traitor, for he had never sworn fealty to the English king. But he was doomed already, and all argument was in vain. He was condemned of murder, sacrilege, and treason, and suffered a ghastly and revolting death. His head was set up on London Bridge, his right arm at Newcastle, his left at Berwick, one leg at Perth, and the other at Aberdeen.

At his death Wallace was only thirty-five years old. The whole of his manhood had been spent in fighting for his country's freedom, and perhaps it seemed to him at the end that he had utterly failed. But he had roused Scotland into life, and though, as Thomas Carlyle has said, he could not hinder the union of England and Scotland, yet he it was who made it the union of brother and brother instead of the union of master and slave. Poets have sung his praises, monuments have been raised to his memory, and his name is dear and honored, not only in every Scottish heart, but in every heart that thrills at the thought of freedom.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

They thought to die in the mêlée,
Or else to set their country free.

A SUCCESSOR to Wallace had arisen even before his scattered limbs had rotted away. The new champion was the grandson of that Bruce whom Edward set aside in favor of Baliol. His father, in the old days, was a friend of "Longshanks," and young Robert Bruce had been trained in all the arts of war and the exercises of chivalry under the eye of the man whose mortal enemy he was destined to be.

He came upon the scene in the dark days succeeding the judicial murder of Wallace, in those bitter months when England's iron grip was on Scotland. He saw with deep indignation the wretched condition of his countrymen, and cautiously and secretly laid his plans for throwing off the English yoke. He made a compact with his friend Comyn, who, too, had royal blood in his veins; but Comyn was a traitor, and revealed the plot to the English king. Bruce received warning, and ere long he settled accounts with Comyn. In the church of the Gray Friars at Dumfries the two met face to face. Angry words passed, and Bruce struck down his treacherous friend on the very steps of the altar. He rushed outside to his comrades. "I doubt I have slain Comyn!" he cried. "You doubt!" said one of them; "I mak' siccar"; and entering the church he dispatched the unhappy man with many fierce blows.

And now the Bruce had taken the plunge. There was no turning back; he must go forward to a crown, or suffer the fate of Wallace. A few faithful friends stood by him, and he hastened to Scone, the coronation place of Scottish kings. A friendly bishop lent him robes, the abbot provided a chair, and the statue of some saint was temporarily despoiled of its circlet to provide a crown.

The news of the outbreak speedily reached Edward, and threw him into ungovernable rage. He swore that he would never rest until he had hanged, drawn, and quartered the presumptuous knave who had forsworn his oaths and seized the crown. Edward's nut-brown hair was snow-white now, and his once mighty arm was weak with age, but his determined spirit burned as fiercely as of yore. An advance guard was pushed on with all speed, and near Perth it came into touch with the Bruce, who barely escaped from it.

The Bruce had now to follow in the footsteps of Wallace, and wander, a hunted fugitive, over many a league of forest and hill. How true now seem the words of his wife at their hasty and impromptu coronation: "Alas! we are but king and queen of the May, such as boys crown with flowers and rushes in their summer sports."

Deserted and distressed the Bruce lived the life of an outlaw, shooting his own venison and catching his own fish. But he cheered his little company by many a good-humored sally and the recital of heroic deeds. Summer passed, and the pageantry of autumn descended upon the woods; but still he was a king without a throne, a wanderer without a home.

But with the kindly spring he made another bid for fortune. He sailed to the Isle of Arran, and had hardly landed before he well-nigh walked into a trap laid for him. Then began a fresh period of difficulty and danger, of hairbreadth escapes and desperate deeds. Slowly but surely the tide turned in his favor. The preachers were with him; a prophecy had been discovered which assured him of victory; stout hearts began to flock to his side; his cause gained ground every day. By the middle of May he was no longer a hunted fugitive but a leader of forces. He had defeated two English earls in the field, and they had shut themselves up in the castle of Ayr, which he closely besieged.

Then old Edward began to move. He was too weak and ill to throw his long limbs across a horse, so they carried him on a litter in front of his army. At Carlisle the prospect of the strife he loved so well gave him a slight renewal of strength. He mounted his horse for the last time, and led the march in the old way. But it was the final flicker of life's flame, and at Burgh-on-Sands, within sight of the tossing Solway, he yielded him to the power that conquers even kings. To his bedside he called his vain, pleasure-loving son, and bade him swear a solemn oath never to cease from strife until the Scots were thoroughly subdued. "Boil the flesh off my bones," he is said to have cried, "and keep them safe, and as oft as the Scots assemble their forces, let my bones lead the van." So he died, fierce and implacable to the last, and the breath was hardly out of his body ere his degenerate son sighed for his jugglers and minstrels and the careless pleasures of the court he had left behind.

He advanced half-heartedly to Ayr; but the Bruce had retreated before him, knowing well the temper of his foe. At the first decent opportunity Edward hied him southward, and Bruce resumed his work of ridding the land of the English. One by one the castles were captured by storm or stratagem; day by day the English power grew weaker and weaker, and the Bruce grew stronger and stronger. At last the flag of England, once to be seen everywhere, flew only over the castle of Stirling. Its stout-hearted defender was almost starved into submission. He decided to surrender on midsummer day, unless he should be relieved before by an English army.

The new Edward must leave his elegant trifling and bestir himself, unless Scotland is to be hopelessly lost. Hitherto his reign had been singularly inglorious, and his barons had made him, as he said, no longer master in his own house. But he determined to show them that the spirit of his sire still lived in him—he would invade Scotland, and the Bruce should feel the weight of his heavy hand; Stirling would be relieved; he would take up the wager of battle that Scotland had thrown down.

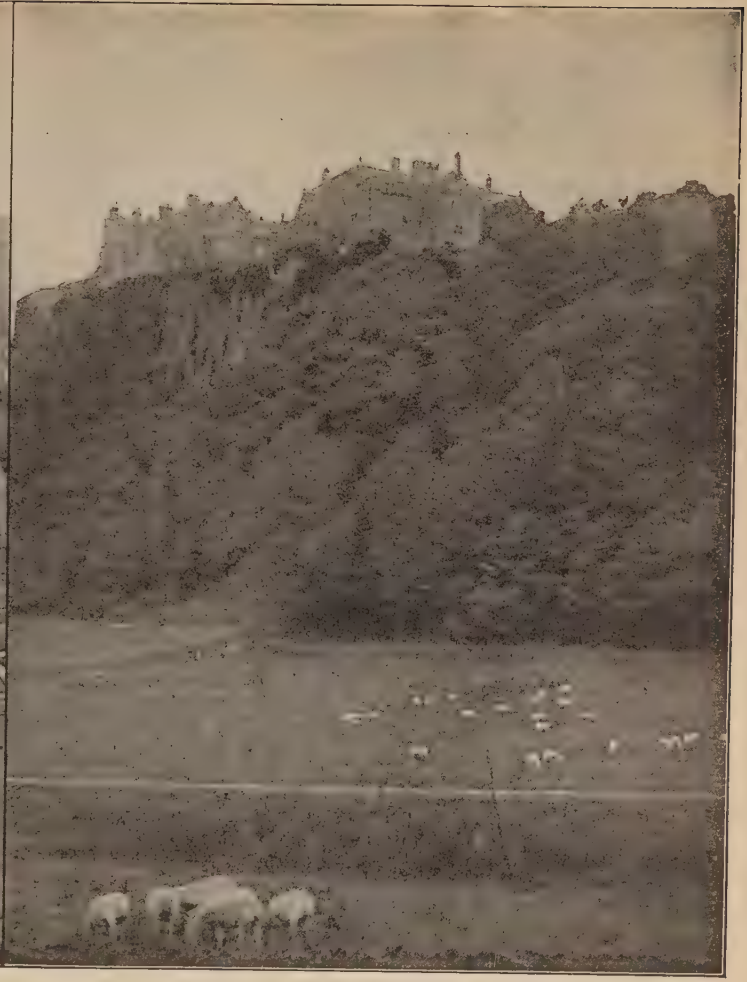
THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

Forthwith he assembled the most powerful army that had ever yet menaced Scotland. Mindful of the archers' victory at Falkirk, he scoured the country for bowmen. Forty thousand mounted men did he gather around him, and a prouder and more confident array never took the field.

Bruce chose his ground well. His front and right were defended by the Bannockburn, which winds through two morasses, and at one place has steep, wooded banks. On the left, where the ground was open, he had honeycombed the field with pits that looked firm and level to the eye, but were terrible snares for cavalry. Only one way of approach was open, and that was strewn with caltrops to lame the horses.

It was Sunday morning, June 23, 1314. On came the English host, with its countless banners, standards, and pennons waving in the breeze. The sun glinted from burnished helmet and spear as the dense battalions drew near. To an observer on the castle walls it would seem that they were about to make an immediate attack. The Bruce was arraying his men, clad in full armor, and carrying a battle-axe in his hand, but riding a light palfrey in place of the heavy charger that was to carry him on the morrow. That panoply of armor which he wore hid the real man. Out of harness, his strong and powerful frame, his close, curly hair, his full, broad forehead, his high cheek-bones, and the square and massive jaw tell of determination and dogged courage.

The English army halted, and a vainglorious knight, one Sir Henry Bohun, seeing the Bruce so poorly horsed, thought to do a deed of valorous renown. So he spurred his charger, and leveling his spear bore down upon the Scottish king. As he came rushing on at full speed, the Bruce twitched his palfrey's bridle, and the little creature obediently started aside. Then, as the knight rushed by, Bruce rose in his stirrups and smote



From Stereographs, copyright 1905 by Underwood & Underwood

WALLACE MONUMENT AND STIRLING BATTLEFIELD

STIRLING CASTLE

him fiercely on the helmet with his battle-ax. It crashed through helmet and skull, and the riderless steed galloped wildly away. The first stroke of the great fight had been struck, and the Bruce had won. As he rode back to his lines his knights took him to task for his adventure, reminding him that an accident would have robbed them of their leader. Bruce listened to their chidings, and only replied, "I have broken my good battle-ax."

Another misfortune befell the English. Three hundred young horsemen, eager for the fray, saw a clear way lying before them to the castle. On they spurred toward it, only to find their road blocked by a party (schiltron) of Scottish spearmen, who formed a deadly circle of bristling steel. In vain the knights spurred their horses to the attack; the schiltron remained unbroken, though hidden from sight by the cloud of dust and heat which arose from the plain. Now the spearmen advanced and drove back the weary and disheartened horsemen. Grim foreboding this of the great fight just ahead.

The short summer night fell on the battlefield, and loud sounds of revelry came from the English camp. The Scots slept in the open, and when the sun had risen Edward saw them massed in circles beneath their banners. "Will yon Scotsmen fight?" he asked of a veteran by his side. "Yea, siccarly, sire," he replied, and at the moment the Scots bent the knee as the crucifix was borne along their line. "Yon folk kneel for mercy," said the king; and again the veteran replied, "Yes, sire, but not of you. Yon men will win or die." "So be it," cried Edward, and gave the signal for his trumpeters to sound the charge.

On dashed the English horsemen with leveled spears, and now was heard the loud crash as lance clanged on shield. Down went men and horses, only to be trodden underfoot by the ranks behind. Nothing could break the Scottish ranks.

But where were the archers who wrought such havoc at Falkirk? Now was their time. Alas, they had been badly posted, and were unsupported by men-at-arms. A few hundred Scottish horsemen were sufficient to send them flying hither and thither without the hope of ever rallying again.

Meanwhile a great hand-to-hand contest was raging. The shouts and cries of the warriors, the groans of the wounded and dying, the loud clash of meeting weapons were mingled, as the vast, dense mass of the English rose and fell like waves of the sea. It was a mob that fought on the narrow field, and not an army. The ground was cumbered with fallen men and horses. Many a good knight had no room to swing his weapon. He could not advance, and the pressure behind would not let him retreat. Slowly and surely the throng was pushed back by the Scottish spears, and the day looked black for England.

All discipline was now lost, and the battle was a series of individual struggles. Lifting their eyes, the hard-pressed English saw a fresh host marching down a neighboring hill, and heard their slogans peal out above the din and tumult of battle. They were camp-followers who had cut down saplings for banner-poles and spread their blankets for standards; but, in sooth, they looked a warlike and formidable band in the distance. The hearts of the English failed them at the sight; they wavered, and the Scots pressed on with redoubled vigor. The retreat had begun; it was soon an utter rout.

The English king galloped to Dunbar without drawing rein. His followers scattered hither and thither. All was over. The great battle was lost and won. "From the dust and reek of that burning day Scotland emerges a people, firm in a glorious memory."

This decisive battle of Bannockburn was fought in the year 1314, and though the English were for many years still hostile to the Scots, King Robert forced them to come to terms with him, and finally to acknowledge him as king of an independent kingdom.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

It was a wet, stormy day in July, 1745, when the little ship "La Doutelle" sailed away from France on its great adventure. The waves dashed high, and the wind whistled shrilly through the rigging. Enemy craft were lying in wait all along the coast to capture it.

But the brave band of men on board were not daunted. For on this little French ship sailed Prince Charles Stuart, "the Young Chevalier," who was going across the Channel to seize the crown of England and proclaim himself King Charles III.

He had only a few followers, this gallant young Prince, who stood at the prow of the ship, his long dark hair blowing in the sharp wind, and his keen brown eyes eagerly staring through the mist and rain. But he had no fear, for he felt his cause was just.

Prince Charlie's grandfather was King James II, who had been driven from his throne by William of Orange many years before. Now, the descendants of William were reigning in England, and young Charlie was determined to win back the throne which he believed belonged to him.

Just at this time there was a fierce war raging in Europe in which the British armies were engaged. Now was his chance. With the help of a few Frenchmen, who at that time were enemies of the English, he got together some money and munitions and set forth on his venture.

THE START

"I go in search of three crowns," were his last words to his father, "which I doubt not to have the honor to lay at your Majesty's feet. If I fail in my attempt, your next sight of me shall be in my coffin."

During all the stormy voyage, when "La Doutelle" was beset by perils on every side, young Prince Charlie was full of enthusiasm and good spirits. Before they had reached Scotland, every man on board was ready to lay down his life in the cause of "the Young Chevalier."

At last "La Doutelle" made its way round the rocky coast of Scotland, and landed, late in July, on a little island off the eastern shore. The young Prince's heart beat with excitement and happiness when he first set foot on the land of his ancestors, for it was from Scotland that the Stuarts had first come to take the English throne.

But many difficulties met him. The Scottish Lords who had welcomed him to their land were very much afraid of the results of the adventure. They had so few men in comparison to the mighty armies of the English King. They had so little money with which to buy food and equipment for the soldiers.

"I think you had better go back home," they said to the Prince.

"Home?" he answered. "Why, I am home now, and I have no idea of returning to any other place. I am sure my faithful Highlanders will stand by me." And with no thought of discouragement, he set sail for the coast of Inverness.

As soon as he landed, he sent word to all the chiefs of the country round to come to "La Doutelle" and talk over with him the plans for a campaign. But here again he found that the Highlanders were unwilling to risk the consequences of a march on Edinburgh.

"It is not that we are afraid," they said, "or that we are not willing to die for you. But the chances of our success are so small that we think it would be running a foolish risk to endanger our lives and those of our families who would suffer if we failed."

DESPAIR AND HOPE

The poor Prince was almost in despair. It looked as if everything were lost, and that, after all the dangers he had come through, he would only have to sail back to France.

But there was one young Highlander who had more courage and faith than the others. Just when the Prince was almost ready to give up, he stepped forward and cried: "I will follow you to the death! I would follow you to the death, even were there no other to draw a sword in your cause."

His brave words were like magic. The heart of every dauntless Highlander thrilled with loyalty and patriotism at his daring. They resolved to die if need be in a hopeless cause, but they would not desert their young Prince.

On the following day the banner of Charles Stuart was first unfurled. Under its white, blue and red folds gathered the loyal chieftains who had sworn to follow him to the death. Cheer after cheer re-echoed among the wild Highland hills, as the young Prince stood, with bared head, before his fifteen hundred followers and told them of his hopes of success.

"As he came marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier.

"Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.

"They 've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier."

Almost at this very hour Sir John Cope, commander of the English army in Scotland, was marching north to capture "the Young Pretender," as Charles was called. Three thousand men he had, twice as many as the Highlanders numbered. But they were raw, and a little afraid of the wild country through which they were going. Stories came to them that the Highland soldiers were hiding all along the way, behind the rocks, in the thick bushes, ready to shoot at them as they came along. Cope was bewildered. He did not like leading his men through an unknown country where he could not even see the enemy. He turned aside and left the way open for the Prince.

At once Charles and his men started for Edinburgh. A gallant figure the Prince was, at the head of his rough Highland troops, his handsome head held high, his banners waving proudly above him. To the sound of bagpipe and drum, they made their way to Edinburgh, the chief city in Scotland.

Not a blow did they strike along the way. The march to the capital was a triumphal procession, for the Prince won the hearts of all the people as soon as they saw him.

PROCLAIMED KING OF SCOTLAND

On September 17th he entered Edinburgh and was proclaimed James VIII of Scotland. All the city thronged out to greet him, and balls and banquets were given in his honor.

Meanwhile Cope was bringing his troops toward the capital. On the smooth, flat plain of Prestonpans, a few miles from the city, his army encamped. The Prince's men were stationed on a hill looking over the plain. Between them lay a marshy stretch of ground, which Cope counted on as a protection against attack.

But in the dead of night, when a thick fog had settled over all the country, hiding everything from sight, the Chevalier's troops stole quietly from their camp. Unseen by the enemy, they crept upon them while they slept.

Before the Royalists could get to their feet, young Charlie's men swept down upon them. A few minutes of frantic fighting and the field was won. Seventeen hundred of Cope's soldiers were taken prisoners and the rest ran for their lives. Charles marched back into Edinburgh triumphant.

The weeks that followed after the victory at Prestonpans were glorious ones for Bonnie Prince Charlie. The people worshiped him. All day he drilled with his troops, and all evening he spent in dining and dancing at the palace.

Everything seemed so bright and promising that Charles thought it would be a simple matter to take London, as he had taken Edinburgh. He expected to win the hearts of the English as he had won the hearts of the Highlanders.

ONWARD TO ENGLAND

In the middle of October he set out for England. Full of hope and confidence he crossed the border. But the Englishmen did not flock to his banner. They were at first indifferent to him; then unfriendly. At this cold welcome the enthusiasm of his Scottish followers died down. They complained and talked of going home. Finally they began to desert.

But Charlie still kept up his high spirits. "Soon I shall be riding at the head of my loyal Highlanders through London town," he said.

The King's troops, led by the Duke of Cumberland, were already in front of them. They were cut off from their supplies. Prince Charlie's men were utterly discouraged. They refused to go any further.

Poor Prince! He had started out with such high hopes. He had been so sure of victory. But he could not march on London alone; so, sadly, he turned back toward Scotland with Cumberland's army at his heels.

But he was resolved not to give up without a struggle. When he arrived in Scotland he went straight to the Castle of Stirling and called all his followers together. In a few days he had gathered the largest army he had ever commanded. While all were filled with enthusiasm, he rushed them off to meet the royal forces at Falkirk under General Hawley. Once more he was victorious.

Just at this moment, when success seemed

PRINCE CHARLIE'S FAREWELL TO FLORA MACDONALD

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE W. JOY

TWO PORTRAITS OF BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, THE YOUNG PRETENDER

certain, the Highland leaders began to quarrel among themselves. Instead of following up his victory, Charles was forced to retreat. The Scottish chiefs, taking their booty with them returned to their homes. The Prince was now left with only a little, miserable, worn-out, discouraged army.

The Duke of Cumberland was fast in pursuit, with ten thousand fresh, well-equipped troops. Charles' only chance was to surprise them while they were celebrating the Duke's birthday.

With this idea he set off, in the dead of night, to steal upon them unawares. But his soldiers were so weary with their long weeks of marching, and so weak from lack of food, that they could not cover more than two-thirds of the distance; and when morning came, instead of advancing, they had to retreat once more.

THE END OF HIS DREAM

This was the chance for the Royalists to strike. With a roar of cannon they opened fire. The wretched Highlanders were shot down on all sides. They stood their guns like heroes, but their courage was in vain. Slowly they gave way before the furious onsets of Cumberland's army. By evening scarcely anything was left of the brave and loyal little army of Prince Charlie.

That was the end of the Young Chevalier's attempt to make himself King. But it was only the beginning of his troubles. The English offered $150,000 for his capture. In every town and on every roadside the English soldiers lay in wait to seize him.

Only the faithful devotion of his gallant Highland friends saved him. By day he hid in the rough mountain passes or in the fields of heather. When night came his followers brought him food and helped him travel to his next place of hiding. But always he was in danger.

FLORA MACDONALD

At one time it seemed certain that he must be captured, but a brave and beautiful young Scotchwoman, Flora MacDonald, came to his rescue. Though all her family were siding with the Royalists and helping in the search for the Young Pretender, she was convinced that the Prince's cause was right, and she risked her life to save him.

Dressing him in one of her own costumes, so that he could pass as her maid, she brought him over to Skye, one step further on his journey. While the militia were hunting the neighborhood for him she hid him in a friend's house until he could get away in the darkness. Beneath the very eyes of his pursuers he escaped.

Months later the defeated Prince finally reached the port at which he had landed so happily a little more than a year before, and embarked in a waiting French ship for France.

And so ends the gallant adventure of Prince Charlie. Once more in France he was safe, but never again was he happy. He had failed in his brave attempt, and from then on life held no gladness for him. To the end of his days and long after his name was loved and honored by the loyal Highlanders, to whom he was still their "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

MOTHERHOOD

The Margaret MacDonald memorial in Lincoln's Inn Field, London, England, is in honor of the wife of the British Premier, James Ramsay MacDonald, who shared with him both his early struggles and his later work for the fulfillment of his ideals. The inscription reads, "This seat erected in memory of Margaret MacDonald, who spent her life in helping others."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Sir Philip Sidney was born in the year 1554, and died in the year 1586, when he was thirty-two years old. His was not a life full of great incidents and stirring adventures. It was a life full of hopes that, to our eyes, were never to be fulfilled; of heroic and beautiful qualities that, seemingly, were never to be used in their fullness. But it was long enough to win for him the lasting love of many close friends and of very many more who had only heard of him.

All that was best and highest in England in the glorious years of Queen Elizabeth's reign was to be found rarely combined in this one man. Great beauty, noble birth, culture, poetry, chivalry, and a gentle, childlike simplicity made up a character so harmonious and appealing that he became the idol of the nation. "His whole life," said one who wrote of him, "was a true poem." Living in an adventurous age, he could not help being also adventurous, and although circumstances drew him to Elizabeth's court, his mind was ever fixed upon some great work in the world, which the future would surely bring him.

He had reached the age of thirty-one when he determined to satisfy his love of adventure by a voyage to the west that was then being planned by Sir Francis Drake. Sidney was obliged to make his arrangements secretly, for the queen was a tyrant over her courtiers, and demanded their constant attendance. But almost at the moment of sailing the plan was made known to Elizabeth, and she at once forbade his taking part in the expedition, and ordered him instead to Flanders, where the English were fighting against the Spaniards. And here he met his death.

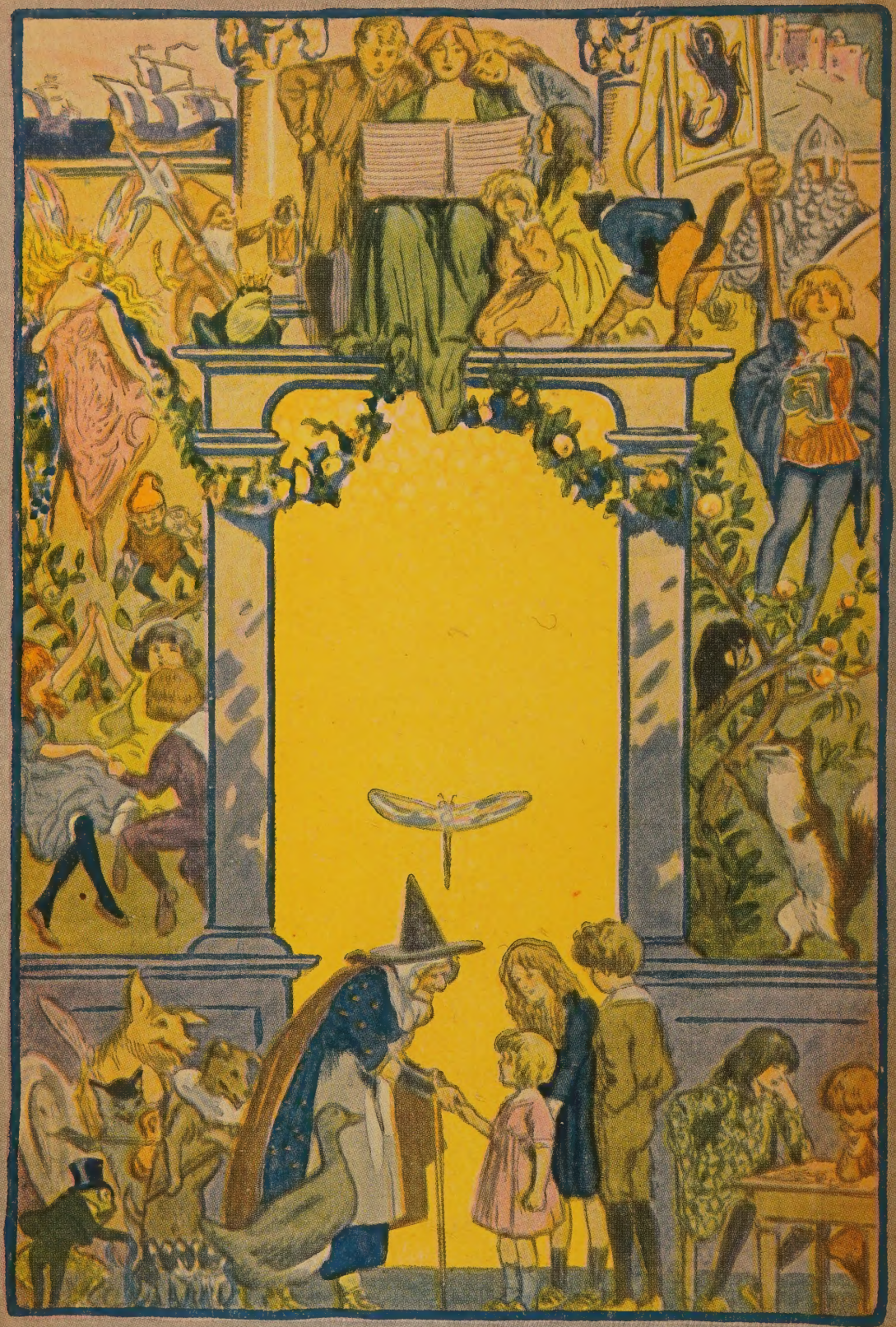
He had led a force up to the walls of the town of Zutphen. At the first charge his horse was killed under him; but mounting another, he led his men forward again. In the battle that followed he was wounded, and his horse, taking fright, rushed with him from the field. He managed to keep in the saddle till he met some English soldiers, who carried him to the English camp.

On the way, feverish from loss of blood, he begged for water, and a soldier ran and brought some for him. But just as he raised the cup to his lips, his eyes met the eyes of another man, a poor dying soldier, who also had been wounded. His longing eyes were fixed on the cup, and Sidney caught the look and passed him the water, saying: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." It was a beautiful ending to a beautiful life, and will be remembered when far greater deeds are forgotten.

For days he suffered, none realizing the seriousness of his wound. But at last he himself realized that he was dying, and so told those around him. He was young, and none of his great dreams had yet come true; and at first the thought of death was terrible to him. But he fought against his fears, and they gave way to peace and gladness. "I would not change my joy," he said to those who watched by him, "for the empire of the world." A little while after he died.

His death was a great shock, not only to England, but to all Europe. The people of Flanders begged to be allowed to keep his body, promising to erect a royal monument to his memory. Even his Spanish foes poured out their praises and lamentations.

His body was embalmed, taken to England with military honors, and then buried with great pomp and splendor in St. Paul's. And the whole nation went into mourning. "It was counted a sin," says one writer, "for any gentleman of quality for many months after to appear at court or city in any light or gaudy apparel." The people realized that they had lost not only a brave soldier and a noble gentleman but a life of exquisite beauty, which they could not describe, but which had drawn from them unbounded love and sincerest admiration.



SCIENCE
ART